



THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. XCIV.

PUBLISHED IN

DECEMBER, 1853, & MARCH, 1854.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1854.

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LONDON :

Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and Sons, Stamford Street,
and Charing Cross.

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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *The Works of Thomas Gray*. Edited by the Rev. John Mitford. 5 vols. small 8vo. London, 1837-1843.

2. *Gray's Poetical Works, illustrated: with Introductory Stanzas by the Rev. John Moultrie; an Original Life of Gray by the Rev. John Mitford, and a Lecture on the Writings of Gray by the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle*. Fourth Edition. Eton, 1853.

3. *The Correspondence of Thomas Gray and William Mason: to which are added some Letters addressed by Gray to the Rev. James Brown, D.D., Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge*. With Notes and Illustrations by the Rev. John Mitford, Vicar of Benhall. London, 1853.

MASON, in his 'Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Gray,' has told us less of his friend than might have been expected from the closeness of their intimacy, but it is generally admitted that his scanty comments upon the letters which form the bulk of his work display, as far as they go, an elegant taste and a sound judgment. As these were the qualities requisite for determining what parts of the correspondence were proper to be published, nobody could have suspected that Mason had proceeded on a plan which, if he had avowed it, would have destroyed all confidence in his work, and which, as he studiously concealed it, was an imposition on the public. When Mr. Mitford obtained, many years since, the originals of the correspondence with Dr. Wharton for a new edition of the works of Gray, he found that Mason had taken portions of letters of different dates and blended them into one, that he had constantly changed the order of the sentences, interpolated fragments of his own, altered phrases, and elaborated the style. In 1843 Mr. Mitford published a supplementary volume, containing the correspondence of Gray with Mr. Nicholls, which Mason had not only used with the same unwarrantable freedom, but had sent back with a note that deserves a conspicuous place among the curiosities of literature.

' Curzon-street, Jan. 31, 1775.

' Mr. Mason returns many thanks to Mr. Nicholls for the use he has permitted him to make of these letters. He will find that much liberty

has been taken in transposing parts of them, &c., for the press, and will see the reason for it; *it were, however, to be wished that the originals might be so disposed of as not to impeach the editor's fidelity*, but this he leaves to Mr. Nicholls's discretion, for people of common sense will think the liberty he has used very venial.'

Mason would have cared nothing for the censure of people who were devoid of common sense if he had really believed that those possessed of it would approve his conduct; nor if his profession had been sincere could it have given honesty to his wish to persuade the world that the letters were faithful transcripts, or to his endeavour to procure the destruction of the evidence which might one day prove that they were not. Dr. Wharton, far from thinking the liberties venial, was extremely indignant; and if Mr. Nicholls shared his sentiments he took the most effectual revenge when, instead of destroying the letters of Gray, he added the note of Mason to the heap.

The correspondence of Gray with his father and mother was among the papers he bequeathed to Mason. Not a trace of these documents now remains, and there can be no doubt that the biographer, after corrupting what he published, committed the whole of the originals to the flames. He preserved, however, many of the letters addressed to himself, from a reluctance, we suppose, in his own case to obliterate the memorials of an intercourse which must have kept a hold on his affections as well as flattered his vanity; but the series is by no means complete, and numerous passages are cut out, or erased from the portion which is left. He subjected the collection of Dr. Wharton and Dr. Brown to similar treatment, and the suppressed parts were probably those which bore most closely upon the history of the poet. Mason arranged the correspondence with himself in a volume which he willed at his death to his friend Mr. Stonehewer, whose relatives sold it, in 1845, to Mr. Penn, of Stoke Park. The purchaser consigned it to the editorial care of Mr. Mitford, who, in publishing it, has furnished an additional proof of what he formerly asserted, 'that there is scarcely a genuine letter of Gray in the whole of Mason's work.'

A few specimens will be sufficient to show the nature of the alterations. When Dr. Wharton lost his son he received two letters of consolation from Gray. These Mason has fused together, and, in order to connect them, adds from himself, 'Let me then beseech you to try, by every method of avocation and amusement, whether you cannot by degrees get the better of that dejection of spirits.' In addition to the deception of departing from the original there is really something ludicrous in Mason's forging counsel in the name of a person who was dead, and referring

referring it to a calamity which had occurred nearly twenty years before. The next quotation is an example of the biographer's revision of Gray's own composition.

Mason.

'With regard to any advice I can give you about your being Physician to the Hospital, I frankly own it ought to give way to a much better judge, especially so disinterested a one as Dr. Heberden. I love refusals no more than you do. But as to your fears of effluvia, I maintain that one sick rich patient has more of pestilence and putrefaction about him than a whole ward of sick poor.'

Gray.

'With respect to any advice I can give as to the hospital, I freely own it ought to give way to Dr. Heberden's counsels, who is a much better judge, and (I should think) disinterested. I love refusals no more than you do. But as to your effluvia, I maintain that one sick *rich* has more of pestilence and putrefaction about him than a whole ward of sick poor.'

The letters of Gray are full of whimsical expressions of his own coining, and no single instance could be selected which is more characteristic of his manner than the antithesis between 'one sick *rich*,' and the 'ward of sick *poor*.' Mason, who had no toleration for the playful licence of a familiar epistle, changed the phrase to 'one sick rich *patient*' for the very reason that he ought to have retained the original—that it was like Gray, and unlike any one else. The concluding paragraph of the last letter which Mason incorporated into the Memoirs is a fit termination to the work.

Mason.

'The approaching summer I have sometimes had thoughts of spending on the Continent; but I have now dropped that intention, and believe my expeditions will terminate in Old Park: but I make no promise, and can answer for nothing; my own employment so sticks in my stomach, and troubles my conscience: and yet travel I must or cease to exist.'

Gray.

'My summer was intended to have been passed in Switzerland, but I have dropped the thought of it, and believe my expeditions will terminate in Old Park: for travel I must or cease to exist.'

Mason says that his chief motive for inserting the letter was the occasion it afforded him for commenting on the part of it where Gray speaks of the duties of his Professorship, and the trouble the neglect of them gave his conscience. The occasion, like the comment, was entirely of the biographer's own making, for there is not in the original one word of the matter. It is a wonder that Mason could pen the sentiment and not feel *his* 'own employment stick in his stomach and trouble his conscience.'

science.' The date Mason assigns to this mosaic is May 24, 1771, though the bulk of it is taken from a former epistle of August 24, 1770, with a sentence relative to Gray's health—'I have had a cough for above three months upon me, which is incurable'—borrowed from a third letter of February 2, 1771. Indeed nothing in the general licence is more singular than Mason's reckless dealings with chronology. One of the pretended epistles of Gray is concocted out of fragments—and these extensively altered—borrowed from three letters, though there is an interval of fifteen months between the first and the last. To this adulterated compound is affixed an entirely fictitious date,—June 14, 1756,—the nearest genuine date on one side being October, 18, 1755, and on the other October 15, 1756. Yet he makes Gray say 'I think I shall be with you in a fortnight,' and by thus perpetually misdating events falsifies the poet's history as well as his correspondence.

The presumption of retouching the compositions of the most fastidious of writers is the only circumstance which occasions us no surprise. Never did master receive more deference from a scholar than Gray, while he lived, from his future biographer; but the self-sufficiency of Mason was extreme, and the man who had the courage to tack a paltry tail-piece to the exquisite fragment on 'Vicissitude,' and could venture to put forth a mawkish elegy, written in a churchyard by *day*, as a companion-piece to the far-famed '*twilight scene*,' might easily believe himself competent to improve on the epistolary effusions of the greater bard. Even though the repeated changes had been as much for the better as they were in general for the worse, they would not have been less out of place than if Mason had transferred what he thought the finest features of his own face to a portrait of Gray.*

Zeal for the reputation of his friend was not, we suspect, Mason's only motive. He was inordinately eager for the gains of authorship; and the unworthy lengths to which he carried his covetousness may be gathered from what Gray, who was always twitting him on the subject, wrote to their common intimate, Dr. Brown. 'Observe it is I that send Caractacus, for Mason makes no presents to any one whatever; and, moreover, you are desired to

* Johnson, in his comments upon a far less flagrant case, treats the question with his usual force: 'The poem of "*Liberty*" does not now appear in its original state; but, when Thomson's works were collected after his death, was shortened by Sir George Lyttleton, with a liberty which, as it has a manifest tendency to lessen the confidence of society, and to confound the characters of authors, by making one man write by the judgment of another, cannot be justified by any supposed propriety of the alteration, or kindness of the friend.' (*Lives of the Poets*: Thomson.)

lend it to nobody, that we may sell the more of them; for money, not fame, is the declared purpose of all we do.' Worse still, Mason afterwards attempted to find authority in the liberal bequests to himself under his friend's will for revoking Gray's former gifts of his poems to Dodsley;* and his mode of justifying his own meanness was to pretend it in others, and allege 'that booksellers and printers were, of all objects, the most undeserving.'† He intimated, indeed, that he should expend the proceeds in a manner to do honour to the memory of the departed poet; but, however he meant to dispose of the money, he was at least anxious, in the first instance, to secure to himself what he supposed his benefactor had bestowed upon another. We should hardly after this have needed his own confession to know that he would be anxious to render the Memoirs 'lucrative;' and as he retained the copyright, the whole of his gains depended on the sale. 'I am heartily tired of the work,' he wrote to Walpole; 'and if you knew the pains and the thought it has taken me to arrange the letters, in order to form that variety I aimed at to make it read pleasantly, you would not wonder I was tired.' The desire to make the book profitable may reasonably be inferred to have had a large share in this solicitude 'to make it read pleasantly,' and hence the culling of scattered paragraphs, and 'the pains and thought' with which he worked them up. Fortunately, the diligence of Mr. Mitford has successively recovered a large part of the original materials, and to these he has joined a number of particulars brought together from various sources, which throw some additional light upon the life and character of Gray.

Thomas Gray, the fifth child of Philip Gray, a money-scrivener, was born December 26th, 1716, in Cornhill, where his mother and her sister kept a milliner's shop. Of twelve children, eleven died in their infancy from fulness of blood, and the poet would have shared the family fate but for the firmness of his mother in opening a vein. A case submitted to counsel on the part of Mrs. Gray in 1735, when her son was an undergraduate at Cambridge, admits us to a view of the domestic

* Mason, in a letter to Walpole, intimates that Gray thought 'it beneath the dignity of a gentleman to make a profit of the productions of his brain,' and says that they had frequent disputes on the question, which generally ended in a laugh—Gray calling him covetous, and he calling Gray proud. There is no allusion to any such opinion in the passages in which Gray banters Mason for his mercantile disposition, and if he ever held the notion he disregarded it in practice, for he sold Dodsley his two odes, 'The Bard' and 'The Progress of Poetry,' and it is by no means certain that *all* his remaining pieces were given.

† No one had larger dealings with the publishers of that period than Dr. Johnson, who gave this character of them: 'The booksellers are generous, liberal-minded men.' (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.)

interior. The money-scrivener was jealous of every man who approached his wife, her brother included, and in his paroxysms of suspicion he beat and kicked her, accompanying his blows with the most abusive language. This usage, which commenced shortly after the marriage, had grown to such a height, that for a twelvemonth past Mrs. Gray, out of fear for her life, had shared her sister's bed. Her husband threatened to take further revenge. He was the owner of the house in which they all lived, and in which the millinery trade was carried on. He gave warning to Mary Antrobus, the sister, to quit, in the hope, real or pretended, that the business would be destroyed by removing it from its ancient locality. Mrs. Gray's share of the profits had been settled upon herself at the time of the marriage, and besides paying forty pounds a year to her husband for the rent of the shop, and providing most of the furniture of his house, she had been at nearly the whole of the expense of keeping Thomas at Eton, and was now his sole support at the University. All her maternal hopes were therefore bound up with the profits of her trade, and, lest her own bankruptcy should prove insufficient, the money-scrivener declared he would also 'ruin himself to undo his wife and his son.' 'He is really so very vile in his nature,' the case concludes, 'that she hath all the reason to expect the most troublesome usage from him that can be.'

Under these circumstances Mrs. Gray desired the opinion of Dr. Audley, a civilian, whether her husband could molest her if she followed her sister to another shop. The answer was not encouraging. She was told that Mr. Gray might compel her to return, unless she could prove that it was unsafe to live with him; that sentences of separation on the ground of cruelty were rarely obtained; and that the most prudent course was to attempt a reconciliation through a common friend. It does not appear that the scrivener ever executed his threat of ejecting the sister and her stock in trade; and, in all probability, the business and the quarrelling both went on in their usual course. The poet repaid his mother's sacrifices on his behalf with a warmth of affection which is the most pleasing trait recorded of him. He seldom mentioned her after she was dead without a sigh.

Nothing is known of the childhood of Gray. The first we hear of him is that he was sent to Eton, where two of his maternal uncles were ushers; and the one who had charge of him 'took,' says Horace Walpole, 'prodigious pains with him, which answered exceedingly.' He was then an elegant boy of thirteen, with fine hair and a good complexion, and showed to advantage among the rougher looking youths around him. For a lad he was reputed a fair scholar, but never attracted any especial

especial notice. He used to read Virgil in play-hours for his own amusement, and this he considered the earliest symptom that his temperament was poetical. A particular part of his uncle's instruction was to initiate him into 'the virtues of simples,' which did him no service, for, like most valetudinarians, he was fond of doctoring himself, and simples have their evils as well as their virtues. His chief intimates at school were Horace Walpole, and a more kindred spirit, West, whose early promise has been immortalised by his connexion with his friend. Walpole often asserted that 'Gray never was a boy,' by which he meant that he had a precocious maturity of mind; but the description was true in a second sense, and they both kept aloof from the games of their associates. They were rather despised for their effeminacy, which was shown in the extreme fastidiousness of their habits as well as in their aversion to athletic sports.* Gray was never on horseback in his life. There were so many repugnant points of character between him and Walpole, that we suspect they were chiefly drawn together at Eton by their common distaste for the sports of their companions.

The little which can be gleaned of the schoolboy days of Gray is not related by Mason, who had ample opportunities of learning his disposition and pursuits, and he kept back from the public all the juvenile letters, though many of them, according to Walpole, were characterised by 'infinite humour and wit.' Not one of them has since turned up. Mason was even unwilling that Walpole should preserve the correspondence in his cabinet unless he erased the openings and conclusions, which the biographer thought derogatory to the dignity of his hero because they were boyish, as if he was ashamed to have it known to the world that Gray was not always a man. 'Is it not odd,' wrote the poet to his friend West, 'to consider one's contemporaries in the grave light of husband and father? There is my Lords [Sandwich] and [Halifax]; they are statesmen: Do not you remember them dirty boys playing at cricket?' Horace Walpole, on revisiting Eton, expressed the same natural sentiment in his scoffing vein: 'If I don't compose myself a little more before Sunday morning, when Ashton is to preach, I shall certainly be in a bill for laughing at church; but how to help it, to see him in the pulpit, when the last time I saw him here he was standing up finking over against a conduit to be catechised.'

* These particulars are related by Jacob Bryant, who was in the same form at Eton with Gray and Walpole. Walpole, who said of himself in after-life that he was pushed up at school beyond his parts, was nine or ten places higher than Gray, though nearly a year younger. All that Jacob Bryant has told of the poet which did not fall directly under his own observation is one continuous blunder.

Everybody has felt the force of such associations, and Mason had a notion that they operated in biography as in actual life, whereas the process is reversed, and the greatness of the man gives consequence and interest to the qualities of the boy.

The uncle who superintended Gray's education at Eton was a fellow of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, and there his nephew entered as a pensioner in 1734. The studies of the place were mathematics, the recreation was drinking, and he had no taste for either. Classical learning, which had been everything at Eton, he found was held in disdain; and, after submitting with aversion to a formal attendance on the usual routine of lectures, he came to the determination not to take a degree. 'It is very possible,' he said, 'that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it. The people I behold all around me, it seems, know all this and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inspires me with any ambition of being like him.' Contempt of knowledge is always based upon ignorance. In his riper manhood he regretted his want of mathematical science, and declared his intention of cultivating it. Walpole, who removed from Eton to Cambridge at the same time with his friend, had, with as little inclination and less talent for mathematics, a greater eagerness for distinction. He became a pupil of Sanderson, the well-known blind professor, who said to him before a fortnight was past,—'Young man, it is cheating you to take your money: believe me, you never can learn these things; you have no capacity for them.' Walpole cried with vexation, but with the confidence of youth, which believes no teacher except experience, he thought that Sanderson was mistaken. He engaged another tutor, and diligently received his lessons for a year, when he abandoned the struggle. What he learnt one day was so entirely obliterated the next, that it had all the appearance of a new proposition. Gray could have comforted him then with the honest assurance that the grapes were sour.

Deprived of the stimulus of emulation, and kept in inaction by the contrariety between his private inclinations and the pursuits of the University, the early part of Gray's residence at Cambridge was a cheerless period, for the gloomy disposition he inherited from his father infected even his youth, and he had no resources out of his books. 'Almost all the employment of my hours,' he wrote to West, 'may be explained by negatives. Take my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a most amusing business, and yet neither something nor nothing gives me any pleasure.' 'Low spirits,' he says a little later to the same

same correspondent, 'are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and return as I do; nay, and pay visits, and will even affect to be jocose, and force a feeble laugh with me; but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world.' Society afforded him no alleviation. He professed himself quite unequal to it, and was so incapable of sympathising with its ordinary pleasures, that kindness, he told Walpole, was almost the only idea he had ever received of social happiness. Yet he called his depression an easy state, which had no other fault than its *ennui*. 'But,' he added, 'there is another sort, which I have now and then felt, that has somewhat in it like Tertullian's rule of faith, *Credo quia impossibile est*; for it believes, nay, is sure of everything that is unlikely, so it be but frightful; and, on the other hand, excludes and shuts its eyes to the most possible hopes, and everything that is pleasurable; from this the Lord deliver us! for none but he and sunshiny weather can do it.' The sun was always his great physician, and without it he said life would often have been intolerable to him. There is an uncomplaining and passive hopelessness of tone in these and many similar passages which is peculiarly touching. He was already aware that 'Melancholy had marked him for her own'—that the malady was inherent in his constitution beyond the power of medicine to cure or of his will to subdue it.

Notwithstanding Gray's playful assertion that doing nothing was a most amusing business, it was his favourite maxim through life that to be employed was to be happy. He lamented his frequent inability to apply the specific; and study, at best, relieved his melancholy without removing it. No sooner, however, was he released from attendance on tutors than he informed his friend West that he was learning Italian 'like any dragon.' He had previously made some progress in French, and both these languages were now to come into use. He quitted Cambridge in September, 1738, and resided in London with his father and mother till March, 1739, when Horace Walpole invited him to be his companion in a continental tour. The excitement of new manners, scenes, and people appears for a while to have had an inspiring effect upon Gray, and made him allow that, though 'a reasonable, we were by no means a pleasurable people,' and should be improved by an admixture of French and Italian vivacity. At the beginning of May, 1741, the travellers were at Reggio, where they had a violent quarrel, and the indignant poet returned to England by himself. The elements of discord had been sullenly at work from the commencement.

mencement. Walpole travelled for amusement, Gray for instruction; Walpole cared chiefly for balls and parties, Gray for the beauties of nature and art; Walpole assumed the airs of a patron, and Gray was as proud as if the blood of all the Howards had flowed in his veins. Walpole confesses that he treated Gray insolently, and reproached him with the difference of station, and Gray, on the other hand, reproved Walpole for his failings without reserve. Thus much Walpole related to Mason after the death of the poet; but, copious as he was upon the preliminary disagreements, he studiously evaded all explanation of the final outbreak at Reggio, beyond acknowledging that the fault was entirely his own.* Whatever was the cause, it was clearly something that Walpole was ashamed to tell. The conduct of Gray confirms the impression that the offence went much beyond a sally of temper. Four years after the separation Walpole wrote to him and proposed a reconciliation. He responded to the call, but Cole, who was afterwards on cordial terms with both of them, states that at the interview, which took place in November, 1745, Gray emphatically declared that, while he was willing that civility should be restored, it must be understood that their friendship was totally cancelled. To another intimate, Mr. Robinson,† the poet let drop expressions which implied that the injury was too deep to be eradicated. A letter which he addressed to Mr. Wharton immediately after the meeting affords further proof that he received the advances with coldness. ‘I went to see the *party* (as Mrs. Foible says), and was something abashed at his confidence: he came to meet me, kissed me on both sides with all the ease of one who receives an acquaintance just come out of the country, squatted me into a fauteuil, began to talk of the town, and this and that and t’other, and continued, with little interruption, for three hours, when I took my leave very indifferently pleased, but treated with monstrous good breeding.’ Two days afterwards they breakfasted together, ‘when,’ says the poet, ‘we had all the *éclaircissement* I ever expected, and I left him far better satisfied than I have been hitherto.’ Walpole continued to court him with assiduity, and won back part of his good-will, if not of his esteem; but twelve

* The passages of Walpole’s letters to Mason which relate to the quarrel are given in the Quarterly Review, vol. lxxxix. p. 141.

† The Rev. William Robinson was a brother of the celebrated Mrs. Montague. Gray made his acquaintance at Cambridge, and twice visited him at his residence, Denton Court, near Canterbury. The familiar terms on which they lived may be gathered from a letter addressed to Mr. Robinson by the poet, and which commences ‘Dear (Reverend) Billy.’ Mr. Robinson considered Mason unequal to the task of writing Gray’s Life, and refused his countenance and assistance—a slight which the biographer never forgave. When the work appeared, Mr. Robinson remarked that it was better than he had expected.

years after the reconciliation Gray was still so punctilious, that it annoyed him to allow, what he could find no civil pretext to refuse—the printing of two of his Odes at the Strawberry Hill press,—and he was careful to inform his friends that the work was done for Dodsley, to whom he had disposed of the manuscript, and not for himself. Isaac Reed was told by Mr. Roberts, of the Pell Office, a gentleman likely, he truly says, to be well informed, that the offence of Walpole which produced such durable effects was that he clandestinely opened a letter of Gray, from a suspicion that his companion spoke ill of him in his correspondence. The authority is respectable, and the explanation consistent with all we know of the circumstances,—with Walpole's confession that the blame was exclusively his, with his silence upon the cause of the actual quarrel, with the deep resentment of Gray, and his refusal to return to cordiality and confidence.

Gray arrived in London from his travels September 1st, 1741, and the 6th of November his father died of gout in the stomach, at the age of 65. Brutal to his wife, he was reserved and morose to the rest of the world, and none of his connexions had much cause to regret him. Before his decease he had nearly, without intending it, accomplished his threat of ruining himself, for his business languished from inattention, and, unknown to his family, he squandered large sums in his later years on a country-house at Wanstead, which fetched two thousand pounds less than the scrivener had spent in building it. At the time of going abroad Gray was about to enter the Temple, and prepare himself for the practice of the Common Law. He now abandoned the design, on the plea that his inheritance was too small to support him through the long apprenticeship. When West, a year before, announced to him that he had turned his back upon the Temple in disgust, Gray wrote him an admirable letter of remonstrance. He reminded him that it was a duty to be serviceable to mankind; that public exertions were the proper employment of youth, and private pursuits the enjoyment of age; that, though the labour of mastering the law was long, and the elements unentertaining, there was, on a further acquaintance, plenty of matter in it for curiosity and reflection; that our inclinations are more than we suppose in our own power; that reason and resolution determine them; and that he must not mistake mere indolence for inability. 'I am sensible,' he continued, 'there is nothing stronger against what I would persuade you to than my own practice; which may make you imagine I think not as I speak. Alas! it is not so; but I do not act what I think, and I had rather be the object of your pity than you should

should be that of mine.' As Gray continued to live for years with no addition to his patrimony, and without earning or attempting to earn a single penny, he could almost as easily have afforded to be a student of law as a student of Greek. The want of money was only the excuse,—the real cause was what his letter intimates, the want of inclination. His shy and sensitive nature shrank from the contests of active life; and, if the study of the law was distasteful to him, the practice would have been insupportable.

The same winter that he lost his father, Gray commenced the composition of a tragedy. Hitherto, except a few translations, all his attempts at poetry had been confined to the Latin tongue. His hexameters were formed, and not unsuccessfully, upon the model of Virgil, but he was less acquainted with the lyric measures, and has several lines which are faulty in their metre. In hexameters and lyrics alike he has allowed a few false quantities to escape him, and his Latinity is not always pure. A command of poetical language appears to us the chief merit of these fruits of his Eton education, for there is throughout a want of substance in the ideas. Yet even after he had written some of his finest vernacular pieces he prided himself most upon his Roman exercises,—a weakness which he was accustomed to ridicule in Petrarch. Those who compose in a learned language are apt to estimate the value of their numbers by the glow of satisfaction they feel in the happy adaptation of a classical phrase.

In English Gray was ignorant at first where his strength lay. His genius was not dramatic; and he afterwards said of his fragment of Agrippina that the heroine 'talked like an old boy, all in figures and mere poetry, instead of nature and the language of real passion.' Nothing, certainly, can be more artificial. West, to whom the specimen was sent, treated it coldly, and 'put a stop,' said Gray, 'to that tragic torrent he saw breaking in upon him.' He objected to the length of Agrippina's speech, and more particularly to the style, which he thought antiquated, and copied too closely from Shakspeare. Gray acknowledged and defended the imitation, but allowed that he might have carried it further than was proper. None of his subsequent commentators have been able to detect the resemblance, and we must confess ourselves in the same predicament. Whatever there may be of Shakspeare's manner, there is, at least, little of his inspiration, and even as poetry Agrippina excites no emotion. Now it comes recommended by the name of Gray it is easy to detect casual traces of his hand, but it is almost destitute of the merits, essential in a tragedy, which he ascribes to Dryden, and has neither the thoughts that breathe nor the words that burn. The
metrical

metrical qualities of his blank verse would hardly entitle him to a secondary rank among the cultivators of that most difficult of measures.

Mrs. Gray and her sister, having acquired a moderate independence by their trade, gave up the shop in Cornhill on the death of the scrivener, and retired to Stoke, near Windsor, where they lived with a third sister, Mrs. Rogers, whose husband had likewise recently died. He had formerly been an attorney, but had long left business to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. Gray visited him at Burnham, in Buckinghamshire, in 1737, when he was confined to the house with the gout. Dogs occupied all the chairs; and the crippled enthusiast, unable to take the field, 'regaled himself with the noise and stink' of his hounds. His nephew he held excessively cheap for preferring walking to riding, and reading to hunting; and if the old sportsman had survived till the days of the 'Bard' and the 'Progress of Poetry,' they would probably have done as little to raise their author in his esteem, as similar compositions to recommend Tom Jones to the favour of Squire Western.

In May, 1742, Gray joined his relations at Stoke, and there, in the beginning of June, he composed the first of his immortal pieces,—the 'Ode on the Spring.' The descriptions from nature, slight, but picturesque in the extreme, and the pensive moralisings which accompany them, are equally from the life. A comparison of the second stanza with the account he gives in a letter of his occupation at Burnham five years before, shows how closely the verse corresponded with the reality.

'Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great.'

'Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds. At the foot of one of these squats me I (*il penseroso*), and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there.'

The scene is repeated in the elegy—

'There

‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.’

It seems from the same authority that he was an early riser, and was accustomed to walk abroad at ‘peep of dawn.’ Passages like these belong as much to the biography as to the works of the poet.

Gray was accustomed to communicate all his compositions to West. He sent him the ‘Ode on the Spring,’ but when it arrived his friend was dead. The last letter he received from West was one rallying him for having said that he conversed only with the illustrious departed, and almost longed to be with them. From the tone of the remonstrance it is evident that the writer was quite unconscious that his own sandglass had nearly run out. He expired three weeks afterwards of a consumption, which was supposed to have been induced, and was certainly aggravated, by the detection of an intrigue between a mother on whom he doted, and a pretended friend of his family. Gray, tender and devoted in his attachments, not only made these sorrows his own, but to the end of his life, whenever the name of West was mentioned, his countenance changed, and he looked as if he was suffering from a recent loss.

The visit to Stoke was propitious to the sparing muse of Gray. In August he composed the Ode ‘On a Distant Prospect of Eton College’ and the ‘Hymn to Adversity;’ and Mason ascribes the greater part of the ‘Elegy written in a Country Churchyard’ to the same period. In five months he had produced full half of what is excellent in his poetical works. He was now in his twenty-sixth year, and he had twenty-nine years more of life before him. Well might he regret when his days were drawing to a close that he had done so little for literature.

His relatives at Stoke being urgent with him to fulfil his original intention of pursuing the law, he made a show of adopting the civil branch of the profession, and went to Cambridge in the winter of 1742, and took his degree as Bachelor of Civil Laws. Henceforward he made the University his home. Disliking the people, he was unable to resist the advantages presented by a collegiate establishment,—the access to books, the freedom from every species of housekeeping trouble, the entire command over his time, and the power to be solitary in the midst of the spectacle and luxuries of life. Gradually he formed a narrow circle of acquaintances after his own heart, and his satisfaction in the place was not diminished because, while enjoying the society of the selected few, he could indulge in
satire

satire on the herd of gowmsmen. The usual strain of his ridicule, which was chiefly directed against their want of literature, may be judged from the account he gives of the reception at Cambridge of Walpole's 'Historic Doubts.'

'Certain it is that you are universally read here; but what *we* think is not so easy to come at. We stay as usual to see the success, to learn the judgment of the town, to be directed in our opinions by those of more competent judges. If they like you, we shall; if any one of name write against you, we give you up; for we are modest and diffident of ourselves, and not without reason. History, in particular, is not our *forte*; for, the truth is, we read only modern books and pamphlets of the day.'

There is no appearance of bitterness in this sarcastic pleasantry, but it is not on that account less keen and contemptuous. The grave and reverend seniors of the University were well acquainted with his scorn, and never regarded him with much esteem. It was otherwise with the juniors after his fame was established, and when he chanced to issue forth from his college, which he rarely did latterly, they rushed into the street to catch a sight of him, and took off their caps to him as he passed.

With his degree he bid farewell for ever to the study of the law, and in his future pursuits was guided solely by his inclinations. He was fresh from the composition of some of the most delicious poetry in the language, he could not possibly be a stranger to the magic of his numbers, and, as he kept them close in his desk, his ardour had not been chilled by the indifference of the world. Yet, strange to say, with the exception of a brief satirical fragment, entitled a 'Hymn to Ignorance,' he allowed the next four years to pass without attempting a line. The cause of this was not his indifference to authorship, for he confessed that he always 'liked himself better' after a fit of versifying. As little did it proceed from poverty of ideas, but was chiefly occasioned by the effort which it cost him to exert his mind in poetical composition. A glance at his poems is sufficient to show that they are not of the kind which are struck off at a heat, and he never cared to conceal that they were elaborated with even greater toil than they betray. When he was asked by Mr. Nicholls why he did not finish the fragment on the 'Alliance of Education and Government,' he answered, 'Because he could not,' adding that he had accustomed himself, till he could write no otherwise, to a minuteness of finish, the labour of which in a lengthy poem would be quite intolerable. This labour was rendered doubly arduous by his sickly constitution, which brought with it lassitude as well as melancholy. 'I by no means,' he wrote to Dr. Wharton in 1758, 'pretend to inspiration,

inspiration, but yet I affirm that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary. It is the result, I suppose, of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's-self, and which I have not felt this long time. You that are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life may easily give credit to what I say.' At a period which for him was peculiarly prolific, he remarked that the bardic impulse did not at best stir within him above three times a year, and it seldom lasted long enough to enable him to complete what he began. Dejection of mind, on the contrary, put in motion the readier pen of Cowper, and afforded him just the diversion he required. When his spirits were unequal to one of those charming letters, which few persons penned with greater ease, he could still amuse himself with 'the pleasure of poetic pains.' What writing was to Cowper, reading was to Gray,—occupation without fatigue. He therefore hung up his harp and took down Plato and Aristotle.

In six years he had nearly gone through the whole range of Greek authors, making a digest of their contents, and grammatical remarks upon the text, in addition to which he compiled a Chronological Table in nine columns, which was the wonder of the indefatigable students around him. In 1747 he thus reports progress: 'I have read Pausanias and Athenæus all through, and Æschylus again. I am now in Pindar and Lysias: for I take verse and prose together like bread and cheese.' He gave much attention to Strabo and geography. Thucydides he thought the model of history, and the Retreat before Syracuse among the choicest pieces of writing in the world. Of Aristotle he said that he was the hardest author he ever meddled with; that he had a dry conciseness, which rather resembled a table of contents than a book, and, to crown all, an abundance of fine, uncommon things, which were worth the trouble it cost to get at them. He had the highest admiration of Socrates, and ranked the Memorabilia of Xenophon among the most valuable works on morality. But his favourite author was Plato. 'What he admired in him,' he said in conversation, 'was not his mystic doctrines, which he did not pretend to understand, nor his sophistry, but his excellent sense, sublime morality, elegant style, and the perfect dramatic propriety of his dialogues.' The criticisms of Gray, like his prose descriptions of scenery, are pre-eminently distinguished for their conciseness, their simplicity, and the faculty of discriminating among the mass of particulars what was truly characteristic.

On Mr. Nicholls expressing astonishment at the extent of his learning, he replied that he had found from experience how
much

much might be done by a person who read with method, and did not fling away his time on middling or inferior authors. This is the great secret of studying to advantage, and, besides that more is thus learnt and retained, the mind, by constant contact with master spirits, is often elevated to their level, and is always raised above what was formerly its own. Gray justly prognosticated that one evil of the Dictionaries, and other royal roads to knowledge, which began to multiply in his day, would be the temptation they held out to depend on their compendious but superficial information, instead of studying subjects through in the original authorities. The old proverb is true of *Encyclopædias*—that they are good servants but bad masters. Thus far Gray was an admirable example for future scholars, but here again we have cause to regret that the vast preparation resulted in nothing. It is melancholy that he should have to write to Mason in 1758—‘The days and the nights pass, and I am never the nearer to anything but that one to which we are all tending. Yet I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you to do so while you can.’ It must constantly have deepened his gloom to look back upon the blank which his life presented, to reflect upon his wasted powers,

‘And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with him useless.’

‘To find one’s-self business,’ he wrote in 1760, ‘is, I am persuaded, the great art of life; and I am never so angry as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery, as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people than at one’s own; and as if they could not go unless they were wound up; yet I know and feel what they mean by this complaint; it proves that some spirit, something of genius more than common, is required to teach a man how to employ himself.’

It is a lesson he never sufficiently learnt, and he would have been happier, if to the task of amusing himself he had conjoined some occupation which could have been of use to the world.

The reconciliation with Walpole in 1745 produced a renewal of their correspondence, and the first letter of the series which has been preserved is a good specimen of the poet’s epistolary style. It was written from Cambridge at the beginning of February, 1746, shortly after the Pretender had defeated General Hawley at Falkirk, and gives a curious picture of the apathy which prevailed on the occasion,—produced not so much by a lingering feeling in favour of the Stuarts, as by the want of almost every popular quality in the two first sovereigns of the Brunswick line.

'Our defeat to be sure is a rueful affair for the honour of the troops; but the Duke is gone, it seems, with the rapidity of a cannon-bullet, to undefeat us again. The common people in town at least know how to be afraid; but we are such uncommon people here as to have no more sense of danger than if the battle had been fought when and where the battle of Cannæ was. The perception of these calamities, and of their consequences, that we are supposed to get from books, is so faintly impressed, that we talk of war, famine, and pestilence, with no more apprehension than of a broken head, or of a coach overturned between York and Edinburgh. I heard three people, sensible, middle-aged men, when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby, talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton, a place in the high road, to see the Pretender and the Highlanders as they passed.

'I can say no more for Mr. Pope, for what you keep in reserve may be worse than all the rest. It is natural to wish the finest writer, one of them, we ever had, should be an honest man. It is for the interest even of that virtue whose friend he professed himself, and whose beauties he sung, that he should not be found a dirty animal. But, however, this is Mr. Warburton's business, not mine, who may scribble his pen to the stumps, and all in vain, if these facts are so. It is not from what he told me about himself that I thought well of him, but from a humanity and goodness of heart, ay, and greatness of mind, that runs through his private correspondence, not less apparent than are a thousand little vanities and weaknesses mixed with those good qualities, for nobody ever took him for a philosopher.'

The previous part of the correspondence relative to Pope has never unfortunately seen the light. It would seem that Gray had some personal acquaintance with him, for the expression,— 'It is not from what he told me about himself that I thought well of him'—can hardly refer to his published works, though no allusion afterwards occurs to so memorable an interview. In a conversation upon Pope, Gray observed that he had a good heart in spite of his peevish temper, and remarked of his artificial epistles, that, though not good *letters*, they were better things. He commended an observation of Shenstone, that 'Pope had the art of condensing a thought,' and he extended his admiration of his poetry to the translation of the *Iliad*. When he heard it criticised as wanting the simplicity of the original, or being rather a paraphrase than a translation, he always said, 'There would never be another translation of Homer to equal it.' Gray could speak with authority, for he was a finished Greek scholar, a poet, and an exquisite judge of poetry. If Pope's version is not in the style and manner of Homer, it is something nearly as excellent, and in parts it is finer, which is more than can be asserted of any second translation. Cowper keeps close to the sense, but not to the phrases of the Greek, for which he incessantly substitutes feeble circumlocutions. What similitude there

there is was purchased by sacrificing poetical to literal fidelity. A version which has none of the harmony, and very little of the fire of Homer, can never deserve the praise of being true to the original. Above all, Pope succeeded in making a translation which is perused with delight, while the Homer of Cowper has not many more readers than the Virgil of Dr. Trapp.

In July, 1746, Gray was in London, attending the trial of the rebel lords; and his account is worth extracting, even after the well-known description which Horace Walpole has given of the same scene:—

‘The Lord High Steward [Lord Hardwicke] was the least part of the show, as he wore only his baron’s robes, and was always asking the heralds what he should do next, and bowing or smiling about to his acquaintance; as to his speech, you see it; people hold it very cheap, though several incorrectnesses have been altered in the printed copy. Kilmarnock spoke in mitigation of his crime near half an hour, with a decent courage, and in a strong but pathetic voice. His figure would prejudice people in his favour, being tall and genteel; he is upwards of forty, but to the eye not above thirty-five years of age. What he said appears to less advantage when read. Cromartie (who is about the same age, a man of lower stature, but much like a gentleman) was sinking into the earth with grief and dejection; with eyes cast down, and a voice so low, that no one heard a syllable that did not sit close to the bar; he made a short speech to raise compassion. It is now I see printed, and is reckoned extremely fine. I believe you will think it touching and well-expressed: if there be any meanness in it, it is lost in that sorrow he gives us for so numerous and helpless a family. Lady Cromartie, who is said to have drawn her husband into these circumstances, was at Leicester House on Wednesday with four of her children. The Princess saw her, and made no other answer than by bringing in her own children, and placing them by her, which, if true, is one of the prettiest things I ever heard. She was also at the Duke’s, who refused to admit her; but she waited till he came to his coach, and threw herself at his knees, while her children hung upon him till he promised all his interest could do; and before on several occasions he has been heard to speak very mildly of Cromartie, and very severely of Kilmarnock; so, if any be spared, it will probably be the former, though he had a pension of 600*l.* a year from the Government, and the order for giving quarter to no Englishman was found in his pocket. As to Balmerino, he never had any hopes from the beginning. He is an old soldier-like man, of a vulgar manner and aspect, speaks the broadest Scotch, and shows an intrepidity that some ascribe to real courage, and some to brandy. You have heard, perhaps, that the first day while the peers were adjourned to consider of his plea, and he left alone for an hour and a half in the bar, he diverted himself with the axe that stood by him, played with its tassels, and tried the edge with his finger: and some lord, as he passed by him, saying he was surprised to hear him allege anything so frivolous, and that could not possibly

do him the least service, he answered, that, as there were so many ladies present, he thought it would be uncivil to give them no amusement. The Duke of Argyle telling him how sorry and how astonished he was to see him engaged in such a cause, My Lord, says he, for the two kings and their rights I care not a farthing which prevailed; but I was starving, and if Mahomet had set up his standard in the Highlands I had been a good Mussulman for bread, and stuck close to the party, for I must eat. The Solicitor-General came up to speak to him too, and he turns about to old Williamson—Who is that lawyer that talks to me? My Lord, it is Mr. Murray. Ha! Mr. Murray, my good friend, says he, and shook him by the hand, and how does your good mother? oh! she was of admirable service to us; we should have done nothing without her in Perthshire.*

It was reported that Mr. Solicitor's mother, who was notorious for her sympathy with the Pretender's cause, had assisted the rebels with provisions. Gray was not present at the execution of Kilmarnock and Balmerino, but he has preserved a curious and characteristic trait of one of the sufferers, which is not related by Walpole.

'Old Balmerino, when he had read his paper to the people, pulled off his spectacles, spit upon his handkerchief, and wiped them clean for the use of his posterity; and that is the last page of his history.'

After his trips this year to town, Gray acknowledged that the world had some attractions to a solitary of six years' standing, and he spoke of his spirits having sunk on his return to his cell, 'not indeed to storm or tempest, but a good deal below changeable.' The charm of his London holiday was in its novelty, but he appears for the moment to have coveted a gayer life, and to have regretted the poverty which condemned him to retirement.

'It is a foolish thing that one can't only not live as one pleases, but where and with whom one pleases, without money. Swift somewhere says that money is liberty; and I fear money is friendship too, and society, and almost every external blessing. It is a great though ill-natured comfort to see most of those who have it in plenty, without pleasure, without liberty, and without friends.'

His Cambridge life, however, was just at this time more animated than usual. The majority of the fellows of Pembroke Hall, headed by Mr. Brown,—an intimate friend of Gray, who said that he wanted nothing but a foot in height and his own

* Lord Campbell supposes this speech to have been made by Lord Lovat, and says that Horace Walpole misrepresents the anecdote by transferring it to the trial of Lord Balmerino. ('Lives of the Chief Justices,' vol. ii., p. 363.) Lord Campbell has been misled by his own authorities. The trial of Lovat did not take place till March, 1747, and the letter in which Walpole relates the incident was written August 1, 1746. The other circumstances mentioned in the letter would show that it was correctly dated, even without the confirmation of this letter of Gray, which was written only a few days later—August 13, 1746.

hair to make him a little old Roman—had quarrelled with their master, Dr. Roger Long. Three fellowships were vacant, and Dr. Long refused to admit the persons elected by the majority, under the pretence that his office entitled him to a veto. Two of the candidates were adopted by the fellows on the express recommendation of Gray—a Mr. Tuthill of his own college, Peterhouse, and Mason, then of St. John's, whose juvenile poems he had recently revised at the request of a mutual acquaintance. It was thus that the close alliance commenced between Mason and Gray. The college war continued for two years without victory inclining to either side, when Dr. Long, whose name still survives at Cambridge as a contriver of astronomical toys, and who is styled in the correspondence of the poet 'Lord of the great Zodiac, the glass Uranium, and the Chariot that goes without horses,' succumbed to 'the little old Roman,' and Mason and Tuthill were borne in in triumph. In the mean time Gray took an active part, as well as an eager interest, in the contest. Everything depended on the disaffected party retaining a majority of the Fellows on their side, and in reviewing, in 1747, their future prospects, Gray gives a lively sketch of poor Christopher Smart, who was one of the electors. The comedy, of which the poet speaks, was called a 'Trip to Cambridge, or the Grateful Fair,' and was actually performed by Kit's company of Undergraduates in the Hall of Pembroke College.

'As to Smart, he must necessarily be *abîmé* in a very short time. His debts daily increase; Addison I know wrote smartly to him last week; but it has had no effect that signifies, only I observe he takes hartshorn from morning to night lately: in the mean time he is amusing himself with a comedy of his own writing, which he makes all the boys of his acquaintance act, and intends to borrow the Zodiac room, and have it performed publicly. Our friend Lawman, the mad attorney, is his copyist; and truly the author himself is to the full as mad as he. His piece, he says, is inimitable, true sterling wit and humour, and he can't hear the Prologue without being ready to die with laughter. He acts five parts himself, and is only sorry, he can't do all the rest. He has also advertised a collection of Odes; and for his vanity and faculty of lying, they are come to their full maturity. All this, you see, must come to a jail, or Bedlam, and that without any help, almost without pity.'

It came to a jail and Bedlam both. Before the year was out he was arrested at the instance of a London tailor; his Cambridge debts alone amounted to 350*l.*, and he would have gone straight to prison if the Fellows of his college had not interposed to conciliate his creditors, notwithstanding the 'lies, impertinence, and ingratitude' to which he treated them in return. Gray ascribed these failings to his drunken habits, and was sanguine enough to hope

hope that he would get the better of the master vice. This was so far from being the case, that when he removed to London he used, according to Dr. Johnson, to walk for exercise to the ale-house, but was always *carried* back. His eccentricities increasing, he was shut up in an asylum, though one, at least, of his lunatic impulses was the sanest he ever manifested in his life. 'He insisted,' said Dr. Johnson, 'on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen: and I have no passion for it.' His insanity was favourable to his poetic powers, for by far the finest lines he composed made part of a 'Song of David,' which he indented with a key on the wainscot of his room when deprived of pen and ink. He was cured of his worst symptoms, but, after an interval of liberty in which he tried to prosecute the friends who were instrumental in incarcerating him, one description of confinement was exchanged for another, and he died within the Rules of the King's Bench prison.

In the latter part of the summer of 1746 Walpole took a house at Windsor for a short period, and the proximity produced a constant intercourse between him and his former friend. The poet showed him his manuscript pieces, and we may be sure, from Walpole's published language, that he lauded them to the skies. We find him in October transcribing the 'Ode on the Prospect of Eton College' in a letter to Mr. Conway, and bespeaking his admiration for it. Walpole's opinions on the literature of his day were almost exclusively governed by his personal relations with the authors, and his criticisms seldom consist of anything better than adulation or abuse. Warm and unqualified praise was exactly what was wanted to give confidence to the timid nature of Gray, and accordingly, when Dodsley was gathering materials in 1747 for a Collection of Poems, he was nothing backward to allow three of his pieces to come out from their hiding-place,—the 'Ode on Spring,' 'On the Prospect of Eton College,' and 'On the Death of the Cat.' The last of these had been written in the January of that year to commemorate the drowning of one of Walpole's favourites, and appears to us a failure. The author has tried to be at once serious and trifling, poetical and familiar, and in the attempt to produce these opposite effects he has missed them altogether. The moral which was intended to give purpose to the narration is not, as Dr. Johnson has shown, properly deduced, and it is as tame and trite as it was forced. We agree with Mr. Mitford that the third stanza, describing the fish, is the best. The other two poems were thought by their author to be equal in merit, but, Walpole or Dodsley discerning the great superiority of the 'Ode on the Prospect of Eton

Eton College,' it was determined to bring it out separately. It was published in folio in 1747, without the name of the author, and was the first *English* production of Gray that appeared in print.* Little notice was taken of it at the time,—less, perhaps, because those who read it were insensible to its merits, than because a short anonymous poem did not invite curiosity.

In August 1748 Gray had completed about a hundred lines,—all he ever wrote—on the 'Alliance of Education and Government.' For this also it is not unlikely that we are indebted to the impulse given to his ambition by Walpole's applause. Gibbon called it an 'exquisite specimen of a philosophic poem;' and even Johnson admits that it has many excellent lines. But despite the beauties of what we possess, we question if we sustain much loss by its being left incomplete. Unless he could have introduced more freedom into the flow of the verse, and interwoven sentiments more adapted to the ordinary sympathies of mankind, the work would have grown heavy if he had proceeded far. His subject offered as fair a field for attractive speculation as the 'Essay on Man,' but there is no comparison in the interest. Pope took care not to trust to his argument and his metaphysics. He adorned his poem with ideas and illustrations which come home to all the world, and the consequence is that, while no one quotes the 'Alliance of Education and Government,' the 'Essay on Man' has furnished a multiplicity of passages, lines, and phrases which are in the mouth of every educated person who speaks the English tongue.

The house in Cornhill in which Gray was born was burnt down in 1748. With the sum for which it was insured, and a gift of a hundred pounds towards rebuilding it from an aunt, the poet was not above fifty pounds out of pocket, and for this slight expenditure he must have been amply compensated by the superior value of a new house over an old. Shortly after the fire he went to London, and gives a ludicrous account of the sympathy he met with from his friends.

'Their methods of consolation were indeed very extraordinary; they were all so sorry for my loss that I could not choose but laugh: one offered me opera tickets, insisted upon carrying me to the grand masquerade, desired me to sit for my picture; others asked me to their concerts, or dinners and suppers at their houses; or hoped I would drink chocolate with them while I stayed in town. All my gratitude, or, if you please, my revenge, was to accept of everything they offered me: if it had been but a shilling I would have taken it; thank Heaven, I was in good spirits, else I could not have done it. I profited all I

* A short Latin poem from his pen made part of the Cambridge Collection of Verses on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, which was printed in 1736.

was able of their civilities, and am returned into the country loaded with their *bontés* and *politesses*, but richer still in my own reflections, which I owe in great measure to them too. Suffer a great master to tell them you, for me, in a better manner.'

The great master was the French poet Gresset, and the purport of the verses quoted from him was to express contempt for the fatiguing frivolities of fashionable life. The charm which beguiled Gray two years before was already gone, and he ended by calling London 'that tiresome, dull place, where all people under thirty find so much amusement.' Still his ridicule, if it was genuine, of the civilities which greeted him was quite misplaced, for they were the effects of a kindness which could be manifested in no other way, unless he expected his friends to make a charitable collection for him. They had not the sagacity to discover that *their* diversions were not *his*, but he would have accepted the will for the deed if he had called to mind one of his own wise and feeling reflections.

'Our imperfections may at least excuse, and perhaps recommend us to one another's. Methinks I can readily pardon sickness, and age, and vexation, for all the depredations they make within and without, when I think they make us better friends and better men, which I am persuaded is often the case. I am very sure I have seen the best tempered, generous, tender young creatures in the world, that would have been very glad to be sorry for people they liked, when under any pain, and could not, merely for want of knowing rightly what it was themselves.'

In August 1750 Gray writes to Dr. Wharton—

'You have doubtless heard of the loss I have had in Dr. Middleton, whose house was the only easy place one could find to converse in at Cambridge. For my part, I find a friend so uncommon a thing that I cannot help regretting even an old acquaintance, which is an indifferent likeness of it; and though I don't approve the spirit of his books, methinks 'tis pity the world should lose so rare a thing as a good writer.'

The poet was a great admirer of the easy elegance which distinguished the style of the *Life of Cicero*. The spirit which he disapproved was the covert scepticism that pervades the miscellaneous writings of Middleton. Infidelity in all its garbs had always an uncompromising opponent in Gray. He said that it took away the best consolation of man, and substituted nothing in its place. While delighting in the pleasantries of Voltaire, and ranking his tragedies next to those of Shakspeare, he detested him for his impiety. 'No one,' he remarked prophetically, 'knows the mischief that man will do;' and when Mr. Nicholls went abroad, he exacted from him a solemn promise that he would not go to Ferney. He had little less dislike to Hume, and had, besides, a low opinion of the mental power displayed in

in speculations which seemed to him the produce of vanity, prejudice, and sophistry. 'A turbid and shallow stream,' he wrote to Dr. Beattie, 'often appears to our apprehensions very deep. A professed sceptic can be guided by nothing but his present passions (if he has any) and interests; and to be masters of his philosophy we need not his books or advice, for every child is capable of the same thing without any study at all.' It is a conclusive proof of the intrinsic impotence of the attacks upon Christianity, that no infidel has ever succeeded in giving vitality to his sceptical effusions. The sneers of Gibbon—argument he has none—are only read because they are incorporated with his history, and are felt to be a blot upon his luminous page.

On the 12th June, 1750, Gray announced to Walpole that 'a thing,' whose beginning he had seen long before, had at last got an end to it, 'a merit,' he added, 'that most of my writings have wanted and are like to want.' This thing was the far-famed *Elegy*. Walpole showed it about, copies were taken, and in February, 1751, Gray received a letter from the editors of the 'Magazine of Magazines' informing him that his 'ingenious poem' was in the press, and begging, 'not only his indulgence, but the *honour* of his correspondence.' 'I am not at all disposed,' said the poet, 'to be either so indulgent or so correspondent as they desire.' In fact, he was horrified at the bare idea of seeming to be in alliance with the 'Magazine of Magazines,' and entreated Walpole to get Dodsley to forestall them by printing the *Elegy* immediately without the name of the author, and with a line or two prefixed, to the effect that it came into the hands of the publisher by accident. Gray wished the world to know that he had been forced before it, for, extraordinary as it may appear, he declared, and his word may be taken on the point, that the piece was never intended for the public, and that his sole ambition was to gratify a few of his friends. It was received with delight, and quickly ran through eleven editions. Gray was surprised at its popularity, and Mason replied, '*Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*' The poet wrote the line on a copy which was lying on the table, and said, 'This shall be its future motto.' Afterwards, when his *Odes* met with a cold reception, he conceived the erroneous idea, which Mason, who thought that his own works would have been more admired if the world had been endowed with better taste, did his utmost to encourage, that the success was entirely due to the subject and not in the least to the poetry. Gray told Dr. Gregory with considerable bitterness, that the public would have received it as well if it had been written in prose.

The 'Long Story' grew out of the Elegy. Among the persons who saw the latter in manuscript was Lady Cobham, who lived at the Mansion House at Stoke, and she desired to become acquainted with her poetical neighbour. Two ladies who were staying with her undertook to call upon him. He chanced to be from home, and the arrival of visitors from the great house excited a considerable commotion among his humbler relatives. He soon got upon easy terms with Lady Cobham, and turned the history of the acquaintance into a ballad. Mason states that when it was handed about in manuscript, some called it a masterpiece of original humour, others a wild and fantastic farrago, and that, on its publication, opinions were equally divided. On reprinting it in his Memoirs of the poet, he found it necessary to subjoin notes telling the public what to admire and where to laugh. Gray had an excellent saying, that good writing not only required great parts, but the very best of those parts; and the 'Long Story' is now usually considered to have been the product of the worst of his. It is a mere jingle, without wit or poetry, and should have been confined to the ladies for whose amusement it was penned.

At the instigation of Horace Walpole, Mr. Bentley, the son of the celebrated scholar, employed his pencil in illustrating what Gray had written. The designs, like the character of the artist, were wild and grotesque, and both Gray and Walpole appear to have admired them beyond their merit. Gray's poetical works consisted at that time of four little Odes, the Elegy and the Long Story. He thought that their appearance pompously adorned would expose him to ridicule, which was what he dreaded above all things; and he insisted that the title of the publication should be, 'Designs by R. Bentley for Six Poems of Mr. T. Gray,' instead of 'The Poems of Gray, with Illustrations by Bentley.' He was next thrown into consternation by learning that Dodsley, with the connivance of Walpole, had a portrait of the author engraving for a frontispiece. He averred, that if it appeared he should go out of his wits; that it would be worse than the pillory; and that if, without being warned, he had received the book with such a plate, he should have been struck with a palsy. In all this there was more of pride than modesty. He suspected people would sneer, and that his dignity would suffer. The 'Long Story' he would never allow to be reprinted, and said that he had only permitted it originally for the sake of Mr. Bentley's designs, nor would he have been enticed into it then but for the extravagant encomiums of Walpole. On a Mrs. French remarking that she did not know what to make of it, for it aimed at everything and meant nothing, Horace replied,

replied, that he had always taken her for a woman of sense, and was sorry to be undeceived. Gray believed Walpole at the outset, but he soon discovered that the world was of the opinion of Mrs. Frénch. It proved, Mason says, the least popular of his productions. The most valuable result of this edition, which appeared in 1753, was some lines which the poet addressed to Mr. Bentley on his designs, and which, though the piece is unfinished, must be ranked among his happiest efforts.

A proof of one of the engravings for the Elegy, representing a village funeral, was sent to Gray at Stoke. His aunts saw him take it from the letter, and supposing it to be a burying ticket, asked him if anybody had left him a ring. 'Heaven forbid,' he said, 'they should suspect it to belong to any verses of mine, they would burn me for a poet.' Is it possible that he had never made his family a party to his writings, and that his fond mother should have lived and died in ignorance of his immortal verse? The circumstance is not incredible if, as was probable, the good sisters had no appreciation of poetry, for he had an abhorrence of being read by tasteless people, and disliked their praise as much as their censure.

His mother was ill in bed when the engraving of the funeral arrived, and on the 11th March, 1753, she expired, 'after a long and painful struggle for life,' at the age of 67. It is singular that she should have died, like her husband, of gout, for the disease is one which hardly ever attacks the female sex. The epitaph which the poet caused to be engraved upon her monument describes her as 'the careful, tender mother of many children, *one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her*'; but the strongest proof of his affection is the celebrated passage in the letter to Mr. Nicholls, which, often as it has been quoted, we must extract once more:—

'It is long since that I heard you were gone in haste into York-shire, on account of your mother's illness, and the same letter informed me that she was recovered; otherwise I had then wrote to you, only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one never can have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and what you call a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age very near as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but yesterday; and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart.'

Gray visited his aunts at Stoke in the autumn of the year in which his mother died: and finding that the place did but recall the many anxious hours he had passed there, and remind him

him of the loss in which his fears had terminated, he hastened to change the scene. 'My thoughts,' he said pathetically, 'now signify nothing to any one but myself.' Mason had recently sent him an account of his attendance at the death-bed of a friend, and Gray replied, 'I have seen what you describe, and know how dreadful it is; I know too I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtless things, and have no sense, no use in the world any longer than that sad impression lasts; the deeper it is engraved the better.' This was always his language. It was thus that he wrote to Mr. Nicholls in 1766:—

'He who best knows our nature (for He made us what we are), by such afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment, from the insolence of youth and prosperity, to serious reflection, to our duty and to himself: nor need we hasten to get rid of these impressions. Time, by the appointment of the same Power, will cure the smart, and in some hearts soon blot out all the traces of sorrow; but such as preserve them longest, for it is left partly in our own power, do perhaps best acquiesce in the will of the Chastiser.'

Whenever he touches upon these trite topics he is tender, natural, and we must add—though on such a subject it is a trifling consideration—original too.

In December, 1754, Gray completed the ode on the 'Progress of Poetry.' It was commenced two or three years before, and the opening was shown to Mason, who told him that, though it breathed the very spirit of Pindar, it was not of a nature to suit the public taste. Gray was easily discouraged, and as often as Mason urged him to continue it, he answered, 'No; you have thrown cold water upon it.' Indeed, if Walpole is to be trusted, Mason coupled his praise of both the great odes with so many cavils that the author was almost tempted to destroy them. Upon winding off the 'Progress of Poetry,' Gray mentioned that he had one or two more ideas in his head, which resulted in his second Pindaric—'The Bard,'—and the beautiful fragment on 'Vicissitude.' Walpole said that Gray was now in flower. He had only two such seasons in his life.

The first instalment of the 'Bard' was sent to Dr. Wharton in the summer of 1755. After the poet had got through two-thirds of his task he came to a stand, and for nearly two years he could not bring himself to advance it a single line, when the accident of hearing a blind Welshman play upon the harp at Cambridge rekindled his enthusiasm, and enabled him to take the final stride. Mr. Nicholls asked him how he felt when he composed it, and he answered, 'Why, I felt myself the bard.' The poem being finished, he was, contrary to his custom, in haste to publish, and sold it in June, 1757, to Dodsley, in conjunction

junction with the 'Progress of Poetry,' for forty guineas. Walpole, who had just set up his press at Strawberry Hill, begged that the odes might be the first fruits of his types. They appeared at the beginning of August, and twelve or thirteen hundred copies were speedily sold, but opinion was almost unanimous in condemning them. 'It appeared,' says Dr. Wharton, 'that there were not twenty people in England who liked them.'

The general fault complained of was obscurity. One great person, whose name is not given, said that having read them seven or eight times he should not now have above thirty questions to ask the author. Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, objected, that if the Bard sung his song only once, it was quite impossible that Edward I. should have understood him, and Lord Barrington believed that the lines—

'Enough for me; with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign;
Be thine despair, and scepter'd care,
To triumph and to die are mine'—

were the parting words of Charles I. to Oliver Cromwell. How he reconciled this version with the speaker immediately plunging headlong into the stream does not appear. Owen Cambridge told Walpole that Lord Chesterfield heard one Stanley read them for his own. Walpole said that my lord's deafness must have led him into a mistake, and Cambridge responded, 'Perhaps they are Stanley's, and, not caring to own them, he gave them to Gray.' This shows the low idea that Cambridge, who was a man of letters, entertained at that time, both of the odes and of Gray. Even the few admirers wished that the author had been clearer.

Gray from the first had been advised by his friends to append explanatory notes, and he answered that what could not be understood without them had better not be understood at all. Three gentlemen were overheard saying at York races that he was 'impenetrable and inexplicable,' and should have told in prose the meaning of his verse. It was precisely in this humiliating light that a commentary presented itself to his mind, and accounts for his aversion to it. 'I would not,' he wrote, 'have put another note to save the souls of all the owls in London. It is extremely well as it is—nobody understands me, and I am perfectly satisfied.' But notwithstanding the good-humour with which he treated the criticisms, he was not satisfied at all. In a postscript to the very letter in which the expression of his contentment occurs, he suggests to Mason to get his curate to write an explanatory pamphlet, though he is not to know that the

the notion proceeded from Gray. The hint was not taken, and when the poet republished his works he condescended to become his own commentator. He did it, he said, out of spite, just to tell the gentle reader that Edward I. was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the Witch of Endor. It is not easy to see how the public were spited by a compliance with its demand. The only inference to be drawn is, that Gray did not feel the indifference he affected, and was anxious to remove any obstacles to success.

In 1760 there appeared two burlesque odes by Colman and Lloyd, one inscribed to 'Obscurity'—that, said Gray, is me—the other to 'Oblivion,' which was directed against Mason. In these parodies, which are good specimens of a bad kind of writing, the friends are treated with great contempt both as men and poets. 'Lest,' Gray wrote to his fellow-victim, 'people should not understand the humour, letters come out in Lloyd's Evening Post to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and says it is like to produce a great combustion in the literary world. So if you have any mind to *combustle* about it well and good; for me I am neither so literary nor so combustible.' He informed Dr. Wharton in the same pleasant strain, that a bookseller to whom he was unknown, had recommended him to purchase the satire upon himself as 'a very pretty thing.' Here again it would be a mistake to conclude that he was as unconcerned as he seemed. He was too sensitive not to be annoyed at the ridicule, and much too proud to show that he was hurt. The fire of his imagination, which could only be kept alive by being blown up, was completely extinguished by the reception of his Pindarics, and except a single piece which was written upon compulsion, he attempted no more serious verse.

The year before 'The Bard' was published a slight incident occurred, which the poet said might be looked upon as a sort of era in a life so barren of events as his. We find him requesting Dr. Wharton, in January 1756, to procure him a rope-ladder, 'for my neighbours,' he added, 'make every day a great progress in drunkenness, which gives me reason to look about me.' His fastidious and monastic habits were likely to provoke the youthful love of practical jokes; and two or three undergraduates who had rooms off the same staircase, and who had frequently plagued him with their uproar, got intelligence of the ladder, and raised a cry of fire at midnight, in the hope of seeing Gray descend from his window. He complained to the master, Dr. Law, who treated the occurrence lightly, and called it 'a boyish frolic.' The poet, indignant that no more regard was paid to his remonstrance, removed in March to Pembroke College, of which his principal
Cambridge

Cambridge friend, Mr. Brown, was the President. The apprehension of fire had been the cause of his leaving Peterhouse, and he met with the reality at Pembroke. Some years afterwards the chambers opposite his own were destroyed, and in describing the occurrence, he says, with his usual quiet humour, 'I assure you it is not amusing to be waked between two and three in the morning, and to hear, "Don't be frightened, sir, but the college is all of a fire."'

At the close of the year 1757 he was offered the Poet-Laureateship by the Lord-Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, with an assurance that he would not be called upon for the customary odes. When it is remembered that his predecessor was Cibber, and his substitute Whitehead, the compliment was questionable, and certainly Gray did not feel flattered by the preference.

'Though I very well know,' he wrote to Mason, 'the bland emollient saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man would say to me, "I make you Rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of 300*l.* a year and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two for form's sake, in public, once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things," I cannot say that I should jump at it; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office, and call me *Sinecure* to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me. Nevertheless I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the possessor hitherto, even in an age when kings were somebody, if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet-laureate.'

Since the death of Pye we have had poets for laureates; but, slight as is the tribute at present expected from them, there has been little improvement hitherto in their official strains.

Gloomy as had been the previous life of Gray, the portion which remained was still more overcast. His health in 1758 was better than ordinary, 'but my spirits,' he wrote to Mr. Brown, 'are always many degrees below changeable, and seem to myself to inspire everything around me with *ennui* and dejection; some time or other all these things must come to a conclusion, till which day I shall remain very sincerely yours.' After his mother's death he spent the largest part of his summer vacations in little tours about the country,

country, and from these he derived more pleasure than from anything else. His present solace was to visit all houses and objects of interest, to trace their history, to mark the taste of successive ages, and to register the particulars in a formal catalogue. 'To think,' he said, 'though to little purpose, has been the chief amusement of my days; and when I would not or cannot think, I dream. At present I feel myself able to write a catalogue, or to read the Peerage book, or Miller's Gardening Dictionary, and am thankful that there are such employments, and such authors in the world. Some people, who hold me cheap for this, are doing perhaps what is not half so well worth while.' His pilgrimage to cathedrals, tombs, and ruins, put him upon investigating the history of Gothic architecture. There were then no trustworthy guides to the art, and he studied buildings instead of books. In tracing the progression of styles he found that the family arms which were sculptured upon many edifices would often assist him in the determination of dates. He set to work upon genealogies with the avidity of a herald; and in his copy of Dugdale's *Origines*, now in the British Museum, he has filled in and described upon the margin the arms of all the families mentioned. When with vast labour he had threaded the intricacies of the science, and could assign at a glance any portion of a building to its proper era, Mason urged him to publish the results of his researches, and offered to make the drawings for the purpose. But Gray knew no other use for time than to while it away; and, satisfied that his pursuits should be entertaining to himself, he would never submit to the slightest exertion to make them beneficial to others.

Not long before he had agreed to write, in conjunction with Mason, a 'History of English Poetry,' in which the authors were to be classified according to schools. He began at the beginning—examined into all the sources from which English poetry was derived, into the origin of rhyme, and the early rules of metre. He transcribed large portions of Lydgate from a variety of manuscripts, and translated the specimens of Norse and Welsh song which are printed in his works. What little he put upon paper is enough to show that he would have treated the subject with the depth of a scholar, and the taste and elegance of a poet; but the plan was large, the workman slow; and before he had fairly laid the foundation he abandoned the design.

A few of his opinions of modern authors have been reported by his friends, or are to be found scattered about his letters. He set Shakspeare high above all poets of all ages and countries. He admitted that he was open to criticism of every kind, but said that he should not care to be the person who undertook it.

After

After observing, in his comments upon the atheism which then prevailed in France, that perhaps they had no soul on the continent, he adds, 'I do think we have such things in England—Shakspeare, for example, I believe had several to his own share.' Spenser, who is the poet's poet, he always read for a considerable time before commencing composition. He had an enthusiastic admiration of Dryden, and told Dr. Beattie that if there was any excellence in his own numbers, he owed it entirely to that great master whose ear was admirable, and his choice of words and his versification, singularly happy and harmonious. His 'Absalom and Achitophel,' and his 'Theodore and Honoria,' he placed in the first rank of excellence, and esteemed his plays as poetry though not as dramas. His prose he considered to be little inferior to his verse. Tickell's ballad of 'Colin and Lucy' he thought the prettiest in the world, and it would be prettier still if the last eight lines had been omitted. Of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' he observed rather coldly, that it had some good stanzas, but allowed that he had one talent in greater perfection than any other poet—that of depicting the various appearances of nature. When he attempted to be moral, Gray considered that he failed and became verbose—an objection to which there are surely many signal exceptions, as in the pathetic passage of the peasant overwhelmed in the snow-storm, and the lines which immediately follow, beginning 'Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud.' Nothing can be more just than his character of Dr. Akenside's 'Pleasures of the Imagination,' and the concluding reflection is one which should not be lost upon critics:—

'It seems to me above the middling, and now and then, but for a little while, rises even to the best, particularly in description. It is often obscure, and even unintelligible, and too much infected with the Hutcheson jargon; in short, its great fault is that it was published at least nine years too early; and so methinks in a few words I have very nearly dispatched what may, perhaps, for several years have employed a very worthy man worth fifty of myself.'

Besides his other reasons for moderating the praise of Dr. Akenside, it must be remembered that he had no greater partiality for blank-verse than had Dr. Johnson himself, but like Dr. Johnson he excepted the Iambics of Milton. On the appearance of the Odes of Warton and Collins in 1746, both of them authors then unknown to fame, he thus delivered his opinion:—

'It is odd enough, but each is the half of a considerable man, and the one the counterpart of the other. The first has but little invention, very poetical choice of expression, and a good ear. The second, a fine fancy, modelled upon the antique, a bad ear, great variety of words

and images with no choice at all. They both deserve to last some years but will not.'

He should rather have called the ear of Collins uncertain than bad, for he has lines, stanzas, and one or two entire pieces that are almost perfect for their music, and when he alleged that his diction was more copious than select, he might have added that much of his language is peculiarly fine. Of Dyer, Gray said, that he had a very poetical imagination, but that he was rough and injudicious; defects which he also ascribed to Matthew Green, whose merits he specified to be a profusion of wit, and wood-notes which frequently broke out into strains of genuine poetry and music. Shenstone's 'School-Mistress' he pronounced 'excellent of its kind and masterly,' and with equal truth he wrote after reading his letters,

'Poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it: his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too.'

On the 'Deserted Village' being read to him he exclaimed, 'This man is a poet.' Goldsmith was not so just to Gray, and spoke of his writings in very disparaging terms. Gray maintained, in opposition to Walpole, that 'London' had all the ease and spirit of an original, and this before the name of the author was up in the world. He disliked, as might have been expected, the style of Johnson's prose, the noblest specimen of which—'The Lives of the Poets'—he did not live to read, but he respected his understanding and goodness of heart, and used to tell as an instance of his benevolence, that he would go into the streets with a pocketful of silver, and give the whole of it away in the course of his walk.

Gray set great store by the practical wisdom of Lord Bacon's Essays and La Bruyère's Characters, and maintained that Machiavel was one of the wisest men that any age in any nation had produced. He admired the style of Algernon Sydney's 'Letters from Italy,' and of Bishop Sherlock he said, that he had given some specimens of pulpit eloquence which were unparalleled in their kind. He thought there was good sense and good writing in the sermons of Sterne, and that in 'Tristram Shandy' and the 'Sentimental Journey' he sometimes failed in his humour, but never in pathos. He praised the *Clarissa* of Richardson as the best told story in the world, and specified a merit in it, which has seldom been noticed, that the consistency of

of the characters is preserved throughout the whole of the lengthy narrative in every action, word, and look. Lovelace alone, he said, was not true to life, owing to the author never having mixed with profligates of rank. He placed Clarendon at the head of all our historians, and the casual mention of the 'Life written by Himself' is coupled with a remark which is no inappropriate conclusion to this summary of the critical judgments of Gray:—

'Do you remember Mr. Cambridge's account of it before it came out; how well he recollected all the faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties? Surely the grossest taste is better than such a sort of delicacy.'

The taste of Gray was pure but it was catholic, and he was rather inclined to give prominence to merits than defects. His greatest literary heresy was to believe Ossian genuine, and to think him beautiful, and the world has decided both points the other way.

It is stated of Gray by one of his Cambridge friends, Mr. Temple, that he had gone through the whole of the original historians of England, France, and Italy. The British Museum was opened to the public in 1759; and his curiosity not being satiated by printed books, he took lodgings in July in Southampton-row, that he might ransack the manuscripts relative to the history of his own country. The reading-room presented a different scene from what it does at present. There were but five persons in all, two of whom were Prussians, a third who wrote for Lord Royston, Dr. Stukeley, 'who,' says Gray, 'writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for, and I, who only read to know if there is anything worth writing.' He soon discovered matter to his mind, and passed four hours a day in transcribing state-papers with the diligence of a copying-clerk. He made London his head-quarters till 1762, and all this time continued steady in a pursuit which had no ulterior purpose whatever. His residence in the great centre of business and news supplied his letters with some interesting paragraphs. He went to the House of Commons and heard Mr. Pitt the sublime, and his mimic Beckford the ridiculous. Unfortunately a part of his report is wanting owing to Mason's mutilation of the manuscript.

'* * * clever, and forced from him by a nonsensical speech of Beckford's. The second was a studied and puerile declamation on funeral honours on proposing a monument for Wolfe. In the course of it, he wiped his eyes with one handkerchief, and Beckford, who seconded him, cried too, and wiped with two handkerchiefs at once, which was very moving. The third was about Gen. Amherst, and in commendation of the industry and ardour of our American commanders, very spirited and eloquent.'

There was one circumstance connected with the glorious exploit of Wolfe, which, could Gray have known it, must have afforded him more gratification than all the praise he ever received, and made him feel what it was to be a poet. On the memorable night which preceded the taking of Quebec, when the troops were drifting in silence and darkness down the river, to make the perilous attempt to scale the heights of Abraham, Wolfe murmured, as he lay at the bottom of his boat, the 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.' Upon concluding the recitation, he said to his companions in arms, 'Now, gentlemen, I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow !'

Connected with the same great event is an extract from a letter of Jan. 23, 1760 ;—

'The officer who brought over the news, when the Prince of Wales asked, how long Gen. Townsend commanded in the action after Wolfe's death, answered "A minute, Sir." It is certain he was not at all well with Wolfe, who for some time had not cared to consult with him, or communicate any of his designs to him. He has brought home an Indian boy with him, who goes about in his own dress, and is brought into the room to divert his company. The general after dinner one day had been showing them a box of scalps, and some Indian arms and utensils. When they were gone, the boy got the box, and found a scalp which he knew by the hair belonged to one of his own nation. He grew into a sudden fury, though but eleven years old, and catching up one of the scalping-knives, made at his master with intent to murder him, who in his surprise hardly knew how to avoid him; and by laying open his breast, making signs, and with a few words of French jargon that the boy understood, at last with much difficulty pacified him. The first rejoicing night he was terribly frightened, and thought the bonfire was made for him, and that they were going to torture and devour him. He is mighty fond of venison, blood-raw; and once they caught him flourishing his knife over a dog that lay asleep by the fire, because he said it was *bon-manger* !'

Shortly after the accession of George III., Gray records two observations of the King, and inferred from them that he would prove a worthy occupant of the throne. One was a reproof to the courtly chaplains who preached before him, 'I desire those gentlemen may be told that I come here to praise God, and not to hear my own praises;' the other, his reply when the Duke of Newcastle asked him what sum it was his pleasure should be laid out on the next election. 'Nothing, my Lord.' The Duke stared and said 'Sir,' and the King reiterated, 'Nothing, I say, my Lord; I desire to be tried by my country.' A year later (Jan. 31, 1761), and we get the following account of the new sovereign and his uncles:—

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‘One hears nothing of the king but what gives one the best opinion of him imaginable. I hope it may hold. The royal family run loose about the world, and people do not know how to treat them, nor they how to be treated. They visit and are visited. Some come to the street-door to receive them, and that they say is too much; others to the head of the stairs, and that they think is too little. Nobody sits down with them, not even in their own houses, unless at a card table, so that the world are likely to grow weary of the honour. None but the Duke of York enjoy themselves (you know he always did), but the world seems weary of this honour too, for a different reason. I have just heard no bad story of him. When he was at Southampton in the summer, there was a clergyman in the neighbourhood with two very handsome daughters. He had soon wind of them, and dropped in for some reason or other, came again and again, and grew familiar enough to eat a bone of their mutton. At last he said to the father, “Miss — leads a mighty confined life here, always at home; why can’t you let one of them go and take an airing now and then with me in my chaise?” “Ah! Sir,” says the Parson, “do but look at them, a couple of hale, fresh-coloured, hearty wenches. They need no airing, they are well enough; but there is their mother, poor woman, has been in a declining way many years: if your Royal Highness would give her an airing now and then, it would be doing us a great kindness indeed!”’

To this excellent anecdote, we must add another relating to a different subject and period, but which is told by Gray about the same time with the last:—

‘In the year 1688 my Lord Peterborough had a great mind to be well with Lady Sandwich. There was a woman who kept a great coffee-house in Pall Mall, and she had a miraculous canary-bird that piped twenty tunes. Lady Sandwich was fond of such things; had heard of and seen the bird. Lord Peterborough came to the woman and offered her a large sum of money for it, but she was rich and proud of it, and would not part with it for love or money. However, he watched the bird narrowly, observed all its marks and features, went and bought just such another, sauntered into the coffee-room, took his opportunity when no one was by, slipped the wrong bird into the cage, and the right into his pocket, and went off undiscovered to make my Lady Sandwich happy. This was just about the time of the Revolution, and a good while after, going into the same coffee-house again, he saw his bird there, and said, “Well, I reckon you would give your ears now that you had taken my money.” “Money!” says the woman, “no, nor ten times that money now; dear little creature; for, if your Lordship will believe me (as I am a Christian it is true) it has moped and moped, and never once opened its pretty lips since the day that the poor king went away!”’

This very loyal Jacobite bird, as the landlady supposed it to be, which moped instead of singing, was no bad type of Gray.

The next occupation to which he had recourse, after he grew tired

tired of copying manuscripts at the British Museum, was Natural History, and to this he remained faithful for the rest of his life. He had an interleaved copy of Linnæus always lying on his table, in which he entered what he read in other authors, or observed for himself. In his tours he hunted after birds, fishes, insects and plants, and wrote minute and accurate descriptions of them in Latin. He registered the quarter from which the wind blew, the variation of temperature, the state of the weather, and the day of the month in which birds began to sing, and flowers to blow. Of Botany, he said that he only pursued it to save himself the trouble of thinking, and many of his other inquiries into natural phenomena seem not to have been conducted upon any scientific plan, or with a view to any serious deduction. The mere act of accumulating particularities of whatever kind appears to have afforded him pleasure. He was a devourer of travels, and some specimens of his annotations, relative to the Persian, Tartar, and Chinese dynasties, which Mr. Mitford has given from the poet's copy of the '*Voyages*' of Bergeron, show the same propensity to revel in small and barren facts. Never did a man with so much mind indulge so largely in studies which left his intellect in abeyance.

In 1764 he interested himself greatly in the contest between Lord Hardwick and Lord Sandwich, for the High Stewardship of the University. The licentious character of Lord Sandwich, who was finally unsuccessful, is said by Mr. Nicholls to have been the sole ground of Gray's hostility to him. The poet, in his ardour, wrote for his own private satisfaction a satire, which he did not venture to publish, entitled '*The Candidate, or the Cambridge Courtship*.' Walpole had a copy, and when he discovered it among his papers, after Gray's death, he wrote to Mason in affected raptures, telling him he had found the thing most worth finding in the world, and that it was not the lost books of Livy, nor the longitude, nor the philosopher's stone, nor all Charles Fox had lost. 'I am in a panic,' he continued, 'till there are more copies than mine, and as the post does not go till to-morrow, I am in terror lest the house should be burnt to-night. I have a mind to go and bury a transcript in the field—but then if I should be burnt too nobody would know where to look for it.' It would have been well if the few lines which inspired Walpole with this ridiculous rhapsody had met with the fate he apprehended. Gray's works would not then have been disfigured by a page which does no credit to his taste or his talents.

Mason was now meditating marriage, but was slow in making up his mind. 'He has not properly,' said Gray, in accounting for his hesitation, 'anything one can call a passion about him,
except

except a little malice and revenge.' He chose his wife for her taciturnity, but however much he may have abhorred pretentious women, he must have been mortified, when his unpoetical bride crumpled up, and thrust into her pocket, a copy of complimentary verses with which he presented her on the morning of their marriage. Gray describes her as 'a pretty, modest, innocent, interesting figure,' and when after a brief union of eighteen months, she died of consumption in March 1767, the sorrow of her husband testified to her worth. The celebrated epitaph upon her tomb in Bristol cathedral must have owed its fame to the concluding stanza—for the only fine line, in the previous portion, is the invocation to his dead Maria to speak from the tomb—and this concluding stanza is now known to have been the production of Gray. He showed the original verses of Mason to Mr. Nicholls, saying, 'This will never do for an ending; I have altered them thus:—

'Tell them though 'tis an awful thing to die,—
'Twas e'en to thee—yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.'

The longer these lines are meditated, the more their beauty is felt. They have every merit which is proper to the kind of writing. Nothing can be finer than the eulogy on the deceased, implied in the brief parenthesis—'Twas e'en to thee'—nothing more rich in sublime consolation than the sentence which follows—nothing more severely simple in expression. Nor is the stanza a mere memento to the individual—it speaks, as it professes to do, to the hearts of all the world. A month or two afterwards Archbishop Drummond requested Mason to write an epitaph on his daughter. They were both smarting from their recent loss, and they wept together like children. 'But,' said Mason, in sending Gray the epitaph, which was the result of this tender scene, 'it cannot be expected, neither would I wish it to be equal to what *I have written* from my heart, upon my heart of hearts.' It has been remarked, since Mr. Mitford's recent volume revealed the extent of Mason's obligations in his poetry to the criticisms and suggestions of his friend, that candour required ampler acknowledgments than were ever made in public, but what slight importance the author of *Caractacus* attached to the assistance he received may readily be inferred from his assuming the entire credit of the epitaph on his Maria, even when speaking of it to Gray himself.

Gray visited Scotland in 1765, where he made the acquaintance of Dr. Beattie, at whose suggestion the college of Aberdeen offered

offered to confer upon the English poet the degree of Doctor of Laws. He had once thought of taking it at Cambridge, and gave it up from a dread of being confounded with Dr. Grey, the editor of *Hudibras*, and sharing the ridicule which attached to the Commentary of his namesake. He declined the honour which Aberdeen had designed for him, and assigned as his reason that it might look like a slight to his own university, 'where I have passed,' he added, 'so many easy, and I may say, happy hours of my life.'

In the meanwhile Gray's reputation was rapidly increasing. Dodsley, in 1768, printed two editions of his works, one of 1500 copies, the other of 750, and shortly afterwards an edition, published by Foulis of Glasgow, was entirely sold off. Another piece of prosperity awaited him. At the close of 1762 the Professorship of Modern History fell vacant, and he was persuaded by his friends to ask the appointment from Lord Bute. He was passed over in favour of the tutor of Sir James Lowther, Mr. Bocket, who fell from his horse, in July 1768, and broke his neck. The Duke of Grafton was then in power, and had for his private secretary, his former tutor, Mr. Stonehewer, an old college friend, and a correspondent of Gray. Without the solicitation, or knowledge of the poet, the private secretary spoke a good word to the premier, and, three days after the death of Bocket, Gray received the appointment. The letter of the Duke was very complimentary, and when the poet attended the levee, which his shyness rendered extremely embarrassing to him, the king told him 'he had a particular knowledge of him.' The salary was 400*l.* a-year, the equivalent was only to read a lecture a term, and that on a subject with which the new professor was intimately acquainted. He acted on this occasion in his wonted manner. He drew up plans for private and public instruction; he laid down schemes for historical study; he composed the opening of his inauguration thesis, and being completely exhausted by this faint exertion, he relinquished all further attempts to discharge the duties of his easy office. His neglect troubled his conscience, and he relieved his mind by talking of resigning, but clung to his post notwithstanding. Though failing health affords some apology for his conduct, there is abundant evidence that his vigour of mind and strength of constitution were more than equal to the demand. It was the self-indulgence, which is the dark stain upon his career, that kept him inactive—a continuance of those long habits of intellectual epicurism, which shrunk from every mental occupation that involved fatigue. His labours, after all, would have been of no great service if they had assumed the form that he designed, for being free to speak in what language he pleased,

pleased, he absurdly decided to deliver lectures on English History to an English audience in the Latin tongue. He had an opinion that 'lectures read in public were generally things of more ostentation than use,' and he seems to have resolved that his should be for ostentation alone.

Though Gray's appointment to the Professorship did not produce its proper fruits, it gave rise to an Ode, which was the last poem he penned. In 1769 the Duke of Grafton was elected Chancellor of the University, and Gray, who said that 'he did not see why gratitude should sit silent, and leave it to expectation to sing,' volunteered to write the panegyrical verses which, according to usage, are set to music, and performed at the installation. He told his friends, however, that he only offered what he expected the Duke to ask, and what it was impossible to refuse. In addition to the exertion of composing, he shrunk from the abuse in which his praise of the Chancellor was sure to involve him at a period of such political excitement, and it was long before he could bring himself to commence his Ode. On Mr. Nicholls knocking one morning at his door, he threw it open, and thundered out the first line of the poem,—

'Hence! avaunt! 'tis holy ground!'

The astonished Mr. Nicholls supposed for a moment that he had gone crazy during the night, but it was the exuberance of his satisfaction at having completed his task. He thought meanly of his performance, and said that the music was as good as the words—that the former might be taken for his, and the latter for Dr. Randal's. 'I do not,' he also wrote to Dr. Beattie, 'think the verses worth sending you, because they are by nature doomed to live but a single day.' The world had a higher opinion of them than the author, and, though the 'Ode for Music' is not equal to 'The Bard,' or the 'Progress of Poetry,' it is better than any other that was ever composed for a kindred purpose.

In the winter of 1769 Mr. Nicholls fell in at Bath with Bonstetten, a young Swiss upon his travels, and, conceiving a strong partiality for him, gave him a letter of introduction to Gray. His youth, his enthusiasm, his industry, his passion for knowledge, interested the poet, who formed an immediate and violent friendship for him. He read English authors with the young foreigner every evening from five till twelve, and after the departure of Bonstetten in April, 1770, wrote both of him and to him in terms of greater fondness than he ever bestowed upon any other person. 'Such as I am,' he said, 'I expose my heart to your view, nor wish to conceal a single thought from your penetrating eyes.' But confidential as he professed himself, he
could

could endure no allusion to his poetry or to his past history. When Bonstetten asked him about his works he remained obstinately silent, and to the question, 'Why do you not answer me?' he was silent still. His expectations and designs in life, whatever they may have been, had not been answered, and he was the victim of a profound and increasing chagrin. The society of Bonstetten had helped to beguile him, and the loss of it, to judge from his letters, turned his ordinary gloom into positive misery. 'All my time,' he wrote, 'I am employed with more than Herculean toil in pushing the tedious hours along, and wishing to annihilate them; the more I strive the heavier they move, and the longer they grow.' Happily for himself, the wretched conflict was not far from its close. The gout, to which he had been subject for many years, flew to his stomach, and on the 24th of July, 1771, an attack came on while he was at dinner in the College Hall. He became aware in a day or two that his case was hopeless, and said to a cousin, 'Molly, I shall die.' No other comment on his approaching dissolution escaped his lips. He retained his senses till within a few hours of his death, which took place on the night of the 30th of July, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. In obedience to a desire expressed in his will, he was buried at Stoke, by the side of his mother.

Gray was below the middle height; his figure well made and slight, but inclining latterly to plumpness. His countenance, according to Mr. Bryant, was pleasing, without much expression, and gave no indication of extraordinary powers. The print prefixed to Mason's *Life* is a caricature of his features, which were less prominent and more delicately rounded. In spite of sickness and advancing years, the poet continued to the last a coxcomb in his dress, which was of a finical neatness. Such was his dislike of seeming old, that when his sight began to wane he suffered considerable inconvenience rather than be seen in spectacles. His manners were of a piece with his appearance. He no doubt aimed at refinement, but the impression they left upon others was that of morbid and effeminate delicacy, which was made worse by the circumstance that much of it was not even felt by himself, and was only assumed for effect. His friends conscious, says Mason, of his superior excellences, thought his fastidiousness not only pardonable but entertaining. Mr. Temple asserts, on the contrary, that it was one of his greatest defects, and Sir Egerton Brydges had been told by several who knew him intimately that it was often exceedingly troublesome to those about him. Vulgarity in others, either of manner or sentiment, quite overset him. His own squeamish and over-acted elegance was vulgarity likewise,

wise, but because it belonged to an opposite extreme, and was that of the man-milliner instead of the rustic, he had no suspicion of the failing. In his address he was formal and distant, and to many supercilious.

Several causes combined to keep him silent in company,—a natural reserve, a frequent contempt of his audience, and the loss, as he alleged, of his versatility of mind from living retired. His taciturnity was increased if the hilarity of the circle rose above a subdued and gentle mirth. ‘I grow so old,’ he wrote, when he was just turned forty, ‘that I own people in high spirits and gaiety overpower me, and entirely take away mine. I can yet be diverted with their sallies, but if they appear to take notice of my dulness it sinks me to nothing.’ On one occasion when he joined a picnic party, and the laughter-loving company ‘would allow,’ as he says, ‘nothing to the sulkiness of his disposition,’ Lady Ailesbury reported to Walpole that he opened his lips only once throughout the day, and then it was to reply—‘Yes, my lady, I believe so.’ He never quite unbent in his own circle, but kept up his dignity, and selected his words and formed them into measured sentences with so much care that his conversation, which was otherwise excellent, wanted the charm of sociality and ease. Walpole and George Montague agreed in thinking him the worst company in the world. Dr. Beattie, whose acquaintance with him was brief, has asserted that ‘he was happy in a singular facility of expression, and delivered his observations without any appearance of sententious formality;’ and there can be no difficulty in believing that his studied talk might seem familiarity itself when contrasted with the harangues which were called conversation by the Scotch Professors of that day. He was very satirical, and appears to have had a capacity for biting repartees. He had no toleration for his inferiors in knowledge; but neither, on the other hand, did he value talent unless it was associated with worth, and his friends admit that he practised the virtues he demanded in others. Mason enumerates among his good qualities that he was an economist without avarice, and when his circumstances were at the lowest gave away sums which would have done credit to an ampler purse. ‘Remember,’ Gray nobly says, in writing to Mr. Nicholls, ‘that *honestas res est læta paupertas*. I see it with respect, and so will every one whose poverty is not seated in their mind; there is but one real evil in it—take my word who know it well—and that is, that you have less the power of assisting others who have not the same resources to support them.’

With his love of literature, and owing all his consideration to it, he yet could not bear to be thought a professed man of letters,
but

but wished to be regarded as a private gentleman who read for his amusement. He was free from the weakness of being ashamed of his origin, or he would not have introduced into the portion of the *Elegy* which is descriptive of himself the line—

‘Fair science frowned not on his *humble birth*,’

but the ‘*humble birth*’ may have made him over-eager to prove that he had risen above it. To imagine, nevertheless, that he endangered his gentility by the exertion of his genius, that he was degraded by the useful exercise of his faculties, and elevated by allowing them to run to waste, must be numbered among the superlative ‘*follies of the wise*.’

He was considered by Mason to have an excellent taste in music, which is rendered more than doubtful by the fact that he disliked the compositions of Handel. He made one exception in favour of the chorus, ‘No more to Ammon’s God,’ which he allowed to be wonderful. He played upon the harpsichord, but without much execution, and sang with judgment, though his voice was feeble. Vocal music was what he chiefly valued. He could rarely be brought to display his skill before others; and Walpole, who once prevailed on him after much solicitation, observed the pain to him to be so great that it took away all the pleasure of the performance. When young he drew respectably in crayons, and, as is proved by the criticisms he wrote on painting and sculpture during his tour in Italy, had a fine eye for form and colour, as well as for the more obvious beauties of expression. Though he said that the only original talent of the English in matters of taste was their skill in laying out grounds, of which neither Italy nor France had the least notion, nor could comprehend when they saw it, he yet set little store by the art, and reserved most of his admiration for bolder prospects. The diary which he kept of the journey he made to the Lakes in the autumn of 1769 attests his exquisite relish for the charms of scenery, and evinces a rare faculty for picturesque description. Sir James Mackintosh has gone so far as to assert that ‘Gray was the *first* discoverer of the beauties of nature in England’—an extraordinary observation for so sensible a man. It would have been just as true to affirm that he was the first discoverer of hills, trees, sky, and water. He was, perhaps, the earliest writer who systematically attempted to depict the appearance of the country in prose, but it would be preposterous to doubt, even if there were not a thousand passages in preceding authors to testify to the fact, that other eyes before his had been alive to the loveliness of an English landscape.

There is no indication that Gray was ever in love, and the singular

singular absence of all allusion to the passion in his poetry confirms the impression that he was an entire stranger to it. A song of two stanzas, composed at the request of Miss Speed, and borrowed from the French, will hardly be considered an exception to the rule. It might have been written by an anchorite. He does not even seem to have taken pleasure in the ordinary society of women, and the wives of his intimates are never mentioned with much cordiality. But he was warm and steady in his friendships, and was justified, when he drew his own character at twenty-four, in putting on the good side 'a sensibility for what others feel, an indulgence for their faults and weaknesses, a love of truth, and a detestation of everything else,'—provided only that we understand by 'others' the few associates whom he had taken to his heart. Those few, in spite of his foibles, repaid his attachment, and looked up to him with reverence.

His letters were esteemed by Cowper the best in the language, and there are excellent judges who continue to allot them the first place. Considered as a collection, they would be far, in our opinion, from deserving that distinction, even if they had not been eclipsed by Cowper's own. The letters of eminent men are in general thrown off by the way as the hasty supplement to more important avocations. Cowper's, for the greater part of his life, were the whole produce of his understanding. There is internal evidence that they were not formal compositions, but as the thoughts and doings of which they treat had his undivided attention, the materials were always in a course of preparation. Gray was under circumstances quite as favourable, but it was not his habit to put his mind into his letters to the same extent. Very much of what he tells is related so barely that it conveys no pleasurable information, and much more is about persons and things that have now no interest for the world. Of his own pursuits and habits there is considerably less than we should desire. It is in passages only that his letters exhibit uncommon merit, and, though the better portions are of no great bulk, there is at least variety of excellence,—criticisms, anecdotes, reflections, sketches of character, passages of humour and of pathos, descriptions of public scenes and of natural scenery. One charm pervades the whole, that of perfect ease conjoined to a peculiarity of manner, which reads at first like affectation, but which is soon felt to be natural to the writer, and delightfully characteristic of him. He appears to have been more playfully familiar in his letters than in his conversation.

The poetry of Gray, omitting the few pieces which contribute nothing to his fame, is of two distinct kinds: the minor Odes and the Elegy, which treat of common feelings and appearances; and his three larger lyrics, of which the materials are drawn from civil and literary history

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It was objected by Johnson to the 'Prospect of Eton College,' that 'it suggested nothing to Gray which every beholder did not equally think and feel,' and it has been repeated by critic after critic that no other poet has copied so much of his language from his predecessors. Familiar ideas and borrowed diction appear to exclude originality, and yet of what poem is the 'Ode on Eton College' the echo, and where is the verse that is more individual than that of Gray? The assertion of Johnson is true, but what he urged as an objection to the piece is the very quality which has constituted its merit with the world at large. The things which stir mankind most deeply are of universal experience. To single out these moving topics, to clothe them in language which gives precision to the sentiment, and brings it back to the mind with the freshness of reality, to invest an old but touching thought with new beauty by the felicity of the phrases and the melody of the verse—this is the difficulty which few have overcome; this is the species of poetry of which the use and pleasure is most widely spread; and this it is which makes the glory and popularity of Gray:—

'The deep recesses of his heart
The common woes and joys conceal;
But genius owns the potent art
To speak what others only feel.'

That Gray embroidered his verse with expressions culled far and wide is equally certain, but the same charge may be brought against Milton, and the practice detracts little, if at all, from the merit of the author, and certainly nothing whatever from the gratification of the reader where the words are brought into new combinations in a way to produce a totally distinct effect. Many of the phrases which have been tracked to their source owe all their beauty to Gray's application of them, and many of the remaining expressions which have since passed into the language were entirely his own. It is curious to find him congratulating himself on the want of that verbal memory of which his works furnish such abundant evidence, and expressing a fear lest he should have been led, if he had possessed it, to imitate too much.

It required unusual judgment and self-denial to keep above worn-out commonplaces in the Elegy, and the sentiments are less obvious than those of the 'Ode on Eton College,' but still they are the same as must constantly have occurred to many moralizers besides Gray. The originality is in the mode in which the ideas are expressed, which was always, he said, the great point with him: 'not meaning by expression the mere choice of words, but the whole dress, fashion, and arrangement of a thought.' The scene, the hour, the sentiments, and the metre are in

in perfect keeping, and combine to produce that harmony of gentle pathos which at once saddens and soothes. The idea of making a transition from the general reflections to himself was an unhappy after-thought, and all from the line

‘For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,’

up to the end, is of an inferior stamp. The language is of a magical beauty. Mr. Mitford has pointed out a few forced rhymes and faulty expressions, which cannot be defended; and Goldsmith has complained that it is overloaded with epithets, which here and there is the case; but in general the descriptive force of the epithets is one of its conspicuous merits, for Gray had the faculty of hitting upon that word of the language which best defined his idea, and made it felt by the reader.

The poetry of Gray which treats of familiar subjects belongs to the first period of his English compositions. In them he drew from the spontaneous emotions of his heart, and the native melancholy, plaintive but not morbid, with which he coloured everything, is one of the causes of the hold which his pieces take on the mind. He there displays the real bent of his genius, which was rather tender than sublime. What Johnson said of his Pindaric Odes—that they were forced plants raised in a hot-bed, and again, that Gray was tall by walking on tiptoe—is not devoid of justice. This is now a more common opinion than it used to be formerly. ‘They are, I believe,’ says Hazlitt, ‘generally given up at present: they are stately and pedantic, a kind of methodical borrowed frenzy.’ Sir Walter Scott thought them stiff and artificial, and Lord Byron considered that Gray’s reputation would have been higher if he had written nothing except his Elegy. To us it appears that his Odes, and especially ‘The Bard,’ which is much the finest, contain delicious strains, but that taken as a whole they are not first-rate. The words and verse of the ‘Progress of Poetry’ are glowing enough, but many of the ideas are frigid and far-fetched. The ‘Bard’ is a grand conception, and has more vigour of sentiment than the companion Ode, but the dramatic energy, so conspicuous in the opening burst, is not well sustained. Whatever bears the marks of painful elaboration must be to some extent formal; fervour is the impulse of the moment; and in passages intended to be passionate, the smell of the lamp destroys the nature and mars the effect.

The language of his other pieces is rich, but not luxuriant; in his Pindarics it is ornate to excess, and the metaphors and personifications, a few of which are superb, are sometimes pushed to the boundaries of extravagance, and even cross the confines.

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The praise of Shakspeare, which was a favourite passage with the author because he thought it had the merit of being original where novelty was hardly possible, is an instance of the defect. The picture of Nature presenting the pencil and keys to the child, and of his smiling at her awful face, is grotesque in proportion to the vividness with which it is realised, and is not redeemed by any ingenuity in the conception. The representation, too, of the mighty mother as wearing a terrible countenance, is peculiarly inapplicable to the universal genius of Shakspeare, whose comic powers are not inferior to his tragic. In the lines which follow on Milton, the ascribing his blindness to his contemplation of the dazzling glories of heaven, which he only viewed in imagination, is certainly a conceit, but there is a grandeur in the passage which even this blemish, serious as it is, could not destroy.

If Gray had been more sparing of his metaphors they would have gained in effect, and we should have had less of that obscurity, which it is idle to defend, and which, in 'The Progress of Poetry,' is entirely produced by the resolution to tell everything in the high figurative style. He frequently fails to preserve consistency in his images. Dr. Akenside remarked that the keys in the panegyric on Shakspeare, which are employed at first to unlock a gate, are made at the end 'to ope a source.' Dr. Johnson has exposed some similar slips, and throughout Gray's poems there is often a want of coherence between the parts of a sentence, either of grammar or of sense. The fault arose from his mode of composition. Instead of putting down his thoughts as they sprung up in his mind, he polished every line as he proceeded, and in the repeated changes of expression, a later verse, which was correct in the first conception, came to harmonize imperfectly with what went before.

In the management of his metre Gray has no superior. His ear was exquisite, and the few harsh lines, and very harsh they are, which are to be found in his poetry, were evidently left because he preferred to sacrifice the melody to the expression. The greatness of his reputation, contrasted with the small extent of the compositions upon which it is built, is the strongest proof of their singular excellence. Whether the slow and mosaic workmanship of Gray was an indication of genius, has often been questioned, but none except the few, who were jealous of his popularity, have ever hesitated to admit that his happiest poetry must be classed among the most perfect in the world.

ART. II. — *Cosmos. Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.* By Alexander Von Humboldt. Vols. ii. and iii. Translated under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. Edward Sabine, R.A., V.P., and Treas. R.S. London. 1850-51-52.

SINCE we reviewed the first volume of this work in 1846, Baron von Humboldt, laden with years and well-earned honours, has published two additional volumes. We feel it incumbent upon us to bring the work, thus enlarged (though still wanting a volume for its completion), again before the notice of our readers. This we do, as well from regard to the high eminence of its author, as because it forms an exposition of the general state of physical science, brought yet nearer to our own day, by a philosopher of large views, and knowledge matured by a long life of active observation—one equally capable of generalizing what has been already done, and of casting a philosophic eye upon the future—over that ‘ocean of undiscovered truth’ which still spreads out widely before us.

In our former article on the ‘*Cosmos*’ we gave such an outline of the life of Humboldt, and of his career as a traveller and naturalist, as might suffice to show some of his qualifications for the work he has here undertaken. That which is peculiar to the man is the singular extent and diversity of knowledge which he brings to every subject of inquiry. We cannot name any traveller equally gifted with this large comprehension, which was possessed and put into exercise at the very outset of life. A striking example of his copiousness of research occurs in the earliest part of the personal narrative of his travels. Approaching the Canary Isles, the first point at which he touches on his passage to America, he enters into a long discussion on the currents and winds of the Atlantic, that great valley of waters dividing the Old from the New World. The sight of the stupendous Peak of Teneriffe leads him to a dissertation on those various conditions of figure of the earth, figure of the object, refraction, &c., which determine the visibility of objects at different distances. Six days at Teneriffe, including an ascent of the Peak, furnish materials for half a volume; in which are blended geology, botany, zoology, the theories of volcanic phenomena, questions as to the temperature and chemical composition of the air at different heights, the history of the Canaries, disquisitions on their discovery by the ancients, and on the origin and language of the Guanches, their earliest known population. Many of these topics have been enlarged or corrected by later research; but, as handled by Humboldt at this period, they well mark his early vigour and aptitude for such inquiries.

Regarding him as a writer merely, this exuberance of knowledge, and his *nimia diligentia* of illustration, almost pass into a fault, if we might apply the term to qualities thus valuable and rare. Digressions may readily be excused where they bring fresh life and vigour to the subject, and suggest new relations to the mind. But, even under this view, we are compelled to consider the tendency in Humboldt's case to be one of excess; and we notice it the rather from finding various proofs of the same discursive method in the work before us; in which the topics, from their vastness and variety, require constant compression, and a rigid adherence to that proportion of parts which is essential to the unity of the whole. Where the Universe, which we must receive as the proper rendering of *Cosmos*, is the object placed before us, we have some right to expect that the grandeur of the design should be sustained in the execution.

In our former article we made some remarks on this subject; commenting upon a certain vagueness which pervades the whole conception of the work; and a tendency to repetition and digression, injurious more or less to the harmony of the scheme. These comments we are compelled to consider as fully confirmed and justified by the volumes now before us. In adopting the title of *Cosmos*, M. Humboldt has exposed himself to perplexities which pursue him through every part of his work. He is haunted, one may fairly say, by a spectre of his own creation. He has invoked a vast and vague name, which sometimes he seeks to curb and limit by definitions, at other times to enlarge and exalt. At the risk of appearing presumptuous we must express our doubt whether he has ever entirely defined the term of *Cosmos* to his own mind. A grand and spacious idea was before him; congenial to the temperament of German thought, and according well with his own vast and various knowledge, and his desire to concentrate the labours of a life in one great closing work. He sought to mark by the name the magnitude of the conception. But the conception itself is beyond the power of adequate fulfilment, even by one possessing the resources of our author. The Universe, as expressing all the material phenomena of nature (and we shall see presently that Humboldt has superadded other topics having relation to the human faculties and progress), is too vast a theme for a single man or a single work. Treated upon one plan, it becomes a vague and almost metaphysical abstraction—upon the opposite plan, an embodiment of facts and details so various and endless as utterly to set at nought all present power of compression or scientific arrangement. The expression of Seneca, designating his idea of the Divinity of the Universe, '*quod vides totum et quod non vides totum*,' has, in some points, close relation

lation to our author's conception of the Cosmos; which is here and there denoted in terms savouring more of the school of Fichte and Schelling than of the sober severity of modern science. We presume it likely that Humboldt had before him the idea, if not the words, of D'Alembert,—‘L'Univers, pour qui saurait l'embrasser d'un seul point de vue, ne serait qu'un fait unique, et une grande vérité’—a phrase admissible in no other sense than in so far as it indicates that unity of creation, and of the Divine power, which, while establishing mutual relations among the most remote bodies of the universe,—through light, gravitation, and possibly other elementary forces,—has equally designed the most subtle atomical relations of matter, and those exquisite organic textures, which minister to the functions of life in its numberless forms on our own globe.*

The difficulties and incongruities resulting from this struggle between the abstractions of a name, and the real genius and scientific acquirements of the author, are apparent, as will presently be noticed, in the methods and construction of the work; and also in the frequent recurrence of M. Humboldt to definitions of his plan, and explanations of the idea of the Cosmos; seemingly quite as much to satisfy and guide his own mind, as to direct the intelligence of his readers. Largely though this matter is treated in the Introduction to the first volume, we find a recurrence to it preceding the chapters entitled ‘Epochs in the History of the Physical Contemplation of the Universe.’ Even to the third volume there is prefixed a new Introduction; in which, while reciting the purport of the former volumes, and the objects still before him, he makes, we think, a distinct admission that the scheme is too large for a single hand; and anticipates, rather by apology than vindication, some of the objections we have ourselves urged to the conception of the work. We insert one or two passages from this Introduction; the purport of which, had it struck him with the same force and clearness when he began the first volume, would probably have modified the scheme of the whole work:—

‘It remains for the third and last volumes of my work to supply

* The conceptions of Goethe, as embodied in his strenuous verse, were doubtless also present to our author's mind in forming the scheme of the Cosmos:—

‘Und hier schliesst die Natur den Ring der ewigen Kräfte,
Doch ein neuer sogleich fasset den Vorigen an;
Dass die Kette sich fort durch alle Zeiten verlänge,
Und das Ganze belebt, so wie das Einzelne sey.’

The *Traité du Monde* of Descartes, and the *Cosmotheoros* of Huyghens, may occur here to some of our readers. But the first work was never published entire; the second was little worthy of the name of Huyghens; and neither of them could suggest anything to the mind of Humboldt, so well exercised in the sounder science of the present day.

some of the deficiencies of the earlier ones, and to put forward those results of observations which form the principal basis of present scientific opinion. . . . The unexpected favour with which my undertaking has been received makes me doubly feel the need of expressing myself once more, as distinctly as possible, in reference to the fundamental idea of the entire work; and respecting requirements which I have never even attempted to fulfil, because to my individual view of our experimental knowledge they could never have been contemplated by me.

'The establishment of a science of Nature from the laws of gravity up to the formative impulse in animated bodies, as one organic whole, is no doubt a brilliant problem, and one worthy of the human intellect; but the imperfect state of so many parts of our knowledge places insuperable difficulties in the way of its solution. . . . What is perceived is far from exhausting what is perceivable. If, to recall only the progress of the time nearest our own, we compare the imperfect knowledge of nature possessed by Gilbert, Robert Boyle, and Hales with the present, and if we remember that the rate of progress is a rapidly increasing one, we may have some idea of the periodical endless transformations which still await all the physical sciences,' &c.

We find further evidence that the conception of Humboldt is shadowy and undefined in the peculiar phraseology which pervades the *Cosmos*—less at variance indeed with German than with English habitudes of thought and language; but, under any view of it, much more vague and mystical than befits a scientific treatise of our own time. We might illustrate our meaning by quoting such expressions as '*domain of the Cosmos*,' '*science of the Cosmos*,' '*recognition of the Cosmos*,' '*history of Cosmical contemplation*,' '*Cosmical space*,' '*Cosmical life*,' and many others of like kind occurring in these volumes, which the translator rightly renders to us as he found them; but which, we think, might be profitably exchanged for terms of more common and intelligible use.

We have yet another proof of the difficulties with which Humboldt has encumbered himself, in the mass of notes appended to these volumes. In positive bulk of matter they are almost equal to the text; and though far from affirming of them what Gray said of notes in general, that they are '*signs of weakness or obscurity*,' yet we are continually led to ask on what *principle* the matter they contain is detached from the body of the work. Much that we find here has more value and originality than the text to which it is related; and there are various details and digressions in the latter which might well admit of being transferred to the notes. Whatever the reasons for the actual distribution, the practical result is that these notes, so embodied as a separate part of each volume, are wholly neglected by nine out of

of ten of the readers of the work. Some communications from Arago, characterized by the boldness and ingenuity which belong to this philosopher, are thus in great part lost; together with other documents and illustrations too valuable to be consigned to comparative obscurity.

The injurious effect of the title and scheme of the *Cosmos* is strikingly felt in the distribution of the subjects of these two volumes. After an impartial perusal of the explanation offered in the Introduction just commented upon, we are still compelled to state that the arrangement adopted involves both incongruities and repetitions. In the first volume, for example, we have the delineation of the two great classes of physical objects—those of the Heavens and those of the Earth—uranologic and telluric, as they are here respectively named. The second volume carries us by an abrupt transition to an essay on what Humboldt terms 'Incitements to the Study of Nature;' followed by another on the 'History of the Physical Contemplation of the Cosmos,' of which several parts of the work we shall presently speak. In the third volume, under the title of 'Special Results in the Uranological portion of the Cosmos,' we again come, with greater amplitude of detail, to the astronomical part of the subject—the volume, in fact, forming a complete treatise on astronomy, and necessarily repeating much that is contained in the first. The fourth volume, still unpublished, will be devoted, as we understand, to a similar enlargement of the physical history of the earth; and must be supposed liable to the same repetitions of the subjects treated of under this title.

We apprehend that some of these difficulties have arisen to Baron Humboldt from the manner of his publication. Physical science in all its branches has been advancing with gigantic steps since the first part of his work was given to the world. Much has been discovered that is new, both in facts and in the laws governing them—various errors have been corrected—the methods and instruments of inquiry have been unceasingly improved, and science is made to yield practical results to the uses of man much more largely than ever heretofore. We may fairly say that a year now is equivalent to ten years at any former time of its history. Our author is far too zealous an observer of this progress, and too acute in his appreciation of it, to allow these things to pass without record. Neither age, nor courtly favours, have rendered him indifferent to what is going on in the world of science around him. He lives in the atmosphere of Berlin, teeming with active experimental researches, and bold speculation founded upon them. A natural desire for the completeness of his undertaking is further fostered by an intellectual temperament

temperament prone to the collection and registration of facts, and to the establishment of those great relations which give them their chief value and efficiency. Later volumes, coming out after the lapse of years, are thus made to supply the deficiencies of those which have gone before. We do not wish to speak reproachfully of that which must be considered inevitable, if not indeed laudable, in the conduct of the work; but that it is an imperfection in the scheme, and destructive of its unity and fitness of proportion, can hardly be denied.

It is with regret that we have found ourselves obliged to make these preliminary remarks. But, dealing conscientiously with a work which comes out under the auspices of a great name, we cannot refrain from repeating our conviction that it is embarrassed by a title of needless abstraction—that the principle and plan of execution have never been clearly defined—and that the publication by instalments has led to a repetition and disproportion of parts, in what professes to be a simple and connected whole.* The fact we consider to be, as already stated, that this profession is one above the power of present fulfilment; and we regard the attempt as peculiarly inappropriate, at a time when physical science is every year changing its aspects and enlarging its domain, not solely by the acquisition of new facts, but yet more by the recognition of new elements of active power, and the progressive reduction of the whole to those higher laws which form the ultimate objects of all research. There is value, indeed, in every work which clearly expounds the stages of this progress, or so associates them as to suggest new objects of inquiry. But, out of the domain of mathematical methods, nothing must yet be regarded as certain or complete; and the *Cosmos* of Humboldt, in assuming a character which even he fails to realize, involves both omissions and redundancies, which in the fairest spirit of criticism it is impossible not to recognize and regret.

Proceeding now to analyze these two volumes in detail, we find the first part directed to the consideration of the 'Incitements to the Study of Nature;' and distributed under the three heads of

* With the exception of what relates to the imperfection of knowledge and personal observation, we might almost be led to apply to the *Cosmos* the commentary its author makes on the *Natural History of Pliny*:—

'There floated upon the mind of Pliny a grand and single image; but, diverted from his purpose by specialties, and wanting the living personal contemplation of nature, he was unable to hold fast the image. The execution remained imperfect, not merely from haste and frequent want of knowledge of the objects to be treated, but also from defective arrangement.'

Without incurring any charge of national partiality, we may be allowed to refer here to the volume of our distinguished countrywoman Mrs. Somerville, '*On the Connexion of the Physical Sciences*,' as embodying, under a very lucid arrangement, all the essential parts of the *Cosmos*.

'Poetic

'Poetic Descriptions of Nature,' 'Landscape Painting,' and 'Culture of Characteristic Exotic Plants.' We have already alluded to what we consider the incongruous position of this disquisition; which—if indeed admissible at all into a physical description of the Universe—is strangely placed between two separate treatises, descriptive, in different degrees of detail, of the physical phenomena of the Heavens and the Earth. The following passage from the Introduction to the third volume affords Humboldt's own view of this arrangement; which, under some obscurity of expression, will be felt, we think, rather as an excuse than a justification:—

'If my published work does not correspond sufficiently to the title, of which I have often acknowledged the imprudent boldness, the reproach of incompleteness must especially attach to that portion which touches on the spiritual life in the Cosmos; or the reflex image of external nature in the domain of human thought and feeling. In this part of my undertaking I have more particularly contented myself with dwelling on the subjects which lay most in the direction of my previously cherished studies; on the manifestations of the more or less vivid feeling of nature in classical antiquity and in modern times; on the fragments of poetic description of nature, whose tone of colouring has been so materially influenced by individuality of national character, and by the religious monotheistic view of Creation; on the pleasing magic of landscape-painting; and on the history of the physical contemplation of the Universe;—*id est*, the history of the gradual development, in the course of 2000 years, of the recognition of the unity of phenomena and of the universe as a whole.'

To us, we confess, this part of the second volume has the air of a separate dissertation, alien in date and substance from the materials with which it is now incorporated. Unless the term *Cosmos* were interpreted as including the history of man in his whole moral and intellectual being (in which case this part of the work would be very inadequately fulfilled), we cannot see the fitness of this treatise on poetic descriptions of nature, on landscape-painting, and on the culture of exotic plants. But the word in question is, really, otherwise defined on the title-page, and in such way as to show that these chapters are an excrescence on the original frame-work of the author.

Looking to the Chapters themselves, apart from other considerations, we find in them a very agreeable collection of passages, illustrating the genius and habits of different races and communities of men in relation to the world of nature. We are very ready to acknowledge the pleasure afforded us by the examples so selected; but our author appears to assign to them a higher value and interest than we believe them actually to possess. Even admitting, what can hardly be conceded, that we may take
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the natural taste or genius of two or three writers as a criterion of the like qualities in a nation or great community, it may fairly be questioned whether there is any novelty in the inferences sought for; viz., that even in the earliest ages, and among every people of mankind, there has been a perception of natural beauty and sublimity—a desire to express such feelings in language or other form of representation—and that these faculties have been greatly extended and refined by the culture of modern times and civilized life. The fact is one so generally recognized, that examples were scarcely needed to justify or enforce it. Without embarrassing ourselves by definitions or theories of the Sublime and Beautiful in Nature, we feel it to be certain that the Creator has gifted man with a capacity for the pleasurable perception of these qualities in things created. The existence of an *innate moral sense* has been the subject of various doubt and controversy. But none can occur as to the faculty of which we now speak. It forms part of the physiology of the external senses. There is equal proof of its existence as of that of the intellectual faculties; and the only thing which can create doubt or difficulty is the disparity in the degree of this endowment in different individuals and communities of men, and the vast improvement of which it is susceptible from artificial cultivation. But the difficulty is precisely the same as to the intellectual part of our nature. For without being disciples of the German phrenology, we cannot but recognize, in common with all the world, those original diversities of mind, those peculiar endowments and propensities, which determine the character and genius of the individual; and which, under certain conditions, and under laws governing the propagation of the human species, become the germs of national character, and develop in classes and communities of mankind qualities which were peculiar to particular persons in their origin and earlier progress.

Much might be written on this latter topic, but we allude to it only in connexion with the part of the *Cosmos* now before us. We think that our author has in reality narrowed his views on the subject by this large collection of particular descriptive passages from different languages and successive ages. The chief value of such a collection must be the discrimination, as far as possible, of the peculiarities of each age, race, or community; and of the causes whence these originate. To a certain extent this object is fulfilled, but we cannot say very satisfactorily. A few translations derived from Persian, Hindoo, or Chinese poetry, serve scantily to illustrate the peculiar temperament of these vast races in relation to the beauty and wonders of the world of nature. Baron Humboldt, however, is ample, just,
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and eloquent in his appreciation of the sacred poetry of the Hebrews. He speaks, and most truly, of the 104th Psalm as 'a picture of the entire Cosmos.' The most casual and careless reader of the passages quoted from it will indeed see how marvellously they outshine the *minora sidera* of the other examples; not less in the grandeur of the objects individually presented, than in the comprehensiveness of this great picture of nature in its relation to the Creator of the whole. Our author alludes in terms of like admiration to other portions of the Psalms and Book of Job; and quotes with full assent what is said by Goethe of the book of Ruth, that 'we have nothing so lovely in the whole range of epic and idyllic poetry.'

In treating of the temperament and culture of the Greeks and Romans as regards the perception of natural beauty, he cites various passages more or less familiar to the classical reader. Numerous others might of course be added from this rich storehouse of poetic conceptions and imagery. We confess, however, we think our author too generous in his estimate of Cicero's love of nature and rural retirement. Particular portions of his epistles and philosophic works may seem to justify this; but in some of these we are compelled to recognize political discontent; in others, the love of his own eloquent and beautiful descriptions. The affections of Cicero were really in Rome, even amidst the turbulence of those distracted days of an expiring Republic. 'Urbem, urbem, mi Rufe, cole, et in istâ luce vive' is his earnest exclamation to a friend; and one more genuine, we fear, than any eulogium on his Tusculan or other villas.

But amidst this exuberance of poetic passages, we yet have before us the extraordinary fact, that neither Greeks nor Romans ever reached the just perception of what we term *landscape*—that grouping of objects by form, colouring, and other more refined associations, which has now become a source of such various delight, both in the direct contemplation of nature, and through the medium of works of representative art. The Greek poet, for the most part, takes his objects from nature singly, or under some simple combination; and generally for some purpose connected with human feeling or action. They are not brought forward, as in the passages of modern descriptive poetry or prose, explicitly to place a landscape, or group of natural objects, before the eye of the imagination, but to illustrate or invigorate those narratives, of which man is the chief object and centre.*

Our

* M. Humboldt notices, with proper commendation, *Ælian's* description of *Tempe*, as the most detailed description of natural scenery by a Greek prose-writer which we possess. *Livy's* description of the same celebrated valley merits similar commendation;

Our author has alluded to this fact in his chapter on Landscape Painting, but more cursorily than its curiosity merits. We consider it (especially as regards the Greeks, to whom Rome was the debtor in art, though an illustrious one) as one of those singular anomalies which perplex all common calculations of probability. It is easy to state that in classical antiquity the taste and feelings were mainly directed to representations of the human form, or to the perfecting of architecture in its various styles. This is doubtless true; but it yet leaves open the question, why this exclusiveness existed?—how a people like the Greeks, keen in their perceptions of grandeur and beauty, animated and vigorous in the exercise of all their faculties, and capable of works so exquisite in poetry, sculpture, and architecture, should have failed in reaching that art of landscape delineation, which has attained such variety of excellence in modern times. Painters they had; and the great names of Zeuxis, Apelles, Parrhasius, Polygnotus, &c., have descended to us, their eminence attested by the prices of their works, and the universal admiration they obtained. But their subjects seem, with little exception, to have been the same as those of Grecian sculpture—the delineation and colouring of the human figure and features, either singly, or grouped in action. All other objects were regarded as subordinate to these; and we are obliged to believe that they scarcely even passed the rudiments of perspective in their paintings. A long series of ages, reaching to the confines of our own time, was required to attain that excellence of a new art, which has actually inverted the ancient style and feeling, by making man and his works often mere accessories to the delineation of nature.

Returning from what might seem a digression but for the sanction of our author, we may advert briefly to the remainder of the second volume, which, under the title of ‘Epochs in the History of the Contemplation of the Universe,’ includes a history of the progress of discovery from the earliest times, as well on the land and oceans of our own globe, as in the celestial spaces so marvellously explored by the labour and genius of man. He arranges the whole under seven epochs—a classification somewhat arbitrary in its principles, and liable to several objections in its details. But we admit the need of some arrangement, and we know not that any better could have been propounded. We may

mendation; as well as his picture of the great plain of Thessaly suddenly bursting into view from the pass over Mount Othrys. The accuracy of both these descriptions we can ourselves attest from personal observation; and the proof they afford, in common with many other passages, of Livy's strong perception of the objects of landscape.

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strongly recommend these chapters to all who love to follow the line of human advancement, from the feeble and uncertain steps of its infant state to the gigantic march of our own time. Baron Humboldt's narrative is vigorous, impartial, and complete within the limits he has assigned to it. The most accomplished traveller himself of modern times, he is entitled and best able to record that progress of human discovery which, from the *maria clausa* of ancient history, has carried men forwards over the oceans and continents of the total globe—giving to the then remote and barbarous Britain the present power of sending forth hundreds of ships annually to the gold-bearing lands which form our antipodes; and creating, by aid of the great natural agents which surround us, new faculties of motion and speed, transcending the most romantic fairy-tale of former generations.

In the earlier and less certain part of this narrative we find some conclusions stated with greater assurance than seems justified by the evidence we possess. We might adduce as a single instance the interpretation of the 'semi-mythical expedition of the Argonauts;' the basis of which, apart from its mythical garb, is considered to be 'the fulfilment of a national desire to open the inhospitable Euxine.' Frequently too we are struck with what would seem an affectation of using obscure terms when more simple ones are at hand; and a fondness for new forms of phraseology without any obvious requirement. But we are bound to accept the individuality of Humboldt's style as it occurs throughout all his writings—one more picturesque and imaginative than is common in works of science, and abounding in original phrases fitted to express new collocations of facts or ideas. He has enough of the German temperament to take delight in these innovations, to which he is in truth fairly entitled by the many new relations he has himself indicated in every part of nature. And we would repeat again that there is very high merit in this part of the work; which designates, more clearly and compressedly than has been done before, the ages and races chiefly concerned in the progress of discovery, the events which have especially contributed to it, and the individuals whose ardour and intelligence have made them foremost in this great career.

As might be expected, from its forming the scene of his own earlier labours, the discovery of America has a strong hold on Humboldt's mind and imagination. He contemplates it as a natural result of the growing philosophy of the age; and in a disquisition of some length on the era of Columbus, we are amused by the scholastic turn given to the subject, and by finding not merely the names of the eminent persons antecedent

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to or contemporary with him—Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Vincent de Beauvais, Duns Scotus, Giordano Bruno, &c.—but also a consideration of the respective influence of the Platonic and Aristotelian philosophy, and of the long controversy between the Nominalists and Realists, on the men and manner of thinking of the time. He considers that the ‘*Imago Mundi*’ of Cardinal Alliaco, which Columbus carried with him on his voyage, had a great effect on the mind of the illustrious navigator; and notices the curious fact, that the passage in this work which Columbus himself refers to as most deeply impressing him, is a transcription, word for word, made by the Cardinal from the *Opus Majus* of Roger Bacon!

But Baron Humboldt rightly assigns an earlier date than that of Columbus to the actual discovery of the American continent. Rejecting, as exploded, the tale of tribes speaking a Celtic dialect having been found on the coasts of Virginia, we are bound by very sufficient proof to admit that the coasts of Labrador and New England were known to the Icelanders and Norwegians, through their intervening settlements in Greenland, more than eight centuries ago—that they partially settled in Vinland, as they called the country forming the coast of the New England States—and that a bishop went on a Christian mission to the colonies thus established. These narratives, hitherto known and accredited by a few only, have of late years received ample confirmation from the researches of Rafn, the greatest Northern scholar of our times.* The documents which he obtained, and has published, attest not only the act of discovery, but indicate by the course and length of voyage, by the times of sunrise, and other curious particulars, the exact coasts discovered, including Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Massachussets, &c.† Humboldt speaks of Leif as the discoverer of America; and perhaps he may so be regarded, from the extent of his southern course, though we find reason to believe that Labrador had already been visited, in A.D. 1001, by Biorn Heriolfson, an Icelandic navigator. The records of this event, both numerous and authentic, come to us from that extraordinary island of Iceland, which, during the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries, created and maintained amidst its snows and volcanic fires, a literature which would have honoured the happiest climes of Europe. Succeeding the period thus signalized to us, a series of physical and social calamities

* In a Dissertation on the History and Literature of Iceland, prefixed to Sir G. Mackenzie's Travels in that island, Dr. Holland has examined the question upon the documents he himself procured in Iceland; and has stated his entire belief in the validity of the claim.

† Rafn, *Antiquit. American.*

extinguished this great northern light; at which later time, and in the same gloom, we lose sight of the land of Vinland, and all traces of this remarkable discovery disappear. Should we ever regain them, it must probably be on the American coast itself. But the simple Norsemen left behind them no temples or palaces like those of Nimroud, to be dis-entombed for the admiration and instruction of distant ages; and the written records alone remain to attest this ancient discovery.

We have already had occasion to notice the Introduction to the third volume of the *Cosmos*, and to quote some passages from it. The volume itself is occupied solely with the subject of Astronomy, under the title of 'Special Results in the Uranological portion of the *Cosmos*;' which cumbrous form of expression is an illustration of the remarks we have made on the phraseology of the work. As a treatise on the actual state of astronomy it is undoubtedly able and complete. Without entering upon demonstrations, it seizes all the salient points in this wonderful department of human science; and discusses, in a spirit of high philosophy, both the results hitherto obtained, and the great problems remaining open for future research. So much, however, has been written on this subject of late years, both for scientific and popular purposes, that we shall not follow our author formally through it; but merely make such comments as may occur to us on particular portions of the volume, and especially on those which relate to the progress of discovery among the fixed stars. This is the part of their vast domain in which astronomers have recently laboured with the greatest assiduity and success; availing themselves at once of the increased perfection of instruments, and of those improved methods which are best fitted to obviate all sources of error. The results obtained, and the inferences thence derived, are such as may well astonish even those familiar with such studies. Following the order of the volume before us, we shall advert to the points which may especially illustrate the latest progress of these researches, and convey to our readers some idea of their boldness and grandeur.

The first chapter, 'On Cosmical Space,' brings us at once into this great field. After remarking that only separate parts of this space are accessible to measurement, our author adds,—

'The results, which surpass all our powers of realisation, are brought together with complacency by those who take a childish pleasure in large numbers; and even imagine that, by means of images of physical magnitude creating astonishment, they peculiarly enhance the sublimity of astronomical studies.'

If we understand this remark rightly, it rather surprises us;—in the

the first place, because Humboldt himself and the best astronomers constantly employ such illustrations; and, further, because they do really in many cases convey to the mind larger and clearer conceptions of relative space. We admit at once that few of the distances expressed by astronomy are in any strict sense realised to the understanding, even by those most familiar with such contemplations. One of the smallest celestial admeasurements, that of the moon's distance from the earth, can only be appreciated by bringing in other more common relations of comparison. And when we learn that the star 61 Cygni is 592,000 times as distant as the earth from the sun, our reason, while satisfied of the certitude of the means by which this result is obtained, can raise no idea commensurate in any sort or kind with the vast array of numbers set before us. But we may aid ourselves in some degree by bringing in a new element—that of *time*—as a measure of space. We know from other sources that light is transmitted through space at the rate of nearly 12 millions of miles in a minute. The distance of the star just mentioned is such, that light proceeding from it, and travelling unceasingly at this rate, would require more than 9 years to reach the earth! Now this new mode of measurement is as incomprehensible as the other, in a strict sense of the term; yet the conception is felt to be enlarged by its use, and new relations are perceived, even by those who look on the mere surface of the science.

Another case we will put—because, amidst a like host of numbers, a practical conclusion is involved, in which we of this nether world are not wholly unconcerned. With his wonted sagacity, the elder Herschel obtained proof of what had been the prior suggestion of Bradley, that our Sun, with all his attendant planets, comets, &c., has a proper continuous motion in space; of which motion he himself indicated the course and direction. With the methods employed in this great research we have no present concern; but may simply mention that time and the observations of later astronomers have fully confirmed the fact, and demonstrated the motion of the sun to be about equal to its own semidiameter, or what is nearly twice the distance of the moon from the earth, every single day. Whither is this vast and unceasing translation in space to lead us? or what collision or other consequence may it finally involve? Certain answer there can be none; though perhaps we may admit the idea of revolution round some centre of gravity—visible or invisible, single or a system of bodies—as more consistent with the analogies of nature than any other. But against any sudden catastrophe from this movement of our system in space we are guaranteed by what we know of the distances of the fixed stars.

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The star we have already taken as an example, 61 Cygni, though not so near to us as α Centauri, and some others whose parallax has been obtained, is probably much nearer than the majority of those visible to the eye. Yet the sun, moving at the rate we have just named, would take nearly 400,000 years to accomplish this measured distance! Here then again we gather knowledge and light from amidst this *cloud* of numbers. We cannot comprehend the whole, but we gain certainty as to a part; and the general conclusion is one rendered accessible to all.

In this chapter on 'Cosmical Space,' Humboldt takes up the inquiry as to the existence of an Ether, or material medium, occupying and filling the great domain of the universe; but makes it rather a record of the opinions of others than any distinct expression of his own. It is in truth, in various ways, one of the most subtle questions which can exercise or perplex the human understanding. On one side it approaches the region of metaphysics—everywhere it passes beyond the dominion of the senses, and of those exquisite instruments with which human ingenuity has aided them. Modern science has thoroughly instructed us that matter and material organisation may exist, and molecular actions take place, demonstrable only in their effects, but through these effects demonstrable with mathematical certitude. The sciences of Optics, of Chemistry, and of Electricity, furnish us with numerous examples of this nature, had we room to quote them. Apart indeed from all direct proof, we see no difficulty in admitting an ethereal medium (we use this term in default of a better) as occupying the regions of space. Without such admission, in truth, it is hard to conceive how the physical forces or actions which we know to be transmitted to us from other bodies in the universe around, should have existence, or be capable of this transference. Whether gravity be a force *per se*—or, as Mosotti has sought to prove, a power residual upon the balance of other atomical attractions and repulsions—equally must we reason upon it as a *material transmission* of power, if we reason at all. The phenomena of light, on the emission theory, presume a luminous matter capable of pervading space from its uttermost depths—on the undulating theory, now generally admitted, they require, and are thoroughly consistent with, the notion of an ethereal medium capable of transmitting those waves, the relative magnitude, velocity, and interference of which produce all these wonderful results. Heat and light have close kindred in their physical conditions, and future research will probably render this association closer, in relation to a common cause. Though we have some observations from Bessel and Sir J. Herschel on the apparent subjection of the tails of certain comets to a polar force independent

dependent of gravitation, which *may be* electrical, we do not yet possess any certain evidence of electricity, under its magnetic or other forms, being transmitted to us through space. But the intimate relation, if not mutual convertibility, of all these great agents, makes it probable that time will disclose their common connexion with some intervening medium among the worlds which surround us. Modern science is thoroughly awake to all these points of high philosophic inquiry.

While upon this topic we must briefly advert to the seemingly more direct evidence of an ether, derived from the diminishing periods of Encke's comet, and from the zodiacal light. Upon the latter proof we cannot place much present reliance. But the observations on Encke's comet have high value from their uniformity of result; showing a tangential force acting constantly upon this body in its orbit, which can only well be explained by the supposition of its motion through a resisting medium. Here again time, and repeated observations, will probably give certainty to our final conclusions.

The second chapter, 'on Natural and Telescopic Vision, the Velocity of Light, and Photometry,' is associated with one of those valuable notes of Arago, to which we have already alluded, on the effects of telescopic glasses on the visibility of the fixed stars. He conceives that high magnifying powers facilitate the finding of any star, not by sensibly enlarging its image, but by bringing to the eye a larger quantity of light, and at the same time contrasting it more strongly with the aerial field through which the star is seen—the telescope magnifying, according to his view, the distance between the illuminated particles of air in the telescopic area surrounding the star, and thus giving a darker surface in contrast with the intense and concentrated light of the latter. There may perhaps be a little fancy in the latter part of this explanation; but we are not entitled to cavil at it, having before us the many extraordinary and complex phenomena of the visual power, as directed, aided or unaided, into these regions of space. We have always considered the original papers of Sir W. Herschel on this subject, the eloquent commentary upon them by Arago,* and the labours of Bessel, Struve, Sir J. Herschel, and Argelander, in prosecution of the same question, as among the most sublime efforts of astronomical science. They define the power of that wonderful organ the human eye over objects in a depth of distance which the human imagination strives vainly to reach—they indicate the increase of power gained by artificial instruments of vision—they show the relative depths in space at

* *Analyse Historique et Critique de la Vie et des Travaux de Sir William Herschel*.—*Annuaire pour l'An 1842, par le Bureau des Longitudes*.

which

which luminous worlds are visible to us—and they explain those irregularities which arise from the structure of the eye and imperfect methods of its use; from the faults of instruments; from atmospheric conditions; or, finally, from the properties of that marvellous agent of light itself.

It is easy to enumerate these particulars, but hard to convey an idea of the grandeur of the objects which are thus brought within the scope of human research, and of the speculations legitimately derived from them. When we are led to believe, on reasons scarcely admitting of refutation, that there are stars made visible to us, the light of which, reaching our telescopes at any given moment, must have been emitted from these stars nearly 2000 years ago, the result is one which no language can duly denote, and of which the simplest expression is the most sublime. Were it not for the infirmity of man's present state, which is ever dragging him downwards to the things of the earth, it might seem impossible for the astronomer, who has lived and laboured amidst these high objects, to submit himself to the common coil of worldly affairs. An eminent name is present to our memory when we make this remark. While lamenting, as all must do, the recent loss of Arago, to which we alluded in a note to our last Number, we must express our belief that he himself found the deepest cause to regret that change, which removed him for a time from the scientific labours of the Observatory and Institute to the revolutionary government of his country.

The ensuing chapter, 'on the Number, Distribution, and Colour of the Stars, and on the Milky Way,' has additional value in some numerical results of great exactness, furnished to Humboldt by that eminent astronomer Argelander, of Bonn. From various combinations of the data afforded by star-catalogues he obtains, as a mean number, from 5000 to 5800 stars visible to the naked eye throughout the entire heavens; while, carrying the list forwards to telescopic stars of the ninth magnitude, we have a total result in round numbers of 200,000 stars! And here again we come upon one of those curious relations, so frequent in astronomy, which frustrate all common calculation. The imagination, unaided by science, might well conceive that this host of numbers would crowd and cover every point in the sky, and hardly lend belief to the assertion that each of these 200,000 stars, if equally distributed, would occupy to itself an area almost equal to that of the full moon. Yet so it is; the fact being very precisely determined that 195,290 surfaces of the moon, in its mean diameter, would be required to cover the whole heavens. This relation is of course a mere accident; the stars being very unequally distributed, and their classification, by apparent magni-

tudes, an artificial one. But there is value in the illustration it affords; and legitimate pleasure, as well as instruction, in the results which these ponderous numbers thus place before us.

It becomes more difficult to obtain understanding or assent to the far higher numbers and relations which lie beyond. The stars of our sidereal system, down to the 9th magnitude, form but a small fraction of those which the space-penetrating powers of the telescope, in what have been very appropriately called *star-gaugings*, now render visible to the eye. Sir W. Herschel calculates that 18 millions may be seen in the Milky Way alone. Struve estimates for the whole heavens 20,374,000 stars. Allowing a large margin for these numbers, which can be but approximate, they yet possess certitude enough, from the methods of observation employed, to impress upon the mind the immensity of this system of worlds. It may be that the feelings receive more of this impression than the understanding. But there is one important fact which the intellect can scan, and which even in its simplicity has a grandeur commensurate to the magnitude of the objects concerned. Whatever be the actual nature of the two great physical powers, Gravitation and Light, we have absolute proof that these pervade and operate throughout the whole of the vast system thus disclosed to us. Gravitation acts by the same law among the double stars, as in the fall of an apple, or the flight of a stone on the earth. The solar spectrum on a skreen, and the ray polarized by a crystal, represent properties of Light, which we have every reason to believe identical with those of the same element, as transmitted to us from stars the most remote in space. Here then we attain at once the proof of unity of power, of design, and even of instruments, in the creation of the universe. It is an argument as clear and cogent as any that we habitually employ in the ordinary transactions of life—the marvel being that we, the feeble and short-lived tenants of a mere satellite in this system of suns, should reach by any road to these high conclusions, which everywhere border on infinity.

The labours of astronomers have of late been sedulously and worthily directed to the formation of catalogues and maps of stars; in which their places are fixed with accuracy enough to permit the recognition of any new phenomena, either of proper motion, or the appearance of new stars, or the disappearance of old ones—all objects of great interest to the science. These Star-Maps have already fulfilled another important purpose in aiding the discovery of planetary bodies belonging to our own system. Of the numerous planetoids now discovered between Mars and Jupiter, the greater number may be considered as due to this method of assisting and correcting observation. We have a

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more illustrious example to the same effect in the circumstances of the discovery of Neptune; which we believe to have been aided by a sheet of the Star-Maps of the Berlin Academy, published but a few days before Galle directed his telescope in search for the predicted planet. This great Prussian work, representing the stars to the 9th magnitude inclusive, and many of the 10th, in a cycle of 15° on each side of the equator, is now approaching its completion. Bessel, Harding, Argelander, and others have laboured in the same vast field; and the zone to which Argelander has extended his observations has afforded him already a list of more than 100,000 stars. Our own countryman, Mr. F. Baily, devoted the latter years of his valuable life to the British Association Catalogue, founded on those of Lalande and Lacaille; and the Royal Observatory at Greenwich has largely contributed to the same department of astronomy. It is impossible to appreciate too highly the scientific value of these labours. Had we possessed catalogues, equally complete, of the time of Hipparchus, numerous facts would probably have been known to us which it may now take centuries to disclose.

After describing the distribution of the stars and the Milky Way, the great trunk of our sidereal system, M. Humboldt proceeds to treat of the newly appearing and vanishing stars; and of those which exhibit variations, periodical or otherwise, in brilliancy or colour of light. This again is a part of astronomy fertile for both reason and imagination to work in. It records great mutations in the remote worlds of the universe—the causes known to us by hypothesis only. The new star seen in the time of Hipparchus led him to begin his catalogue, and suggested to Pliny the question *Stellæ an obirent, nascerenturve?*—an inquiry still unresolved, and which probably may ever remain so. Appearance or disappearance do not needfully imply creation or extinction; as light is the sole medium through which we have intimation of these events; and we know, by the instances of the planets of our own system, that these celestial masses are not necessarily self-luminous, and may be rendered so by reflection only. But the suddenness of the event in certain of these instances shows undoubtedly some mighty acts of change, which we can contemplate only in their results. The fact, long noted, that a large proportion of the new stars observed have appeared in or near the Milky Way, has done more to excite than aid conjecture; and we must not stop to relate the speculations which have been hazarded on the subject, as none of them have any higher sanction than that of possibility. They are, however, in some degree justified by the limited number of contingencies open, and by the eventual verification of other con-

jectures in astronomy, which seemed almost as far removed from human research.*

Though it may seem rash to associate an anomaly in our own planetary system with these changes in remote sidereal space, we cannot forbear noticing again the wonderful group of small planets between Mars and Jupiter—the sole instance in our system, with the exception of comets, where it seems probable that some sudden *catastrophe* has occurred, changing essentially the condition of a great body revolving round the sun. We venture to use this word of *catastrophe*, because we can hardly refuse belief to Olbers's conjecture of the disruption of a planet in this region,—seeing the great number of these small revolving bodies, all located in the same part of planetary space; their highly inclined, excentric, and intersecting orbits; and other peculiarities, which render them wholly anomalous in the system to which they belong.† Disruption implies the action of a given force, either from *without*, or from *within*, the mass disrupted. We have no knowledge of any external agent (for comets would seem out of the question) capable of effecting this mighty disseverment. If we might risk a conjecture on a point thus obscure, it would involve the idea of disruption, and unequal projection of the fragments into space, from some force *within* the body, acting when its primitive consolidation was yet incomplete—such force as, on a smaller scale, we must presume to have been concerned in raising the lofty mountains and forming the enormous craters which characterise the surface of the moon. Or might we further suppose it possible that the vast neighbouring mass of Jupiter, already consolidated, aided the action of internal forces in bringing about the anomaly in question?‡ We pause here, however; not solely from the uncertain ground on which we are treading, but because this instance was brought forwards merely as a pos-

* We believe the latest new star observed to be that discovered by Mr. Hind, in April, 1848, at the Observatory in the Regent's Park—a place which this admirable observer has already rendered eminent in the annals of astronomy. When discovered the star was of the 5th magnitude, but progressively lost its lustre; in 1850 was only of the 11th magnitude, and has now, we believe, disappeared altogether. That extraordinary Chinese document, the Ma-tuan-lin, to which we alluded some time ago in an article on Aerolites, contains many valuable notices of these new or temporary stars.

† When the first volume of *Cosmos* was published only 4 of these planetoids were known. In his third volume Humboldt records 14. The number, as we stated in a recent article on the French Institute, was at that date augmented to 26; and another has just been added by Mr. Hind, making NINE as the number discovered by that astronomer since he began, in 1846, his systematic search for these singular bodies, in Mr. Bishop's observatory.

‡ The celebrated Kant, in his 'Natur-Geschichte des Himmels,' adopts the idea that the smallness of Mars depends on the prodigious attraction of the mass of Jupiter, acting when the planets were in course of formation.

sible illustration of the greater changes in bodies far more remote from us.

Closely related to the new and vanishing stars are those of *variable brightness*; of which our author treats at considerable length, and with the advantage of a very valuable communication from Argelander on the stars of *periodical variation*.* With our limited space we can refer to a few only of the facts which have been accumulated on this curious subject. The phenomenon of variability is more frequent in red stars than in white ones; it exists apparently in stars of every magnitude. The total number of variable stars, with determinate periods now known, is about 24. The periods of variation differ as much as in the ratio of 1 to 250. The period of β Persei, about 69 hours, is the shortest—one of 495 days the longest yet ascertained. In some stars the periods of increasing and decreasing brightness are equal—in several the light increases more rapidly than it diminishes. In certain stars, as Algol, Mira Ceti, and β Lyræ, the periods themselves undergo a periodical variation; and the last-named star is remarkable from having a double maximum and minimum in each of its periods of 13 days. Among the variable stars are some very familiar to us, as the Polar Star and two or three of the Great Bear. One of the most splendid examples yet observed is that of η Argus in the southern hemisphere, as described by Sir J. Herschel in his *Observations at the Cape of Good Hope*. The peculiarity and grandeur of the changes in this extraordinary star—raising it, though at irregular intervals, from the fourth magnitude to the vivid brightness of Sirius or Canopus—are recorded by a pen well capable of such delineation.

The facts thus briefly cited are prolific of speculations of the same character as those applied to the new stars, and equally incapable of present solution. The general inference of rotation on an axis, or revolution about a centre, rendered probable from other sources of evidence, is very directly suggested to the mind, especially in the case of the stars of periodical variation. The phenomena themselves, though far more remarkable in variety and degree, are not wholly without analogy in the conditions of our own central luminary. The solar spots, as more accurately observed by modern astronomers, indicate changes in the state of the Sun—or of the photosphere or luminous envelope surrounding

* We learn with great satisfaction that Argelander is composing a treatise on this very interesting branch of astronomy. It cannot possibly be in better hands. As an instance of his zeal in research, we may mention that he has succeeded in tabulating above 100 observations on Algol, including a period of fifty-eight years, during which there must have occurred not fewer than 7600 periods of variation of this remarkable star, each marked by equal times of decreasing and increasing brightness, with a stationary interval of nearly three days between.

it—which visibly affect the amount of light emitted, and might alter more or less its brilliancy, if seen from remote distances as a star. But we cannot carry the argument beyond a bare suggestion, for we are hitherto equally ignorant of the cause of these changes in the sun; as well as of that singular phenomenon of periods of temporary darkness or obscurity, independent of solar eclipse, of which we have authentic notices from various ages and parts of the world. Upon this latter fact, however, we do not dwell in the way of analogy, as we think it much more probably due to atmospheric or meteorological causes than to any actual changes in the sun itself.

Seductive as are these speculations, we must hurry on to other topics not less so. The next in order, however—that of the Double and Multiple Stars—is fast passing from the region of speculation into that of exact science; and the great law of gravitation is becoming, to our knowledge, absolutely co-extensive with the existence of matter in motion, at whatsoever distance in space. That mere points of light—many of them only visible by the telescope—or, from their distance, seen as single, though really including two or more stars—should be made to yield the same conclusions as the planets and satellites of our own system, is a marvellous instance of human prowess, and scarcely credible to those who have not familiarized themselves with the methods, as well as results, of this high attainment. The researches on the double stars, begun by Mayer in 1778, and since prosecuted with such admirable zeal and success by the two Herschels, Struve, and other astronomers of our own day, furnish a present record of at least 6000 multiple stars; of which number about one-third were discovered by Sir J. Herschel in the southern hemisphere. Of these very many are doubtless only *optically* double—that is, nearly in the same line of visual direction, but at very different distances, and having no actual relation to each other. But about 700 have been shown to undergo such changes of relative position as to prove their physical connexion in revolution; and binary star-systems are now recognized, not merely by proximity and by these changes, but also in many cases by actual computation of the elements of the orbits described by one or other of the connected stars. This computation, showing in some instances remarkable excentricities of orbit and long periods of revolution, has now been extended to about sixteen double stars. One of these, ζ Herculis, has already twice completed its circuit of thirty years under observation, and presented the actual phenomenon of the occultation of one fixed star by another—an eclipse as absolute as any of those of which we keep record in our own system. The calculation of two particular periods of
revolution

revolution of double stars at more than 500 or 600 years respectively, may give some idea of the scale by which are measured these remote movements in space; and we cannot better illustrate the grandeur and completeness of the research than by stating that Bessel, having determined the distance of 61 Cygni, a double star, was able, from this and from the orbital motions already ascertained, to deduce the mass and weight of the two stars thus connected by mutual attraction.

We can but advert, in passing, to the curious observations of Struve and Arago on the contrasted and complementary colours of many of the double stars, and must follow our author hastily through the further questions of the distance of the fixed stars—of the proper motion of our own sun and other stars in space—and of the existence of a common centre of gravity and revolution for the whole sidereal system, to which our Solar system belongs. To some of these topics we have already had occasion to allude in the way of illustration. The determination of the distance of certain of the fixed stars is one of the achievements of late years; fulfilling a desire of much longer date, which had been rendered unavailing by imperfection of instruments, the difficulty of separating the parallax and proper motions of stars, and other causes. Abstractedly, the problem of finding the parallax is a simple trigonometrical one; and astronomers had already provided the measure of the diameter of the earth's orbit as a base for the operation. Yet even this vast base, of nearly 200 millions of miles, failed to render any assured angle of parallax to the earlier instruments employed in the attempt. And it was not until Munich had furnished its admirable refractors, and micrometers been added to them capable of designating the 60,000th part of an inch, that the great result was unequivocally obtained. After three years of patient observations, begun in 1837, Bessel announced the discovery of the parallax of 61 Cygni, and the wonderful conclusion as to distance founded upon it, to which we have before referred. The certainty of the fact was fully attested by the exact correspondence of the annual changes in the place of the star, the parallax variation increasing and diminishing precisely as ought to happen in relation to the annual motion of the earth in its orbit. The variation thus certain in proof was so small in itself as to be measured by an angle of scarcely more than one-third of a second—a striking example of what is very common in astronomy, the attainment of results sublime in their magnitude by methods of the most exquisite minuteness and refinement. Even in this very minuteness of means there is something of grandeur, seeing what are the objects attained. He must be a man of obtuse mind who can regard
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with indifference the slender lines of spider-web intersecting the field of the telescope, to mark the exact moment when the star passes its axis—or listen without emotion, in the otherwise silent Observatory, to the measured beats of the clock, which records with unerring assurance these moments of transit.*

Other astronomers were at work at the same time, and with the same object as Bessel; and the labours of the last fifteen years, combined and compared with those of Struve, of an earlier date, have given the parallax and distance of upwards of 30 stars—not with equal certainty in every case, but continually approximating to it. Henderson and Maclear obtained a parallax of nearly one second for α Centauri, the finest double star of the southern hemisphere, thus placing it three times nearer to us than β Cygni; while α Lyrae, another bright star, yielded to Struve a parallax of little more than a quarter of a second, indicating thereby a distance of 771,400 times that of the earth from the sun, and a time of twelve years for the transmission of light to us. The most diligent and successful observer in this part of astronomy, M. Peters, has carried the determination of parallax in some cases even to the tenth of a second—thus indicating distances which we may well hesitate to translate into numbers either for space or time.† Such research is likely to be carried yet further, but the main results are probably now ascertained. We may name as one of these results, the proof of the great difference in the magnitude of stars, derived from the want of any proportion between their degree of brightness and their parallax. This difference might have been supposed probable, but it is thus rendered almost certain.

The actual magnitude, however, of any of the stars is a problem hitherto insuperable; and probably destined ever to remain so, seeing that the best telescopes do not give to them any real disk or angular diameter. The only approach to a solution is through comparative photometrical observations on the light of our own Sun, and certain conspicuous stars—a method open to various sources of error in its progress, and rendered doubtful in its results by our ignorance of the relative intensity of light emitted from these different bodies. The intrinsic brightness of

* We may mention here that Mr. Bond, by a happy adaptation of one science to another, has applied an electrical apparatus of admirable construction to the still more instantaneous and perfect registration of astronomical events.

† M. Peters's observations are recorded in Struve's '*Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*'—a work remarkable among all others of our time for its profound views in this department of the science. Had we room for it, we might give, what we do not find in Baron Humboldt's volume, an account of the refined method of investigation by which M. Struve obtains, first, the *relative mean distance* of the stars classed under different magnitudes; and then, by reference to the distances actually determined, the *absolute mean distance* of each of these classes of stars.

α Centauri has been estimated at $2\frac{1}{2}$ times, that of Sirius even at 63 times the light of the Sun; yet are we not entitled to draw thence any direct conclusion as to the comparative magnitude of these great globes. The only safe inference attainable is that stated above, of great diversity of size among them, corresponding in this respect to the conditions of our own planetary system. We do not find in the volume before us any explicit notice of this question; though much that is valuable in the account of the various photometrical researches recently applied to the stars.

The discovery of the translation of our own Solar system in space, and of the absolute motions of the fixed stars (as they have been termed), is another of the achievements of modern astronomy. We have hitherto, indeed, no proof that any body in the universe is *stationary* in the strict sense of the term; and all present evidence tends to establish the universality of motion, wherever there is matter in state of aggregation. We have elsewhere, for the purpose of illustration, spoken of that great and continuous movement of our own Sun (fully proved by observations in both hemispheres), which is carrying it in the direction of a point in the constellation Hercules, at the rate of more than 140 millions of miles every year. The absolute motions ascertained of many other stars—independently of the orbital revolutions of the double stars, and with deduction of all that belongs to the procession of the equinoxes, the nutation of the earth's axis, the aberration of light, and parallax—attests a great fact in the economy of creation, which one can scarcely regard without a certain feeling of awe, associated as it is with evidence, thus wonderful, of the number, magnitude, and distance of these surrounding worlds. The amount of annual motion now measured in different stars varies from 1-20th of a second to nearly 8 seconds, and without any relation between this amount and the brightness of the star. In the 2000 years elapsed since the time of Hipparchus, the proper motion of Arcturus must have altered the position of this star in the heavens $2\frac{1}{2}$ diameters of the Moon; while one of the stars in the Swan must have moved over a space of 6 diameters in the same period. In this part of astronomy especially, time cannot fail to confirm and extend the facts ascertained, and to enlarge the conclusions derived from them.

While treating all these topics with his wonted ability and care, we think that Humboldt somewhat too hastily passes over the question of a common centre of gravity and revolution of the sidereal system; seeing those vast labours of Mädler in the Observatory of Dorpat, which, even if not admitted to substantiate his opinion, do yet form one of the eras in sidereal astronomy, and a basis for all future inquiry. We cannot but admire the skilful approximations

approximations by which he narrowed the field of research for this great centre: limiting it first to the constellation Taurus; and finally, by testing the proper motions of each star in this region, locating it in the group of the Pleiades and in the star Alcyone, the centre of this group. Of the fourteen stars which the telescope shows to be clustered round Alcyone, all have their proper motions in the same direction and nearly of the same amount; and extending this remark to upwards of one hundred stars within 15° of this centre, Mädler found that all which had any certain proper motion moved in such exact conformity with his hypothesis, that he declared he would abandon it if one star could be found within 25° of the presumed centre, with a well-ascertained motion in an opposite direction. If we might allow anything of romance to blend itself with pure astronomy, this theory, which places amidst the Pleiades the centre of gravity of the universe of stars composing our system, might well lay hold on the imagination. It awakens the memory of the many passages of poetry of every age by which this beautiful group has been in some sort endeared to us. It recalls to mind the classic story of the lost Pleiad. In the aspect, too, of these stars there is much to engage the fancy. They are seen, in the midst of an almost starless space, a close and brilliant clustre—inviting the eye to number them, yet by their compression making it barely possible to do so. Nearly a century ago an old English astronomer, Mitchell, computed the chances as more than half a million to one, that the stars of the Pleiades could not have been thus arranged *by accident*; and the computation has been sanctioned by later authority. They are a system in themselves, and in their concentration and conceivable magnitude may possibly form a powerful centre of attraction to worlds around them.

While saying thus much of Mädler's theory, from the slight notice of it in the *Cosmos*, we are bound to add that a serious objection exists in the fact that the Pleiades lie 26° out of the plane of the Milky Way, and that it is scarcely possible dynamically to suppose any general movement of rotation out of the plane of this great stratum of our stellar system. To settle the arduous question, whether a rotation of the Galaxy in its own plane exists or not, Sir J. Herschel proposes the assiduous observation in right ascension and polar distance of a certain number of stars in the Milky Way, judiciously selected in both hemispheres, and including all magnitudes down to the lowest distinctly observable; and he asserts his belief that a strict perseverance in such research for thirty or forty years could not fail to settle the question. It is an object worthy of the labour thus suggested.*

* Outlines of Astronomy, p. 589.

The Chapter on the Nebulæ has all the interest which belongs to a masterly outline of the most wonderful department of human research. All the numerical measures of space and time, with which we have hitherto been dealing, dwindle into nothing when compared with those which the nebulæ place before us. Instead of numbering the stars of a system, we are here numbering *separate systems of stars*. The nebulæ, whose places in the heavens have been exactly determined, now surpass 3600; exceedingly various in outline, superficial extent, and intensity of light, but from their distance rendering it uncertain what are their true relations in these respects. This distance is one strictly immeasurable. The calculated distances of certain of the fixed stars, of which we have already spoken, enormous though these are, scarcely furnish a unit for the comparison. Approximations, indeed, have been made, but by methods which it would require more space than we can give to render intelligible. Without expatiating then on this point, of which neither language nor figures can convey any true conception, we may state generally that the observation of the nebulæ is every year affording facts and problems of higher interest. Here are separate systems of worlds, numerous as above described, and each comprising probably as many as our own vast system of suns. We have the common element of light, through which alone indeed we know of their existence. Observation has disclosed to us the most singular varieties—not merely in the visible extent of these nebulæ, which simple difference of distance might produce—but also in their configuration, and manner of condensation around centres; implying forces of attraction which, in default of knowledge from observation, we may reasonably from analogy suppose to be the same as those governing our own planetary system. Other direct means of knowledge regarding them we do not yet possess. But *time* (if it be still sufficiently allotted to the generations of man on the earth) and continuous observation by instruments of *large and well-defined power*, may give us somewhat nearer access to the physical history of these remote parts of the Universe. Every record of change here is a fact gained to science.

We have spoken of telescopes of large power, because such are essential to nebular astronomy. The great Reflector, for which Science is so deeply indebted to Lord Rosse, has, by its assiduous direction to the nebulæ, afforded three results, each showing the value of the vast telescopic power thus obtained. The first of these is the more correct knowledge of the true form and aspects of these wonderful aggregations of stars; a result well attested by the remarkable differences of certain nebulæ as seen through the telescope of six feet aperture, or through one of three

three feet only. The second discovery due to this high power is the extraordinary tendency to a *spiral arrangement* in these nebular systems; so frequent and so distinctly developed, that it is impossible to attribute it to accident alone. When the volume of the '*Cosmos*' before us was published, only one or two instances of this phenomenon were recognised. They have since been multiplied in the same ratio with the multiplicity and minuteness of observation; and the results make it needful to suppose a common physical cause for this remarkable effect. The exact and beautiful drawings of these spiral nebulae, which we owe to Lord Rosse's observatory, scarcely leave a doubt that some general law of aggregation and distribution has more or less governed them all. We are compelled, however, to rest here; for neither reason nor analogy gives us any knowledge of forces capable of fulfilling these physical conditions. If the attraction of gravitation be still the main element of power, as we have ventured to suppose, it must act under circumstances or in connexion with other forces, which control or otherwise modify its effects. But in pausing of necessity at this point, how sublime is the resting-place attained, and how far above the objects and contemplations which beset us in the ordinary course of human life!

The third great result derived from Lord Rosse's telescope, viz. the resolution into stars of many nebulae, before unresolved, bears closely on the question, so much agitated of late, as to the existence of a self-luminous nebular matter, diffused in different parts of space, and forming the material out of which worlds are aggregated, and systems of stars brought into being. This theory, sanctioned by eminent names, and plausible at least in its application to our own planetary system, found support in the aspect of such unresolved nebulous lights in the remote heavens. The simple fact that progressive increase of telescopic power has in the same ratio disclosed to us these luminous masses as clusters of innumerable stars, must be considered a cogent, though not decisive, argument against it; the nebulae still not analyzed presenting the same aspect as those which have been recently thus resolved; and awaiting, perchance, only a higher power given to the eye, to afford the same results. Furthermore, it may reasonably be doubted whether mere nebulous matter, yet uncondensed into stars, could, from distances like these, radiate light apparently equal in intensity to that of nebulae seen to be composed of stars throughout. The whole question, by the very terms of it, will be felt as one incapable at present of any complete solution. But the negative upon the modern nebular theory has been strengthened; and those bold speculations placed in abeyance, which

which dealt with the consolidation of worlds as if it were matter of familiar observation, and wholly within the compass and calculation of ordinary science. We acknowledge ourselves of the number of those who think this to be a salutary check, and in accordance with the true interests and most legitimate course of physical inquiry.

Our author discusses these subjects with his wonted ability; and also the collateral questions as to the existence of non-luminous bodies in space; and the possible, or probable, loss of light in a certain ratio to the length of line it traverses through the heavens, as inferred by Struve from some of his recent researches.* These loftier, but less certain, speculations of the Stellar Astronomy are followed by a series of chapters on our own Solar system; including the Sun, the planets and their satellites, comets, the ring of zodiacal light, and meteoric asteroids. This part of Humboldt's work is admirably executed; lucid in arrangement, ample in details, and suggestive throughout of those great relations and inductions which form the true philosophy of every science. The deficiencies are such as belong chiefly to the date of publication, recent though this is. The number of the small planets recognized between Mars and Jupiter has been nearly doubled since Humboldt's record of them. A third or inner ring of Saturn has lately been discovered; while the conjoint researches of Struve and Bond (the latter an astronomer of whom America may justly be proud) give reason to believe that the whole annular system of Saturn has, since the time of Huyghens, been approaching nearer to the body of the planet, and cannot, therefore, be considered in the state of stable equilibrium which Laplace supposed. The two new satellites of Uranus, discovered by Lassell in October, 1851, were unknown when this volume of the *Cosmos* was printed, but are noticed in an appendix to it. In the chapter on comets there is a full account of the extraordinary phenomenon witnessed in January, 1846,—the separation, or splitting, of Biela's comet into two distinct bodies, assuming different lines of movement; and Humboldt expresses the anxiety common to all astronomers, for the evidence derivable from the next return of these twin comets within our sphere of observation. The return took place, as calculated, in the autumn of 1852—the two nuclei were re-discovered, one of them three weeks after the other—much further separated in space, and affording a strong presumption that these two bodies are detached from one another for ever. The phenomenon, as regards our knowledge, is unique and not reducible to any ascertained law; though, perhaps, not

* *Études d'Astronomie Stellaire*, 1847.

wholly without relation to some of the aspects and changes noted in certain other comets of our own time.

We scarcely know whether to be satisfied, or not, with our author's account of Mr. Adams's participation in the discovery of the planet Neptune. The passages alluding to it, both in the text and notes, have obviously been carefully studied in the phrases employed; yet will be felt by many as hardly an adequate explanation of the peculiar circumstances. We quote the text as being the portion which comes more directly before the reader of these volumes.

'I think it right to forbear in this work from more than an allusion to the certainly earlier, but unpublished labours—not, therefore, crowned by recognized success—of the highly distinguished and acute English geometrician, Adams, of St. John's College, Cambridge. The historical facts relating to these labours, and to Leverrier's and Galle's happy discovery of the new planet, are related circumstantially, impartially, and from well assured sources of authority, in two Memoirs, by the Astronomer Royal, Airy, and by Bernhard von Lindenau. Intellectual labours, directed almost at the same time to the same great object, offer, besides the spectacle of a competition honourable to both competitors, an interest the more vivid because the selection of the processes employed testifies the brilliant state of the higher mathematical knowledge at the present epoch.'

We ourselves admit fully the difficulty of the case; but we are very solicitous that Mr. Adams's merits in the discovery should not, from any accidents as to time or public communication, be underrated either by the present generation or by posterity; recollecting especially the circumstance, unnoticed by Baron Humboldt, that the planet was *first* seen (though not at the time recognized as such) through a telescope directed by Mr. Adams's suggestion to that point in the heavens, which his calculations indicated as the place of the disturbing body.*

We do not find in Humboldt's account of this wonderful discovery any notice of the singular differences between the assumed elements of the orbit of Neptune, on which Leverrier and Adams founded their successful calculations as to its place; and the actual elements as derived from present observation, and from

* Without wishing to raise any question of relative merits, M. Leverrier's high reputation will admit of our stating, that the value which Mr. Adams affixed to the limits of the inferior axis of the presumed planet was considerably nearer the reality than that assigned by his competitor in this remarkable discovery.

We are happy to find that Mr. Adams is still directing his great mathematical powers to the advancement of Astronomy. In sequel to the correction of an error in Burekhardt's value of the Moon's parallax, he has given a paper to the Royal Society, affording a closer approximation than that of Laplace to the secular variations in the Moon's mean motion. The mere notice of these papers will show the extraordinary refinements now attained in all the methods of astronomical research.

comparison with its former position, when seen, *without recognition of its planetary character*, by Lalande fifty-eight years ago. The detection of these discordances is mainly due to the American astronomers, Walker and Pierce; and they have led the latter to affirm that the planet Neptune cannot really be that indicated by the calculations of Leverrier and Adams!—a conclusion much too strange and startling to admit of easy acquiescence. Sir J. Herschel, in his '*Outlines of Astronomy*,' has fully and happily elucidated the difficulty, and explained the error of this conclusion, by showing that the exact accuracy of the assumed or predicted elements was by no means necessary to the successful calculation of the place of the planet. Some points still remain open for solution; but they are such as future observations cannot fail to determine; and meanwhile all that is most essential in the question may be regarded as finally settled. The whole history of this discovery forms, beyond doubt, the most remarkable passage in the records of astronomy.

In closing this article, which we have sought to render a just and impartial review of the volumes before us, we may add that there is reason to expect the publication of the last volume of the '*Cosmos*' in the course of the next few months. The specialty, as well as importance, of the subjects it will probably include, may well justify a separate notice at some future time. Meanwhile, we would express our hope that it may be presented to the English reader under the same auspices as the volumes already published; where all that is more purely scientific bears evidences of that clearness and accuracy which Colonel Sabine's superintendence was sure to afford; while the translator has done ample justice to the peculiar and striking phraseology of the original. We would fain hope too that the translation may have the same advantage, of being submitted to the revision of the Chevalier Bunsen; whose affection for the venerable Humboldt renders it a labour of love, and whose knowledge of our language and literature has already been so eminently attested to the world.

- ART. III.—1. *Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific.* By John Elphinstone Erskine, Capt. R.N. London. 1853.
2. *Four Years in the Pacific.* By Lieut. the Hon. Frederick Walpole, R.N. 2 vols. London. 1849.
3. *Adventures in the Pacific.* By John Coulter, M.D. Dublin. 1845.
4. *Friendly and Feejee Islands: a Missionary Visit to various Stations in the South Seas.* By the Rev. Walter Lawry. London. 1850.
5. *Second Missionary Visit.* By the same. London. 1851.
6. *Pitcairn's Island and the Islanders in 1850.* By Walter Brodie. London. 1851.
7. *Pitcairn: the Islands, the People, and the Pastor.* By the Rev. Thomas Boyles Murray, M.A., Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. London. 1853.

TWENTY-THREE years ago we called attention to the vast changes which the exertions of our missionaries were working in the archipelagos of the Pacific.* Since that time, the scene of action has become greatly enlarged; strange revolutions have occurred in the fortunes of the communities within the influence of Christian enlightenment; many marvellous successes have been achieved, and much painful defeat sustained. As far as mere statistics could make out a case of progress, there is ample evidence before us to satisfy the sanguine and astonish the sceptic. It was an old topic of personal argument on the Romish side in religious controversy, to contrast their vast though somewhat legendary Eastern and Western conquests, and their armies of confessors and martyrs, with the scanty results effected by the much-vaunted emissaries of wealthy Protestantism. If the comparison was ever unfavourable to us, it has ceased to be so for some generations. Our achievements in the Pacific will stand any test of figures—if such tests were so valuable as partisans in their zeal would seem to make them—against aught that Rome has to show of real progress in the East, even with the addition of what is now but matter of history—the successes of the Jesuits in South America. And the lives of many of our champions of the truth in Polynesia, from the voyage of the good ship *Duff* in 1797 to this day, would adorn a hagiology as well as anything that is honestly recorded of the successors of Xavier. But far better would it be for all to cease from such vain contests and to acknowledge the truth, that no party

* Quarterly Review, vol. xliii. p. 1-54.

has cause to exult in its missionary victories; that for reasons which have never been well studied or explained—though far be it from us to set them down as mere inexplicable mysteries of Providence—there has not been that measure of success accorded to the ‘foolishness of preaching’ among the heathen in these later times which attended it in the earlier ages of the Church. In many quarters, zeal, self-devotion, and martyrdom seem to have been expended for generations with little or no apparent result; in others, when the result has been great or sudden, it has shown but little sign of permanence. The tree, planted by modern missionary hands, though often fair and flourishing, has borne, and still bears, the character of a precarious exotic; multitudes, and even whole nations, have become Christians, and yet appear as if their Christianity could not live on without constant supplies of foreign teaching.

All this must be taken with much allowance; the exceptions, happily, are numerous; yet, upon the whole, it is vain to deny that many travellers chronicle with a kind of disappointment their observations on the present state of the most advanced regions of Polynesia. Something of this may be owing to over-wrought expectations and unreasonable fastidiousness, much to the mere lack of excitement, produced by contrasting the homely reality of the present day with the poetical narratives of the earlier periods; for the romance of the first conversions, at least in the well-known and classical groups of the archipelago, is past; the idols of old adoration are nearly gone; and their power, perhaps, was never so great over the imaginations of their excitable but fickle worshippers as among Pagans of more stubborn stuff. In some localities the ancient delusion appears to subsist solely as a bond of political union among the decaying heathen party, which still contests the last ground rather in obstinacy than belief; in others, it is cherished by a few aged survivors of past times; elsewhere, it haunts but as a pale and feeble spectre the secluded windward beach, or mountain lake, or volcanic crater. There are districts where its very memory seems to have perished, and the old tales of gods and monsters are preserved, we are told, only by the missionaries, who recount them to their pupils as amusing legends. The missionary crew of the *Duff*, the evangelizers of the Pacific, are dead and gone, their bones scattered over the countless islands of the great deep; and they have been followed by the first iconoclastic generation of their converts, zealous, pure, and self-devoted, many of them, doubtless, to be their teachers’ crown of rejoicing. The present race (in the islands of which we speak) are born Christians, and are for the most part an educated and a civilized people, as far as mere outward teaching

and demeanour can make them so. But with all this continued progress, though often such as seemingly to justify comparison between these islanders and ordinary European populations, there are many observers who come away with the conviction that much is wanting to place them really on or near a level—that the new Christians are deficient in the internal springs of action which belong to older communities, even though excelling them in many qualities of their profession; that they are yet in leading-strings, and must needs remain so until a generation of more solidity of will arises under missionary teaching.

We will not here pronounce on the amount of truth which there may be in these views, but rather refer our readers to the facts themselves, as we shall have more fully to detail them. There is in the mean time one circumstance in reading many of the narratives now before us which produces a very painful impression: it is the extreme unfairness which has been too commonly brought to bear against the missionaries and their proceedings, even by reporters whose substantial good intentions we have no right to controvert. Surely their work was one which, whatever exception we may take against particular views or instruments, ought to have excited the sympathies, not merely of those who belong to the 'religious party,' as it is commonly called, but of all who do not take a perverse pleasure in contemplating human degradation as a kind of moral necessity. The object of these devoted men was to redeem the nations from no mere speculative misbelief, but from superstitions the most sanguinary and licentious. Even those who were careless as to the great truths which the Polynesians had to learn must feel upon reflection that merely to unteach the brutal and defiling lesson of ages of darkness was to confer a priceless blessing. Every prejudice should surely be in favour of the men who have by general confession accomplished the first and apparently most laborious part of their task; instead of which a large class of writers find a species of satisfaction in thinking nothing but evil. Have the missionaries succeeded in enforcing severe laws against moral laxity? It is a proof of their tyranny and success in making hypocrites, whose 'morals,' as Captain Beechey phrases it of the Tahitians, 'have undergone as little change as their costume:' 'Un peuple sale, triste, paresseux, et dissimulé, qui ne danse plus, qui ne rit plus,' as M. Dupetit Thouars describes them, with a truly Gallic appreciation of 'what constitutes a state.' Have the missionaries failed? It proves that their religious teaching is a delusion or a pretence. Is it a mixed case in which the Christianised savages retain a leaven of the habits of Pagan times as partially in the Navigators' Islands and

and Marquesas? Then their conversion is a sham. Have the missionaries laboriously kept European traders and sailors from too close contact with their neophytes? They are guilty, like the ancient Christians, of 'hatred of the human race.' Have they relaxed these precautions, and has European contact brought its attendant disease and depravation? Depopulation and physical degeneracy are laid at the missionary's door. It is useless to criticise these and numerous other contradictory allegations, for all of which we could give chapter and verse, from the pages of honest but sorely prejudiced observers; but it may be said once for all, that the source of half the accusations against the missionaries may be traced to the grudge of men whose interest or passions have been thwarted by their success; and the currency of these accusations to their repetition by superficial observers, often imbued with prejudices against 'Methodism,' and proud of a supposed acuteness in pointing out failures under an outward appearance of success.

It is, however, with much satisfaction that we observe a marked alteration of tone in the better class of recent travellers, and especially those naval officers from whom we derive so much of our best information. The 'Narrative' of Captain Wilkes, for example, is singularly unprejudiced and modest in all that concerns the missionaries. The latest observer of all, Captain Erskine, in the very sensible and perspicuous work we have placed at the head of this article, may pass with many as almost too favourable to them; but how advantageously does his tone contrast with that of his predecessors at the head of British and foreign expeditions some thirty years ago! This change is mainly owing, doubtless, to some little progress which we have made since then in religious liberality; at the same time, we cannot but notice in passing, that it is oddly contemporaneous with the recent hostile proceedings of the French towards English and American missionaries.

Happy would it have been, however, for the missionaries and the islanders if the misrepresentations of their enemies, and misunderstandings of friends, had been the worst evils they had to suffer at the hands of Europeans. But it is only too true that whatever shortcomings their labour may have exhibited are owing much less to errors of their own than to the constant interference and evil example of their Christian countrymen. Their history is full of instances where the struggle of years has been rendered to all appearance vain in a few weeks by the intrusion of some riotous fleet of whalers, or by the arbitrary interposition of some foreign 'Consul,' with his list of grievances and demands. It seems scarcely credible that in 1826 Lieut. Percival, of the

United States schooner *Dolphin*, demanded of the missionary Bingham, at Honolulu, the abolition of the existing law against the custom of the native women visiting trading vessels on their arrival, to traffic in their own degradation. His men raised a riot, in which Mr. Bingham was nearly killed.

‘In the evening,’ says Jarvis in his ‘History of the Sandwich Islands,’ Percival waited upon the chief, and declared his determination not to leave the island until the prohibition was repealed. Awed by his threats, and wearied by importunity, some of them gave a tacit consent. Numbers of women immediately went on board, and when the first boat-load pushed off a shout of triumph rang through the shipping. The delinquent chiefs were severely reprimanded by Kalar-moku (the regent). But the authority of the government had been overthrown by the national vessel of a powerful nation, and it was long before it could be re-established. Lieut. Percival expressed his gratification at the result, and his further determination to compel the rescission of the edict at the Windward Islands, where it still remained in force. His vessel remained at Honolulu ten weeks, in the full enjoyment of the immorality for which he had so successfully interfered. So odious was the example, that his vessel has ever since borne the *sobriquet* of “the mischief-making man-of-war.”—p. 242.

Nor let us flatter ourselves that the representatives of British power in those seas have less to answer for. We could cite too many instances to the contrary. It is with shame that we see enumerated among the measures of the ‘British Commission for the government of the Sandwich Islands’ in 1843 (during Lord G. Paulet’s ill-advised and disavowed occupation) ‘the licensing of a limited number of houses for the sale of spirits at the annual rent of 150 dollars,’ under the trivial pretext of putting down smuggling,—thus abolishing a prohibition which had been maintained for years by the Christian chiefs, and making it an act of the English power to supply the people with that which experience had proved to be the poison of their bodies, and the ruin of their religious training. Yet this point had been actually urged for years by a so-called British consul, and was accomplished by the fear of British cannon! Of the still more high-handed proceedings of the French in these seas, it may at least be said, that they were carried through with no hypocritical pretence of regard for the missionaries and their work. While the priests whom they conveyed came to declare war against pagans and heretics alike, the officers seem mostly to have been of opinion that what the interesting savages really required was a truce from their psalm-singing and praying;—

‘that this mild and amiable people (to use the language attributed to many Europeans by Captain Wilkes) had no need of instruction in divine revelation: that they would have been much happier if they had
been

been left to follow their own inclination: and that they have been rendered miserable by being taught their responsibility as accountable beings.'

None who are familiar with the details of their history will wonder at the irritable fear with which the missionaries regarded such interruptions. The Jesuits of Spanish America were so much on their guard against the interference of private adventurers and well-meaning governments, that they carried out their great experiments in the untrodden forests, and kept intruders at a distance by a cordon of scouts and sentinels. The teachers of Polynesia, dwelling close to the highway of nations, had no such resources. They could only view, with impotent fear, the flags congregating in their harbours—the traders loaded with contraband goods and profligate visitors—the vessels of war arriving at the invitation of busy consuls, big with appeals to the law of nations—or, worst of all, conveying priests of another religion, and landing them in defiance of the 'persecuting enactments' of the authorities. For our own parts, we are firmly persuaded that interferences of this kind, even in political matters, were wholly unjustifiable, unless on stronger ground than has been urged for them in almost any instance with which we are acquainted. It is not that we have any special admiration for many particulars of the theocratic law, as at present administered with more or less success over a great extent of the Pacific. But the whole is a system consistent with itself, profoundly reasoned out on certain principles applicable to the treatment of unreclaimed human nature, and is at present, perhaps, the only plan by which the orderly and Christian polity now created can be maintained. He who interferes with what he may consider objectionable portions, breaks down the authority by which the whole is maintained, and we could wish that every such rash and inexperienced innovator were compelled to propound his amendments, as among the Locrians of old, with a rope round his neck.

It is, however, thought by many, that the missionary government must rapidly pass away; that the islands of the Pacific must shortly be filled with a motley European population, either governing, or extirpating, or producing a mixed race by amalgamation with the declining natives. For the present, there is exaggeration in the ordinary notions on the subject. Except at Woahoo and Tahiti, there is nothing in Polynesia (omitting New Zealand) resembling a colonization from abroad. There are indeed scattered wanderers from Europe and the States to be found on the shores of frequented and unfrequented islands, but they are men only; a white woman, except the wives and daughters of the few missionaries, is never seen. These male stragglers

stragglers intermarry with natives, and their children are undistinguishable from the indigenous inhabitants, except by a slight shade of colour. As yet, therefore, we must regard the white occupation of Polynesia as a consummation with which the future may be pregnant, but which need not enter for much into our speculations on the immediate destinies and progress of the little communities with which we have now to deal.

It is necessary, in order to form any clear conception out of the confused mass of ideas which, we suspect, the name of Polynesia suggests to most minds, to remember the distinction between the several races inhabiting these seas. The meridian 180° from Greenwich forms a kind of approximate division between the two races which have been respectively called Polynesian (proper) and Melanesian. All the groups inhabited by the former, except New Zealand, lie to the east of this line: all to the westward are peopled by Melanesians; until, in New Guinea and Australia, this lowest type of mankind appears to degenerate into the inferior family somewhat loosely denominated the 'Arafooras.' The great group of the Fijis, lying close to the 180th meridian, and in the very centre of the tropical group of archipelagos, is peopled by a tribe whose character is as yet somewhat problematical, and seems to partake of the character of both families.

The Polynesians proper, or Malayo-Polynesians, occupy all the groups of which the names have become so familiar to the lover of adventure, from the narratives of Cook, Vancouver, and their successors, and to the religious public as the scenes of missionary success. These noble islanders, who—at least, in their hereditary and numerous aristocracy—furnish the finest physical type of man, exhibit over a space of some 50 degrees of latitude and longitude (besides insulated New Zealand) a singular uniformity of habits, religion, polity, and national character, and have shown an equally remarkable resemblance in the rapidity with which they have received the truths of Christianity, the comparative ease with which they have thrown aside the usages of their former life, and (we fear we must add) the manner in which their progress seems hitherto to have been arrested at a certain point of development. Whether the New Zealanders—a people alleged to possess more stamina of mental constitution than their tropical kinsfolks—will exhibit an exception in this respect, is a question on which we must content ourselves at present with some favourable auguries: it cannot be said to be solved.

The SANDWICH ISLANDS, with which we commence, owe their Christianity to American missionaries. The first instalments of
European

European civilisation were due, however, to Vancouver, who paid them more than one protracted visit, and who, of all the British officers who have been engaged in similar expeditions in these seas, deserved perhaps the highest character for humanity and policy. Kamehameha, 'the lonely one,' the then reigning sovereign at Hawaii (Owhyhee of Cook), and conqueror of the rest of the group, was in like manner the most remarkable among the many able chiefs who have figured in Polynesia since European intercourse began. He was great in all those points in which the epoch of transition to which he belonged required greatness; eminent as a statesman and a warrior; a quick observer of the novelties in which European supremacy lay, insomuch that 'nothing in intellectual or physical nature that arrested his attention proved beyond his grasp;' and a great performer withal in those physical feats which his subjects placed on a par with the highest mental gifts. At the festival of the New Year—a kind of saturnalia almost all over the world—he used to exhibit his dexterity in catching spears hurled at him in good earnest by the strongest of his warriors. In his later years he was advised to abolish a custom so dangerous to his person; but he answered 'that he was as able to catch a spear as any man to throw it.' He occupies in the history of his race the position of some of our later kings of the middle ages—connected on one side with the days of the strong hand, on the other with those of the politic head. He encouraged European advances, and the spread of Christianity, but never himself embraced it, regarding it apparently as an useful engine of policy. He died, says Captain Jurien, the 8th May, 1819, in his palace of Hawaii, consisting of six huts of straw. He was succeeded by his son Rio Rio (or 'Liho Liho,' according to the now fashionable spelling), otherwise Kamehameha II., whose power was miserably cramped by the claims of co-ordinate authority which many of the late King's relations, both male and female, possessed under the mysterious feudal system of the islanders. The principal of these was Kaahumanu, the dowager Queen—'the new and good Kaahumanu,' as she was affectionately termed after her reception into Christianity—the great protector of the American teachers sent by the 'Boston Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions,' who had by this time established themselves. Their historian calls her the rightful political guardian of the kingdom; the opposite, or consular, party style her an usurping old woman. At all events, her firm friendship with Mr. Bingham was the main cement of the Christian party in the troubled times which followed, and carried the cause triumphantly forward to its present supremacy. Poor Rio Rio himself, the 'fast' King of the Sandwich Islands, played

played but a secondary part in these transactions. He approved of Christianity indeed, but chiefly as conducive to what a native Sandwicher has termed 'the tide of free eating, which deluged the land;' as getting rid of all the vexatious taboos which prohibited particular aliments to this or that sex, or to both in common, or at particular seasons; and enabling him to enjoy his fish and 'poi' with his wives in a social way, without the constant dread of offended priests and divinities. Beyond this his conversion did not proceed. All he could be brought to do was to promise Mr. Bingham that, 'after pursuing his present course for five years, he would become a good man.' It was apparently to escape from the importunities of his spiritual instructors that he departed in 1825, with his favourite Queen and suite, to visit his brother, King George IV., in London. Many of us may yet remember the amusement produced by their dingy Majesties, and the crowds which used to watch their movements in the parks and theatres. Both King and Queen died in London of the measles;* the chief of their suite, Boki (brother of the 'prime minister' Kalaimoku, otherwise called Billy Pitt), with the survivors of the party, was conveyed with much honour back to Hawaii by Lord Byron, in the 'Blonde.' Boki, unfortunately, was little worthy of the attention he received, especially from his fellow minister, Mr. Canning. He was a restless intriguer, but of small capacity; early in life he had 'taken a turn' with the Roman Catholics, having been christened on board Captain Freycinet's frigate, but 'apparently with little knowledge' of what was going on; he had then adopted the orthodox or Bostonian religion; on his return from England he headed the British party (which we are sorry to say was the heathen one) in the minority of Kamehameha III., the younger brother of Rio Rio. But the cause had advanced too far for serious opposition. It was in 1825 that idolatry received the final blow which proved its destruction. The awful lake of boiling lava which is some three miles in circumference, and four hundred feet deep, is to every explorer of Hawaii a spectacle of terrific sublimity; to the natives it was an object of superstitious dread. At long intervals of many years the molten mass overflowed its banks. 'The track of the last fiery flood,' says Lieutenant Walpole, 'is now a vast plain of solid lava extending to the sea, in many parts three miles in breadth. It levelled forests, melted rocks, cleared all in its progress, and, pouring into the ocean, heated it for miles, and killed thousands of fish.' The people were accustomed to propitiate with offerings the great fire-goddess Pelé, who was sup-

* The particulars of their deaths, as well as several other circumstances relative to their visit to London, are related in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxv. p. 430-433.
posed

posed to dwell in the tremendous crater. Kapiolani, a chieftainess of high rank, dared her vengeance by casting the 'sacred berries' into the lava, and the tame submission of the goddess to the insult was fatal to her power. Boki probably found that he had taken the wrong side, and ultimately, in imitation of American and British example, he seems to have felt it a duty to extend the supremacy of his people over inferior races, and at the same time to 'open up new channels of trade;' he set out on an expedition to 'annex' some of the New Hebrides, said to abound in sandal-wood, and he and his crew were never heard of more.

In 1827 the first attempt was made to introduce Roman Catholic priests. With vast archipelagos still lying in heathen darkness around them, it does appear the strangest perversion of religious principle which could induce the priests of Rome purposely to select the oldest seats of Polynesian Christianity, Hawaii and Tahiti, as the head-quarters for their operations, and to sow all the bitter seeds of controversy among a people just instructed in the elements of the Gospel. 'To those,' Captain Erskine well observes, 'who believe that the substitution of any form of Christianity for the former heathen superstitions and barbarities is a desirable consummation, it would seem almost superfluous to urge that the rivalries of two sects which the natives take for two distinct religions, cannot but weaken their confidence in both and retard materially the wished-for change.' As is well known, the governing party in the Sandwich Islands, no doubt under missionary influence, expelled the intruders. On the principles received among ourselves, there is of course no justifying the proceeding. But it is a very different matter to apply these principles to barbarous islanders just struggling into Christianity; much more to make such proceedings the ground of armed interference with a people whom the great Powers had formally admitted into the rank of independent communities; and whose rights we were as much bound to respect as those of the Grand Duke of Tuscany or the King of Naples. In 1831 was witnessed, what we must term, borrowing a once famous diplomatic phrase, the 'untoward' incident of a British officer, Sir Edward Belcher, joining with the Frenchman, Dupetit Thouars, to compel this independent people to admit the foreign priests whom they had three times resolutely declined to receive. We have learned better since: the proceedings of our French neighbours have at least cured us, we may hope, of this particular form of spurious liberalism.

In the mean time, the internal history of the islands, instead of the old heathen civil wars, is chiefly filled for many years with the endless opposition between the missionaries and the foreign residents,

residents, who were yearly increasing in power and numbers. The former, however, long succeeded in maintaining and strengthening their influence. Under the superintendence of Mr. Bingham, the heathen customs were superseded by Christian law, to which no other objection has been made than that of over-strictness. Education became generally diffused; the schools counted twenty thousand pupils; but these were instructed in their native language, not in English—one of the points in which the policy of their teachers has been most impugned, and which doubtless arose from their solicitude to keep their converts under their own discipline. The same course has been very generally followed by the missionaries throughout Polynesia, and even in New Zealand, where its expediency might appear most doubtful. In 1840 Mr. Bingham left the scene of his twenty years' labours, and returned to his native country; we know nothing of the subsequent fate of this remarkable personage, but he seems to have possessed the most organizing head of all the men whom the missionary institutions have sent to the South Seas, except perhaps John Williams, who died a martyr at Erromango.

We doubt whether the mantle of Bingham has fallen on any of his successors. As far as we can judge from the meagre materials before us, their interference with political affairs has been still more direct than his, and at the same time less sagacious. They should have better comprehended the times, and seen the impossibility of maintaining missionary institutions in their purity in a community so exposed to daily increasing foreign influences. The 'constitution of 1840,' said to be the work of the Rev. Dr. Judd and Mr. Richards, is a strange compound of old Puritan principles, modern Yankee notions, and the intricate feudalism of the natives. It establishes the hereditary royalty of Kamehameha III., in whom, moreover, it vests the ultimate ownership of all the soil; but his power is shared by a 'council of nobles,' and is subject to the strange provision that 'the king shall appoint some chief of rank and ability as his particular minister, whose title shall be "Premier of the Kingdom." The king shall not act without the knowledge of the premier, nor shall the premier act without the knowledge of the king,' and each, king or premier, may *veto* the acts of the other. This curious personage, who must live on singular terms with his sovereign, since neither can by any constitutional means get rid of the other, possesses in reality, under the absurd name of premier, that kind of co-ordinate authority which, through the rapid degeneracy of royal races, springs up naturally in semi-civilised nations, strongly attached to hereditary royalty, and which was exercised

exercised in other times and countries by grand viziers and mayors of the palace. Ladies are not only admissible to these dignities, but have some advantage in the line of descent. The premier in office in 1847 was Kekaohuli, 'the Big-Mouthed Woman,' the youngest of Rio Rio's queens, who must now (if still alive) be approaching a dignified and premier-like age.

In the Island of Woahoo is a school which must exercise an important influence on the destinies of the Sandwich Islands, for it is there that the heir to the throne, the future premier, and the successors of the principal chiefs are educated. The scholars, who at the time of Lieutenant Walpole's visit in 1847 were thirteen in number, are of both sexes, and of all sizes, from the full-grown man down to the little child of five. The education, which is excellent, is here carried on in the English language, and the elder pupils conversed intelligently with Lieutenant Walpole on the best productions of modern literature. 'The masters say,' he adds, 'that in all the early parts of their education they are exceedingly quick, but not in the higher branches; that they have excellent memories, and learn by rote with wonderful rapidity, but will not exercise their thinking faculties.' This is the barrier that it is so difficult for civilised savages to pass. In the island of Maui are two seminaries, one for girls, and the other for boys, which were set up with the avowed intention that the scholars of the respective establishments should ultimately marry each other. When Captain Wilkes was there in 1841, there were about eighty girls in the female school, and the first courtship was then going on by letter with an adventurous youth in the male institution.

The conduct of this Christian community, notwithstanding the corruption of the higher classes, would on the whole bear advantageous comparison with that of the best regulated societies of the old world. It were strange, indeed, if the success of the teachers had been greater than this, considering the influences so long at work against them. But the mixed European part of the community—not to speak of Chinese, and other strange visitors from remote parts of the Pacific, who help to constitute the medley—has long overpowered, at least in the Island of Woahoo, the native element. Honolulu, its capital, has been for many years the chief commercial station of Polynesia, and the head-quarters of the great annual whaling fleet from the States. It now boasts its theatres, churches, hotels, institutions, rival newspapers in the missionary and 'resident' interest, living by mutual onslaught; the 'best billiard-room in the world,' and all the resources of American civilisation. The 'ball of the minister for foreign affairs,' attended by Lieutenant Walpole, 'was very gay:

gay: chiefs, in tight coats, looking hot and blown; chiefesses, very much as if in prison in their white dresses; and the poor king, excessively bored with himself and his minister, who stuck close to him.* The lower order of natives have not yet learnt to submit to the trammels of European clothing. They are forbidden to appear in the settlements without trowsers, but the instant they get beyond the full-dress confines they pull them off, and tie them by the legs round their necks. The chiefs again build stone houses in imitation of the Europeans, while the people appear to have improved little, if at all, upon their original habitations. Even the King escapes when he can from his state apartments to take his ease in a hut upon the primitive plan.

The ominous decrease, so long predicated, of the native population, seems to continue. We have, indeed, little confidence in the 'census' occasionally taken;† but the returns of deaths and births tell a clearer story. The former seem generally to double the latter; in 1849 the registered deaths were 4320, the births only 1422. In the past year (1853) small-pox, measles, and hooping-cough are said to have produced a fearful mortality. Profligacy has contributed to thin the highest ranks; the 'house of nobles' had fallen in a very few years, according to one authority, from its sixteen original members to eleven. Meanwhile, in the prevalent dissolution of old ties and ideas, religious and political dissensions thrive abundantly. The Romanists—headed by an Abbé of great accomplishments and missionary merit—constitute a distinct party, though not, it is said, a numerous one. Paganism itself is thought to lurk once more in some of the nearly dispeopled tracts of the interior of Hawaii; perhaps, too, portentous combinations of the old and new religion. A few years ago, we are told, a sect arose 'which promulgated that there were three Gods,—Jehovah, Jesus Christ, and Hapu, a former prophetess.' On the other hand, we read in the newspapers of this last autumn, of monster petitions addressed to the king, 'to dismiss the Judd and Armstrong ministry,' and threats of revolution if this demand be not complied with, followed, even since we began this article, by the strange homily in favour of annexation delivered by the American consul, Luther Severance. To crown the whole, it is seriously stated that a large immigration of Russians into the Sandwich Islands is in prospect! We must leave these discordant atoms—brought so strangely together by the agency of modern zeal and modern commerce—to unite or jostle, as they may; but it is probable that the missionary or Puritan element, introduced by the good Bostonians, will con-

* According to that of 1836, the population was 108,579, and it has considerably diminished since.

stitute for a long while a marked ingredient in the general mass; and not impossible that it may continue to leaven the whole.

Tahiti, the principal of the SOCIETY ISLANDS, is the classical ground of missionary enterprise in the South Seas, but there, as in the Sandwich Islands, the period of conflict with heathenism has long passed by. Notwithstanding the outward peace of this little community, an opinion is rapidly gaining ground that the real life of Christianity is fast decaying among them. Some German physiologists believe in a recurring condition of the human frame, which they call 'entspannung,' or relaxation, in which the powers of life cease all at once to exhibit their ordinary vigour: the nerves are unstrung, the pulse languid, the strength diminished, the appetite precarious. This, they add, is but a temporary state; a provision of nature to strengthen the functions thus suspended by a transitory holiday. Something like this fancied 'entspannung' has come, as some think, over the Polynesian race, in Tahiti and elsewhere, after the strain of the first conversion—a recurrence to the dreamy slothful habits of the savage, without his intervals of fierce exertion, and a mechanical performance of the duties exacted by the new religion, without apparent zeal or interest. Nor do the missionaries themselves altogether oppose this view. Captain Wilkes observes that he found them at Tahiti far from disposed to overrate their own success. Their inclination has been rather to contrast the warm faith of the first generation with the deadness of their present flocks. But many have added worse features to the picture, and tell us that 'the manners and customs of the natives have lost all their originality, and that nothing remains but many, alas! of the vices of civilisation and most of the follies of the savage.' In short, Tahitian religion is represented to be something like the great Tahitian cathedral, which was the joy of King Pomare's heart—an edifice of splendid dimensions and fine though simple architecture, capable of holding 4000 people, but built of materials which could last for a few years only, and long since stricken with rapid tropical decay. Finally, the population has been represented as fearfully dwindled—sunk, in Tahiti, from the supposed hundred thousand of early times to a feeble remnant of 8000 or 10,000, who have partially drawn to the coast and left the interior deserted. The classical valley of Matavai, once the chosen dwelling of chiefs and their attendant multitudes, is now, they say, only a lovely wilderness; and the plaintive Sibylline proverb of the natives is approaching its completion: 'The hibiscus shall spread, the coral shall grow, but man shall cease.'

On this last head we will only observe that there seems reason to think that the decline of population is arrested, and is now on
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the increase; and, at all events, the number of 8000, popularly assigned by the missionaries to Tahiti, must be much too small. But, as to the more general subject, we own that we receive the accounts of Tahitian immorality, and the reported failure of Christianity to purify the people, with very great allowances. We have rarely read a statement of this description in which the writer was not obviously under one or other of the distorting influences we have already mentioned. Most of the knowledge, also, of the objectors seems confined to the habits of the people at the few harbours of the islands. But when we can get hold of an unprejudiced observer—one, above all, who forms his judgment in the fair way, that is, by comparison, and is fresh from his disgust at the profligacy of South Sea ports and the heathen savagery of unconverted islands—we find him rather inclined to draw too favourable a picture of the people to whom he is introduced at Tahiti, Rarotonga, or in the Navigators' or Friendly Islands. Let us take, as one example among many, the following passage from the plain and very truth-like narrative of Dr. Coulter, late surgeon of H.M.S. *Stratford*. He visited Tahiti in 1836:—

‘It is from such a transition as I have just passed through—from the heathen in all his naked barbarism to the mild, Christianized native—that one could at once feel and know where the missionary had been, and where Christianity was established. . . . Here all was peace; man and nature were in harmony with each other. The power of religion had completely altered the naturally uncontrolled character of the native, and effectually subdued barbarism. The former history of these islanders is well known to all readers. They were guilty of every bad and profane act. Infanticide and human sacrifices, in all their horrid shapes, were common occurrences. Utter abandonment and licentiousness prevailed over these islands. What are they now? The query may be answered in a few words—they are far more decided Christians than the chief part of their civilized visitors. It is not at all an unusual thing to hear a native at Tahiti lecture an European on his badness and want of religion. As usual in those seas, where the shipping lie is the worst. I have been all through Tahiti, and round the various stations, and I must say the only habitual wickedness I saw or heard of was at Papete. In other districts, far from the harbour, it was delightful to spend time with the natives. In fact, during my different visits to Tahiti, I avoided Papete as much as possible—I did not like it. The white residents there were a sordid, speculative set. The contrast was even greater on Saturday (for that is the Tahitian sabbath*) in the churches. In the native one there was a dense congregation; every one occupying their respective seats: the English church, though very small, was not half filled.’—*Adventures in the Pacific*, p. 268.

* In consequence of the loss of a day by the missionaries in their first voyage. The French have now re-established the European Sunday.

Besides the mercantile whites of whom Dr. Coulter speaks, who prefer gain to godliness, Papete is the resort of runaway convicts from the English settlements, and of deserters from merchant-vessels,—men, says Captain Wilkes, addicted to every species of crime, and who exert a most pernicious influence on the population of the place. The morality of a nation is not to be judged by the conduct of its vagabonds.

Events were approaching which were to display the Tahitian character in a new light. It is needless to enter into the history of the establishment of the French 'Protectorate,' once the subject of such fierce debate. Public opinion, in France, as elsewhere, has, we believe, pronounced the verdict on it long ago. We cannot but regret that one of her most honoured statesmen should have been the instrument of it, and that he should have been seduced by the religious zeal of an admirable princess, and the national pride of unworthy politicians, into wasting life, and money, and credit, on the barren enterprise of establishing a 'political influence,' where France had neither political nor commercial interests. His own sagacity, unwarped by extraneous motives, would have easily foreseen that the hoisting the flag of his country on a few insulated points, and the occasional visits of her admirable men-of-war, in an ocean absolutely swarming with English and American commercial fleets, could have no effect but that of exciting against her the jealousy of the powers in whose hands the destiny of Polynesia was unavoidably placed; and that through their influence, and still more by the effect of the deeds of violence which were necessary to establish this local supremacy, a kind of unreasoning hate of the 'Wee-Wees' would become a prevailing feeling of the natives. It was in 1843 that the agents of his policy first resorted to force at Tahiti, in behalf of a '*jeune princesse, sans armes, sans conseil, abandonnée aux volontés d'une société ambitieuse et exigeante,*' while poor Pomare herself, and nearly all her subjects, repudiated the proffered protection, and took up arms for what they deemed the cause of their religion and nationality. Then these brave islanders showed, that, while many years of missionary discipline had not unnerved in the slightest degree the warlike vigour of their race, it had substituted for the ferocity of old times that high chivalrous sense of military duty—that almost timid shrinking from aught that could be construed into outrage or excess—which were equally observable in the gallant Maories during the last New Zealand rebellion. Five times, between March and May 1845, they engaged the French in no unequal conflict—once they carried a redoubt by dashing directly over the grassy bastions and overpowering the astonished garrison. Their favourite

favourite leader was a Maltese—one Victor—in whose name they seem to have fancied some good augury, from its resemblance to that of the British Queen. It is said that they often brought 2000 or 3000, once 5000 warriors into action—a thing obviously irreconcilable with the missionary supposition of a population of 8000, of whom a considerable number, moreover, was on the French side.

‘Several places were pointed out’ (to Lieutenant Walpole) ‘where the Frenchmen who fell in one of these actions had been buried, nor was one (asserted my informant, an Englishman) rifled or stripped; his arms and powder only were taken from him. Could any civilised country say as much? One only was buried in the road: “Over that let good men tread,” they said. “We killed *him*, our own countryman, who tried to betray us for money to the French.”’

And it must be said that the French met this generous hostility as it deserved. They seem in general to have spared the natives as far as they could, and to have employed their formidable powers of destruction with much reluctance. The Tahitians gave way at last; harassed by internal divisions, and hopeless of assistance from England. Lieutenant Walpole was present at the surrender, and describes, in his usual graphic and animated language, the rough warriors, who ‘seemed able to eat’ the little French soldiers at their side, and wept as they gave up their firelocks to Bruat: the more violent exclaimed—‘They are liars, the English!—had our mountains been gold, and our ground silver, we should have had help enough.’ To the French it has proved a very barren conquest. In 1848 it was proposed in the Assembly to get rid of it, and the accompanying annual ‘subvention’ of 50,000 francs; but the opposition of M. Mauguin prevailed. It is still harder for a nation than an individual to bate a single jot of false pride.

When the latest accounts left Tahiti, the Roman Catholics were without a single native proselyte, though they had won over several at a little island called Ana, in connexion with the Mission. Events, however, have occurred which leave the people more exposed for the present to the influence of the priests. The English missionaries, who officiate as ministers, have hitherto passed through the form of being elected to their office by the communicants of their respective churches. The Tabitian National Assembly, at the instigation of the French governor, transferred the appointment from the communicants to the chiefs of the district. Five out of the seven missionaries refused to recognise their new patrons, and they have in consequence been deprived of their chapels, forbidden to preach in their own houses, or to reside at any other place than the French head-quarters—

Papete.

Papete. Four of the silenced ministers have left the island to labour in other regions of Polynesia, pending the representations of our government with regard to what is alleged to be an infraction of the French treaty with Queen Pomare in 1842, by which it was stipulated that the Protestant missionaries should be permitted to 'continue their labours without molestation.' In the meanwhile the native pastors continue at their post, the Bible is in the hands of nearly all the people, and, such has been their eagerness to possess it, that within the last few years copies have been sold to the amount of upwards of a thousand pounds. The prospects of Tahiti have often been darker.

Five or six hundred miles to the west of Tahiti are the HERVEY ISLANDS, seven in number, which, like the Society Islands, owe their evangelisation to the agents of the London Missionary Society, and especially to the admirable John Williams, who undertook the task in 1823. The population of the group was then supposed to be from fourteen to sixteen thousand, but it is now said to be greatly diminished from the effects of disease. When Mr. Williams first visited Hervey Island, from which the cluster is named, he found that war had left only sixty inhabitants. Seven years afterwards he returned, and the survivors, by the continuance of their conflicts, were reduced to five men, three women, and a few children. A feud was going on at his arrival among this miserable remnant, and the bone of contention was which of them should be king! On all the islands, however, the people proved, when instructed, ready recipients of Christianity. One man in early days gave his idols a kick, saying, as he did it, 'There—your reign is over!' It was over so quickly and so completely, that, when a native visited London some years since, he saw for the first time, in the Museum of the Missionary Society, a specimen of the gods formerly worshipped by his countrymen. At Rarotonga alone—the principal island—the churches in 1834 were attended every Sunday by six thousand inhabitants out of seven, and the schools numbered no less than three thousand scholars. The people were equally quick in adopting many of the material improvements upon which their able and sagacious teacher laid great stress:—'It was my determination'—he says, in his delightful volume, '*Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands*'—'when I originally left England, to have as respectable a dwelling as I could erect; for the missionary does not go to barbarise himself, but to civilise the heathen. He ought not, therefore, to sink down to their standard, but to elevate them to his.' The people have now the whole of the Bible in their own tongue, and at Rarotonga there is a printing press, and an institution for training native evangelists;

so that these islands, lately in darkness themselves, have now become a centre from which to diffuse light to other South Sea groups.

The fortunes of the little Anglo-Tahitian population of PIRCAIRN'S ISLAND form but a trifling episode in Polynesian annals; yet the subject is in itself so interesting, and so much of sympathy has been excited by the accounts which we have from time to time received of the progress of these insulated children of nature, purified by religious teaching, that we must linger in passing. The history of the family, for the first thirty or forty years after the occupation of their secluded rock by the nine mutineers of the *Bounty*, is too well known to need recapitulation. It rests, however (as has been observed) on the statements of John Adams alone. Good old man as this reclaimed patriarch was, it has been reasonably doubted whether his recollection of events after the lapse of years, and affected, moreover, by the instinct of self-excuse, and the fear which he long entertained of being punished for the mutiny, is a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of his recital. Sir J. Barrow has pointed out that Adams gave different accounts of the character and fate of Fletcher Christian, the ringleader, to Sir T. Staines and Captain Beechey. On this doubt was built the surmise that Christian was not killed on the island at all; and a romantic story got into circulation of his having been seen in Fore-street, Plymouth, by his former comrade, Captain Peter Heywood. But the little circumstance recorded in the early annals of the island, of the women having been seen with *five* skulls of white men in their hands, at a time when four were certainly yet alive—Young, M'Coy, Adams, and Quintal—seems on this point a strong corroboration of Adams's story.

Adams died in 1829. His destined successor had arrived in the island in 1828, had pleased the old man, and been adopted by him, and introduced to his flock as their future teacher. He had also become one of themselves, by marrying a grand-daughter of Fletcher Christian. This was Mr. George Nobbs, whose early career certainly gave little indication of the part he was to act in life. He was a midshipman in the British navy—held a commission under Lord Dundonald, in the Chilian service—was present at the cutting out of the *Esmeralda*, and other feats of the War of Independence—was made prisoner by the ferocious Benavides, after an action, in which forty-eight of his party, out of sixty-four, were killed and wounded. All the survivors, except himself and three more, were shot in cold blood. We know not whether it was under the influence of any strong religious impulse, often aroused by pre-
servations

servations like this, or simply from that longing for a peaceful retreat in some lovely recess of the Pacific, which so often besets the youthful adventurer in that region—but after quitting the Chilian service, and having been four times round the world, he formed the design of settling among the people of Pitcairn's Island, whom from that time he has served in the capacity of 'pastor, surgeon, and schoolmaster,' to his own and their great happiness and advantage. The only other European residents at the time of his arrival were Evans and Buffitt, chance settlers, and both men of a harmless disposition.

In 1831 the Pitcairners were removed to Tahiti, by the British Government, in the barque 'Lucy Anne;' the cause being an apprehended dearth of water; but the apprehension proved imaginary, and the emigration a total failure. In a few weeks an epidemic raged among them, and many died. They neither liked the food nor the soil of Tahiti, still less the coarse fashions of its people, and the profligacy of individuals; above all, they pined for their solitary home with that intensity of longing which belongs to people of few ideas and natural impulses. They returned, after some months of absence, with their numbers reduced to little more than sixty. From that time they have lived undisturbed in their former seat, and their number has risen, by natural increase only, to nearly one hundred and seventy. Their removal, however, had for a time distracted their simple train of thoughts and habits, and deranged their patriarchal government. They were further perplexed soon after their return by the arrival of an 'illustrious stranger,' who exercised for some time an evil influence on their destinies. This personage, Mr. Joshua Hill, represented himself as an envoy of the British Government; and, to recommend himself further, drew up a long and ludicrous list of the sights he had seen, and the distinguished persons to whom he had written or spoken in the course of his life:—

'After all, he concludes, what does the above amount to? Vanity of vanities. I will merely add, that I have had a year in the Church of Christ, and that I am a life member of the Bible Society.'

Before the magnificent pretensions of this Polynesian Count de St. Germain, those of Lieutenant Nobbs, of the Chilian service, sank into insignificance. The Pitcairn's Islanders were effectually dazzled by the magnificence of their visitor, and began to discard their former humble friends, as a village maiden in a play cuts her rustic lover for some outrageous pretender to town fashions. He 'divided their little society into two factions, one siding with him, the other with the constitution as it was.' Ultimately he compelled Mr. Nobbs to leave the island, subjugated the

other two Europeans, it should seem, by a liberal application of the cat-o'-nine-tails, established a constitution of 'elders, sub-elders, and cadets,' and reigned for some years triumphant among them.

It was during this anti-papacy of Joshua Hill that rumours representing Mr. Nobbs as an unprincipled adventurer became current in England, and made their way into works of authority. We merely notice them to say that his subsequent life has amply refuted them. His refuge for some time was, we believe, in the Gambier Islands, where he employed himself as a teacher. Happily, and to complete the dramatic justice of the story, Hill at length exposed himself, even to his own simple-minded subjects, so undeniably that his sovereignty could no longer be tolerated. He fortunately gave out, among his other vaunts,—

'that he was a very near relation of the Duke of Bedford, and that the Duchess seldom rode out in her carriage without him! But whilst the people listened to his magnificent account of himself and his noble friends, who should arrive on their shores, in H. M. S. *Actæon*, in 1837, but Captain Lord Edward Russell!'

The star of Hill declined from the moment of this awkward visit. Shortly afterwards Captain Bruce carried him off in H. M. S. *Imogene*, and landed him safe at Valparaiso in 1838, where, we have heard, he induced the British merchants to get up a subscription to send him to England; but we know nothing of the farther fate of this amusing and half-deranged pretender.

From the date of the deposition of Hill to Admiral Moresby's visit in 1852, there is little to note in the peaceful history of the Pitcairners, which is carefully preserved in a 'register' kept by the teacher. They have lived on under the government of their annual magistrates, chiefly occupied in composing the petty disputes * which must needs arise among a community who sedulously preserve the rights of property, and to whom Socialism is only known in its rational development, as imposing the duty of mutual assistance and forbearance, not as extinguishing the relations of the family or the notion of private wealth. On the contrary, when a ship is signalled—affording the only prospect of disposing of the surplus produce of the island by barter—it is the business of the magistrate to decide which of the householders are to go on board her with supplies of their own, and how the proceeds are to be divided. We feel

* On one occasion in the little chronicle of the island, we find such an occurrence duly noted for the reprobation of future times:—'May 2, 1840. A serious altercation took place between Edward Quintal, senior, and John Evans, senior. The latter received several bruises on his head, back, and throat, and several scratches on the throat.'

naturally suspicious of the uniform descriptions of peace and good-will which voyager after voyager brings from this secluded shore, but it is difficult to resist the evidence :—

‘ From the date of the first intelligence respecting them (observes Mr. Murray), there has been no variation in the character given of them. As they were in purity and peace, those two great essentials of human happiness, when Sir Thomas Staines visited the island in 1814, so they are now, in 1853, the same contented, kind, and God-fearing race. Inquiry having been made of Mr. Nobbs, a few years since, as to instances of sudden and extraordinary conversion which might have fallen under his notice, he replied that his experience did not furnish any such cases from Pitcairn. But he added, “had inquiry been made for examples of happy deaths, I could have replied with unmitigated satisfaction; for I have seen many depart this life, not only happy, but triumphant.”’

Meanwhile, their strict religious discipline has neither diminished their habitual industry (to which indeed the narrow extent of their island, and its light volcanic soil, necessarily condemn them) nor the dexterity with which they address themselves to more adventurous displays of energy—clambering the rocky precipices which encircle them, and braving the dangers of the deep-sea fishery, the only one which the steepness of their coast allows. The women, tall and graceful in figure, vie with the men in strength and agility. Lieut. Wood, of the *Pandore*, in 1849, found a girl of eighteen accustomed to carry 100 lbs. of yams over the most precipitous tracks of the island; and another carried the gallant lieutenant himself, on her shoulders, up the steep ascent from the landing-place, with the greatest facility. ‘In the water (according to Captain Belcher) both men and women are almost as much at home as on the land, and can remain nearly a whole day in the sea. They frequently swam round their little island. When the sea beat heavily on the island, they have plunged into the breakers and swum to sea beyond them. This they sometimes did, pushing a barrel of water before them, when it could be got off in no other way.’

In 1850 three English wanderers, of whom one was Mr. Walter Brodie, and a Frenchman, the Baron de Thierry, were left behind on Pitcairn’s Island, by accident or wilfulness on the part of their Sydney skipper. They did not come there, like visitors on purpose, prepared to admire, and seem to have thought their detention, at first, a matter of much annoyance; but they were soon altogether captivated by the charm which nature and social happiness have thrown round that solitary spot. Mr. Brodie, who has given us the most interesting account of the island and its people which we have yet seen, was first attracted by the conduct
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of a half-naked islander, who came on board to sell his vegetables. A child having fallen overboard, the Pitcairn costermonger jumped in and rescued it, and then refused all reward; behaviour which, in a man who had 'come on board to make money,' caused an Australian crew to open the eyes of astonishment. On landing, and 'whilst feasting on cocoa-nuts,' Mr. Brodie soon fell to appropriate small talk with the demure damsels of the island.

'I spoke to them about their beauty, when one of them observed she did not think I was an Englishman. I asked, with some curiosity, what could have led her to such a conclusion, and was informed by the fair damsel in question that I flattered too much to be British born.'

Charmed with the good-humoured hospitality which they received, the visitors lingered on through many pleasant weeks of durance: and fortune enabled them to remunerate their entertainers in no common way. Mr. Carleton, one of the Englishmen, was musical, and he soon noted the deficiencies of Mr. Nobbs's flock in psalmody. He got up singing-classes of young women and young men; and was rewarded by discovering that some of his pupils possessed an admirable ear, and most of them fine voices. He left their choir in high order: and when a stray vessel took him and his comrades away at last, great was the mourning of their loving hosts.

'The poor girls clung round us as we stood upon the beach; but more especially did they cling round my friend Carleton, who had taken so much trouble in teaching them to sing; many of them with their handkerchiefs thrown round their heads, and all in floods of tears. . . . Carleton tried to get up a chorus, but it broke down, and only made matters worse.'

Nothing can exceed in strength the mutual attachment of these people, and their common attachment to home. Mr. Brodie was witness to the general consternation, when one of their number, a young Quintal, was carried away privately by an American ship, though he was probably an accomplice, often saying how much he wanted to see California, 'provided he could be blown off the island in some vessel, so as to spare him the pains of taking leave of his friends and family.' In 1848 Mr. Nobbs despatched his son, Reuben, a youth whom an accident had partially lamed and rendered less fit for active work, to earn a livelihood among his own old friends in Chili. The teacher made over to him all the money he possessed—eight dollars. 'All the families joined in fitting him out to the best of their power, furnishing him with a supply of clothes, and making up altogether a purse of more than 40 dollars, several contributing every cent. they had.' By the last accounts, the youth was doing well at Valparaiso; but
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it was thought that the passionate longing of his island mother, and his own home-sickness, would prevail, and that he would soon return.

In August, 1852, Rear-Admiral Moresby, Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces in the Southern Pacific, arrived at the island, and his visit will form a very important epoch in its little history. He sent Mr. Nobbs to England (with the consent, though sorely reluctant, of his flock) to explain more fully the state and requirements of the islanders, and to obtain ordination. Some of our readers may, like ourselves, have had opportunity to judge of the demeanour and information of this remarkable visitor by personal acquaintance during his stay in England. Both his objects have been satisfactorily accomplished, in great measure by the aid of the Society to which Mr. Murray, the compiler of the interesting volume before us, officiates as Secretary, and he has returned safe to the sphere of his duties. In parting with him we will only express a hope that the interest which he has been the means of exciting may not evaporate in a vague disposition, on the part of the British public, to pet and caress his islanders, as good children who have deserved kisses and presents—than which nothing could be devised more destructive of their self-reliance, and of their other virtues along with it.

The Admiral, however, has taken in hand a project for their ultimate benefit, which requires more deliberation, and introduces us to some remarkable topics of thought, not only as regards this but other Christianized communities of the South Seas. It is his opinion, we are informed, that the population of 170 souls is nearly or quite as much as the island can maintain, and that, considering their remarkable rate of increase, it is necessary that the whole, or a part of them, should speedily be removed elsewhere. Mr. Nobbs, we believe, controverts this opinion. He thinks there is room for multiplication for some time longer; and we find that other observers estimate that the island—four miles and a half in circumference, or rather more than the size of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens together—might well support 400 persons—such is the prolific return to tropical cultivation. But be this as it may, there are other considerations besides that of mere numbers, which lead us to the belief that some such measure of expatriation should not be long delayed.

The present Pitcairners are all (with the exception of the three Englishmen, and their children by island wives) descended from five couples of English and Tahitians, and bear five surnames only: Adams, Christian, MacCoy, Quintal, and Young. But, great as the multiplication has been, and particularly of late years, it appears to proceed wholly from
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numerous births and early marriages, not from the longevity of the adults. Christian and his companions landed with their Tahitian wives in 1789; and already, in 1852, there were only two survivors of the first generation, the children of the mutineers. Indeed, Mr. Nobbs has himself informed us that there is scarcely an islander above the age of fifty. Now, if these facts be accurate, and if they do amount to evidence of any general law, it becomes a curious problem to trace the cause of this premature decay among a people apparently so favourably circumstanced for longevity. It cannot be hereditary predisposition: their Tahitian mothers belonged to a race in which long life, in the absence of violent deaths or epidemics, was the rule and not the exception. Fletcher Christian's widow lived till 1841; she was thought to have remembered Captain Cook: and the last of these original female emigrants died as late as 1850. Mr. Nobbs seemed inclined to seek the reason in insufficient or too little varied nourishment; but even his authority and experience cannot reconcile us to the explanation. Were it so, they would be feeble as well as short-lived, but the evidence shows that there is no degeneracy among them—

‘And tall and strong and swift of foot are they,
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,’

who, nevertheless, outlive them in the ordinary course of life by many years. Others may possibly consider it the result of constant intermarriages—but here again the deleterious result would be perceptible in the physical inferiority of the race, and not be confined in its effects to the abridgment of life. Nor do we believe in the general sufficiency of this cause—unless in combination with others imperfectly known to us. There are many village communes in the Alps, and in Norway, in which cousins have gone on marrying cousins ever since their first foundation, from the very necessity of the case, and yet Europe cannot show more robust or long-lived folks.

Some other cause would seem to operate: is it to be found (that we may briefly indicate considerations which require far more ample development) in the fact—painful at first thought, yet by no means inconsistent with what we know of the natural government of the world—that a state of monotonous peace and contentment, preserved by careful vigilance, or by mere absence of temptation, is not the normal state of man, nor one in which his energies have that healthy play which secures their durability? The civilised men of modern times, high and low, with all their burden of cares and passions, wasting strifes and grinding ‘competition,’ have no cause to believe in a general shorten-

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ing of their span of life. Neither is the savage liable to this complaint. If he escapes casualties and epidemics, he is rather apt to live long. The wild tension of his energies in passion—the sharp spur given to his faculties by the constantly-exercised instinct of self-preservation—these seem to keep up the vigour of his stamina, and to counterbalance the results of his habitual sloth and frequent excesses. But where the constitution lacks one or the other stimulus, there seems a tendency to early decay. It is not absolutely intellectual exercise that is wanting—this is given by education—nor bodily exercise, of which our islanders have fully enough. It is the exercise of other mixed powers implanted in us: the passions of hope and fear, the desire of achievement and the triumph of success. The mere animal enjoyment of life is for a while a substitute for these; but this cannot outlast growth: and in the mere mechanical prolongation which follows, the faculties seem to collapse in gentle decline.

This would be a wild conclusion to draw from so insulated and peculiar a case as that of the Pitcairn's Islanders; but it is strangely corroborated by what has happened in more extensive fields of experience. The same phenomenon occurs in the history of the Jesuit missions in Paraguay, where the system of discipline and management were so perfect that 'the Indian never knew, during his whole progress from the cradle to the grave, what it was to take thought for the morrow.' The flock thus carefully tended wasted by constant internal decay; their lives were shortened by natural decline, without apparent disease. Precisely the same observation has been made by the Wesleyan missionaries in the Friendly Islands.

'I was surprised,' says the Rev. Walter Lawry, 'to find how quickly they spring up, and pass away. Several of those whom I knew by name twenty-eight years ago, when they were mere children, now rank among the "madua," or old people, yet cannot be more than 37 or 38 years old. We can clearly ascertain that the females are women at about thirteen, and grow old women before thirty. Their food is very simple, and mostly vegetable; but in size they far outstrip Europeans, so also, as they think, in personal attractions and beauty. But, alas! they quickly pass away, and are gone.'—*Second Missionary Visit*, p. 26.

The good Jesuits distressed themselves but little about this ill return to their exertions. Whom the Gods love die young, they thought, but with better than Pagan warrant. They regarded, says Father Charlevoix, every simple Indian who perished as an additional intercessor above for them and their labour of charity. And we have heard similar language held by

by religious men among ourselves, when speaking of the alleged depopulation of Polynesia. But we need not waste words to show that this is neither sound philosophy nor true religion. Unless we can guard our converts against premature physical decay as well as moral corruption, our efforts are still wretchedly defective.

It is with this view especially that we think the project of an extensive emigration from Pitcairn's Island as one to be regarded with favour. Such a step cannot be accomplished without awakening a new class of energies, and we would willingly make such an experiment, even at the risk of evil. A singular chance, not to use a stronger word, seems just now to have placed at the disposal of the British Government a spot peculiarly suited for the purpose: a speck almost answering to Pitcairn's Island itself on the map, though in reality of considerably larger dimensions, lying under the same latitude and climate, in Western, instead of Eastern, Polynesia: possessing the same peculiarity of an absence of harbours and anchorage, so that ships can only lie off at certain seasons, thus insuring an almost perfect protection against intrusion: uninhabited, or likely to become so, and yet fully prepared for human habitation. This is no other than Norfolk Island—a name suggestive of all that is hideous in human depravity, and fearful in the stern Nemesis which avenges it. But the recent alterations in our penal code have rendered its establishments unnecessary—they are rapidly in process of breaking up—and a few months will see the island of crime, unless it is used for some new purposes, abandoned to Nature, as it was before the foot of European first landed on its shores, and as if its history of the last thirty years had been only a nightmare dream. It would be a strange dispensation which should make this polluted soil the abode of those who are described as the purest and simplest of the children of men. Yet all is prepared for it—we have seen reports on the subject from the government of Van Diemen's Land, which prove ample room for a far larger number than the expected visitors, and even show how the last remaining convicts, if the orders arrive in time, may leave the land in crop, ready for the incoming tenants. There are obstacles which may yet prevent the transfer from taking place: the natural reluctance with which Mr. Nobbs appears to regard it, and his people's love of their home, are not the least; but we cannot disguise our hope that these may be overcome, and this little essay in colonization effected with the success which it deserves.

Eastward and windward of the groups hitherto described, lie the *MARQUESAS*, which, though more easily reached from the South

South American coast than any other part of Polynesia, present to this day an aspect of barbarism contrasting strongly with the change which has taken place in other quarters. Some of these volcanic islands are large and mountainous, and divided into narrow valleys, holding little communication with each other, and inhabited by fiercely hostile tribes. Here civil war, and superstitious cruelties, and licentiousness, prevail as unrestrainedly as ever; and cannibalism is in full vigour, although not pursued with the horrible avidity which characterises the Fiji islanders. Savage as the Marquesians are, their islands are the refuge of many wandering whites of the lower classes, who have been received as sojourners, protected partly by the dread entertained of their superiority, partly, it may be, by their unpopularity for culinary purposes, the flesh of whites being esteemed, as Dupetit Thouars tells us, 'fade et désagréable,' while, strange to say, the people of Fiji object to it as tasting of salt and tobacco. The Marquesians are physically a noble race. Cook, who had made his observations in every quarter of the world, deliberately pronounces that 'for fine shape and regular features they surpass all other nations.' The women are smaller than in some other parts of the archipelago, but renowned for their charms: 'prettier than our prettiest Limeñas,' says the old chronicler of Mendana's voyage—no trifling compliment for a Spaniard. The popular works of the American writer, Mr. Herman Melville, have made many of us better acquainted with these islanders than more authentic narratives might have done; for, whatever amount of romance there may be in 'Typee' and 'Omoo,' their author describes scenes and life with which he is evidently familiar.

The Marquesians are specially famous throughout the South Seas for their skill in enhancing these natural advantages by the national ornament of tattooing. The chiefs of Noukahiva 'appear,' we are told, 'as if dressed in a justaucorps of different stuffs, or a coat of mail decorated with quantities of precious chasing;' but the ladies generally display only a coquettish little fringe on the wrists and ancles, 'like a laced glove or stocking.' Mr. Melville's island beauty Fayaway, if we remember rightly, exhibited only a pretty pair of epaulettes. But our friend Dr. Coulter has had the honour of undergoing in his person a complete tattooing, and is in all respects an adopted Marquesian chief; we will therefore allow him to describe this primitive ceremony of investiture, which appears to be at least as disagreeable as the most ascetic initiation into mediæval knighthood:—

'The instruments used for inscribing the colouring matter into the skin are made of pieces of bone made flat, and serrated at one end, like
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either a comb or saw. The breadth of this end differs from the eighth of an inch to one inch, according to the variety or minuteness of the work—some having only two teeth, some a dozen. The other end is brought to a blunt point, and inserted into a small cane about six or eight inches long, at right angles. The stick for beating this into the flesh is long or short, according to the fancy of the operator. The piece of cane is held between the finger and thumb of the left hand. There is a roll of fine tappa round the three remaining fingers of the same hand, to wipe off the blood, in order to see if the impression is perfect. The marginal lines of any figure are first marked out with a very small stick, the remainder is executed without a guide. The hitting of the stick is so very rapid, that it resembles nothing that I know of more accurately than a trunk-maker driving in his nails. This incessant hammering at the skin, or into it, with considerable violence, irritates the whole frame, and the constant wiping off the blood with the tappa is worse. However, as the work proceeds, the flesh swells up, which gradually benumbs the part during the continuance of the operation. . . . Sometimes the person operated upon does not recover for weeks; and, when the tattooing goes on anywhere in the neighbourhood of glands, often, in irritable constitutions, forms large tumours and abscesses. . . . The vaheinas, or women, are often in faint after faint, and are obliged to be held firmly down; yet they wish to be tattooed, and voluntarily submit to this pain, for, as they (poor things!) imagine, grandeur and beauty. I was four hours under the operator the first day, and three hours the second, which time sufficed to mark on my skin the delineations and characteristics of a chief.—*Adventures in the Pacific*, pp. 210-213.

The history of the efforts of the London Missionary Society in this quarter, from 1798 downwards, is only a narrative of repeated failures—one party after another having been driven away by the natives, or having retired in despair. The French government a few years ago contemplated the formation of a penal settlement in this quarter of the world; and we believe it was with this view that they established a 'protectorate' at Noukahiva; but they, too, seem to have been baffled as yet by the habits of the people and the inaccessible nature of the country. Their influence, though one drunken savage of a king owns their supremacy, seems hardly to extend beyond the range of the guns of their blockhouse; and the acquisitions of their missionaries in 1849 (according to Father Honoré Laval) amounted to 'seven or eight neophytes and as many catechumens, whom the Fathers lodge in their courtyard, in order not to lose sight of them.' But we lack newer intelligence.

In the Gambier Islands, and other small neighbouring groups, the priests appear to have met with more success. It was in 1833, we believe, that Pope Gregory XVI. solemnly invited the 'Peres du Sacré Cœur,' commonly called 'les Picpus,' and the 'Marists,'

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or fathers of the Order of Mary, to take charge of the vast heathen and heretical domains of the South Seas, divided by their arrangements into Central Oceania, Melanesia, and Micronesia. According to the general report of Mgr. Bataillon, Vicar-Apostolic of Central Oceania, in 1852 (which we find in the '*Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*,' in that year), his vicariate reckoned in all 6000 or 7000 converts. The good ex-Queen of the French was a very zealous supporter of these missions in the time of her power. The Gambier islanders, according to Captain Beechey, are among the mildest and least sensual races of the Pacific. In 1840 the little community of the principal island were already Romanist, and (according to our missionaries) 'drove away Protestant traders.' Another little spot, called by the priests Mangahewa, is reported to exhibit results as encouraging as the best authenticated instances of Protestant success. They have set up there a convent for native females, who take, however, no vows: and Père Cyprien reports that, although the mortality has been great among these caged wild creatures, few or none have been found willing to leave their retreat and return to 'the world'—their world!

Returning to the westward from this digression, we arrive at the little group of SAMOA, or the Navigators' Islands, so called from the superior skill of its inhabitants in nautical affairs, who are still the best native canoe builders and sailors of the Pacific. The population is roughly estimated by Captain Erskine at 38,000. Less advanced in polity than the Sandwich islanders, and with less of refinement (if such a word may be used) and the poetry of savage life than the Tahitians and Tongans, they appear to possess some sterling qualities in which the others are deficient. It was on one of these islands that the massacre of part of La Pérouse's crew took place, which (as Captain Erskine observes) influenced not only La Pérouse himself in his judgment respecting the mode of dealing with the natives, but to a certain extent that of his countrymen ever since. But La Pérouse, who bewailed his murdered friend Captain Delangle's over-confidence in savage virtue, was himself mistaken in his opinion of the people with whom he had this unfortunate collision. They were, after their fashion, a generous and a highminded race, possessing a sense of honour peculiarly their own, and were comparatively free from superstitious influences. According to their great instructor, John Williams, they had a character for freethinking and 'godlessness' among their neighbours; possessing neither maraes, nor temples, nor altars, nor offerings, human or other. Cannibalism, though no doubt occasionally practised in some violent access of hatred and revenge,

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was generally held in abhorrence. 'To speak of roasting him is the worst language which can be addressed to a Samoan. If applied to a chief of importance, he may go to war to avenge the insult. Sometimes a proud chief will get up and go out of the chapel in a rage, should a native teacher speak of hell-fire.' This sensibility to insult, though it may savour of the natural man, serves as a motive to religious duty in the Christian part of the community. The Americans of the Expedition were informed that being put out of church, or excommunicated, was the severest of punishments at Samoa; and that 'the fear of public opinion was found to be sufficient to deter from the commission of crime and immoral practices.' Captain Erskine bears testimony also to the 'remarkable cleanliness and habits of decency, which these islanders carry to a higher point than the most fastidious of civilised nations.'

Samoa has been a principal station of the London Missionary Society since 1837, and, owing to the recent occurrences in Tahiti, may be now regarded as their head-quarters. Here, in the island of Upolu, is the residence of the once world-famous Mr. Pritchard, as British consul. Great progress has been made towards the conversion of the people: the character of their instructors, chiefly Scots Presbyterians, stands deservedly high: and the Romanists, in the usual spirit of rivalry, have lately detached some of their ablest champions to the same promising quarter. There is a missionary press, from which the 'Samoan Reporter' issues, or lately issued; a periodical containing much valuable ethnographical matter. Since 1849 the islanders have had the whole of the New Testament in the vernacular tongue—they had previously possessed several detached portions—and the Old Testament is now in the process of being printed at the local press, many of its books having already appeared in a separate form. A considerable demand for secular instruction has also arisen among the natives, as might be expected from their comparatively steady and persevering character. Bearded chiefs submit, with stately humility, to the discipline of the 'Normal School.' Arithmetical studies seem to have particular attraction for them.

'Of an evening,' says Lieut. Walpole, 'when taking advantage of intervals of fine weather, we went for a ramble in the delightful woods, the quiet of the grove was often disturbed by a ruthless savage, who would rush out on you, not armed with club or spear, but with slate and pencil, and thrusting them into your hands, make signs for you to finish his exercise or sum. The multiplication seemed always to be with the hardest figures, 7 and 8, and difficult to do without a miniature calculation on your fingers, or by dots; the savage looking on all the while as if he would eat you.'

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Another favourite accomplishment is oratory. When Christianity was first preached to them they debated for several months the expediency of receiving it. Mr. Williams has given an abstract of one of these discussions :—

‘It is my wish,’ said a venerable chief, on rising, ‘that the Christian religion should become universal amongst us. I look at the wisdom of these worshippers of Jehovah, and see how superior they are to us in every respect. Their persons are covered from head to foot in beautiful clothes, while we wear nothing but a girdle of leaves. Their knives, too, what valuable things they are; how quickly they cut up our pigs compared with our bamboo knives! Now I conclude that the God who has given to his white worshippers these valuable things must be wiser than our gods, for they have not given the like to us. We all want these articles; and my proposition is, that the God who gave them should be our God.’

This appeal to things temporal produced a powerful impression, and a chief of the opposite party rose to reply.

‘The people,’ he said, ‘who have brought us this religion may want our lands and our women. I do not say that such is the case, but it may be so. My brother has praised the wisdom of these white foreigners. Suppose, then, we were to visit their country, and say that Jehovah was not the true God, and invite them to cast him off, and become worshippers of Tangaroa, of the Samoa Islands, what reply would they make? Would they not say, Don’t be in haste; let us know something more of Tangaroa, and the worship he requires? Now I wish the Samoans to act just as these wise English people would, under the same circumstances, and to know something more about this new religion before they abandon that which our ancestors venerated.’

Their discussions are not often so pithy. Their rhetoric is ordinarily as discursive as it is vehement, and besides the length of the speeches, their assemblies are sometimes protracted by interludes of silence which surpass anything recorded of a Quakers’ meeting.

‘Great importance,’ says Captain Erskine, ‘is attached and attention paid to precedency, each district having its assigned place, although the order is sometimes disputed; and we were told that, in the event of two rising to speak at the same time, the rivals will remain standing for hours, and no business can go on until one yields, with the consent of his friends, the right of speech to the other; the meeting remaining perfectly quiet all the time, and no apparent acrimony being exhibited on either side.’

Great fluency, and a kind of factitious energy of elocution, disproportionate to the real interest of the subject, are common among the Polynesians; but the influence of political institutions here, as elsewhere, is felt in restraining or promoting oratorical license. While at Samoa, with its democracy of chiefs, the
privilege

privilege of debate seems to be boundless, in oligarchical Tonga the space allowed for 'political explanations' is discreetly limited to the time required for preparing the kava, or national beverage, which is to circulate round the council board.

The chief obstacle to the total defeat of the heathenism of certain districts seems to lie in the peculiar institutions of these people, who are governed by a very numerous class of chiefs, on whom, collectively, no hold is to be got, and among whom one party is always ready to set up the ancient faith as a political engine against the other. There are three orders of hereditary chiefs or nobles, 'a whole host of highborn beggars,' says Lieut. Walpole, all as haughty and punctilious in their way as the Hobereaux and Hochwohlgeborens of Christian Europe.

'Proud,' adds the lively Lieutenant, 'as the Samoan is, he does not consider it any want of dignity to beg. A native would stop us as if something important was to be communicated, and coolly ask for any article in our possession that caught the eye or took his fancy. On meeting a point-blank refusal he expressed no anger; and on being questioned, "Did you expect it?" "No, but I might have got it: as I asked I had a chance; had I not asked there was none."'

'The forms of Samoan politeness,' according to Captain Erskine, 'are as numerous as the Spanish, and often resemble them.' This was the only cluster of islands visited by Mr. Williams, where the natives had a word for 'Thank you.' No such form of courtesy was known at the Sandwich, Tahitian, or Hervey groups. It is in Samoa also that the curious Polynesian peculiarity of the 'language of politeness' especially prevails: not only different phrases, but different names for the same objects are used, in addressing chiefs or plebeians.

These islands were the first group touched at by Captain Erskine, in the cruise of H.M.S. Havannah, in 1849, of which the interesting narrative is now before us. He found them engaged in an endless series of petty civil wars, the several tribes conflicting for the possession of a certain abstract political honour, which they call the 'Malo'; the idea conveyed by which Captain Erskine confesses his inability to explain, and which appears to us somewhat to resemble the notion of a 'Hegemony,' entertained by a Greek republican. But whatever privileges belong to the title, this much is certain, that the people of Manono—a little island that is connected with Upolu by a shoal and reef—claimed a superiority over two districts of the mainland, which the latter resisted. Captain Erskine did his best to appease the feud, but with little success, and left the islands fatigued and disappointed. After three years of conflict, in which the Missionaries attempted to mediate in vain, the
Upolu

Upolu party, who are favourers of Christianity, prevailed, in April 1851, and the Manono or pagan party, succumbed. This alone shows that the energy of idolatry is dwindling away in its last stronghold, for in every former contest, from time immemorial, the people of Manono had vanquished their enemies and had gained, in consequence, a certain degree of political supremacy over all the islands of the group. There are symptoms that the defeated faction are watching an opportunity to renew the contest, and there will probably be at least one more civil war before the remnants of heathenism are finally overthrown.

Following the westward course of Captain Erskine's vessel, we next touch at the remarkable group of the TONGA, or Friendly Islands; after Tahiti, the most classical region of the Pacific, and celebrated for many years among the wandering Europeans for the loveliness of its scenery, and those qualities of its inhabitants from whence it derives its popular name. According to such vague history as their traditions afford, corroborated by the accounts of travellers, the Tongans had been a peaceful and happy race until the latter years of the last century—denominated among themselves, says a French missionary, the 'malaia,' or evil season—when a series of destructive civil wars commenced among them, which decimated their population, and reduced the survivors to the worst conditions of Polynesian life. In 1797 they were first visited by agents of the London Missionary Society; but ultimately, under a judicious division of the field of labour, which was made about 1827, the Tonga islands and the Fijis were handed over to the Wesleyans, whose missionary institutions in these seas are under the control of a superintendent established in New Zealand; a post now worthily filled by the Rev. Walter Lawry, whose two interesting volumes are among the list of works at the head of this article. We should judge the author to be a man of a kindly and practical as well as religious spirit, in whom the peculiar views of the missionary have been a good deal tempered by considerable shrewdness of observation, by advancing age, and by that experience of the world which renders men at once more indulgent and less sanguine. The character of the individual who fills this post is of no small importance to the welfare of a certain portion of the earth's surface; for, not to mention the other successes of the Wesleyans, they have established at Tonga a more complete system of religious government than is now to be found anywhere else in the South Seas. Nearly all the population are converted; heathenism lingering only, if it can be said to linger, in a decaying political sect. Great strictness, both

of moral discipline and religious observance, are generally established. And the result is seen in an orderly and tractable Christian population, among whom the grosser vices of savage life seem nearly extirpated; polygamy has been abandoned; the ordinary habits of the men are peaceable, and of the women modest. We need not go further with Mr. Lawry, who boldly declares, 'I speak of the general state of public morals, when I say that I have never seen the wheat so free from chaff in any part of the world, as I have seen it in these islands.' The population is numerous, and, contrary to ordinary * Polynesian experience, increasing, the number of children being particularly remarked.

These successes have been by no means obtained without the aid of the temporal power. The wars between the Christian and heathen factions were fierce and long. The great supporter of the Christian cause of late years has been an eminent chief, baptised by the name of 'George,' who now, according to the Wesleyans, reigns over nearly all the islands 'et par droit de conquête, et par droit de naissance;' and we are concerned to hear, on the same authority, that our old friend Finow, the hero of Mariner's interesting semi-romance, was, in reality, not only an impostor, but 'a designing, murderous rebel.' King George, who triumphed over him, is at all events no common personage. 'That he was an ambitious man, and not a very scrupulous one, cannot be doubted,' says Captain Erskine; but he has held, with vigour and sagacity, the power thus dubiously won. 'He is a fine person, about six feet four inches high, and well proportioned, with a fine glow of comeliness, intelligence, and Christian benevolence;' but this stature by no means gives him the ascendancy of Agamemnon among his gigantic chiefs and councillors. Mr. Lawry, who evidently 'loves to look upon a Man,' and has taken some pains in recording the dimensions of several of these, notices one Sampson Latu, 'local preacher and teacher,' who stands six feet five and a half; Jeremiah, local preacher in Fiji, 'a man of a fine mind,' attains the same height: Adelaide, whose marriage to William, the son of the Tui Tonga, was witnessed by Mr. Lawry, was 'a fine girl, with long floating hair, and her stature of the full size: she measured five feet ten inches, and I am quite sure she would weigh two hundred pounds; but

* We have said but little of the common belief in the rapid depopulation of Polynesia, because we feel much difficulty in forming any general opinion on the subject. Suffice it to say that this decay, where it exists, is something quite distinct from the shortness of life of which we have spoken in particular localities, and seems to proceed from deficiency in the number of births. Some readers may recollect Count Strzelecki's singular and important theory on this subject, which, so far as we know, has neither been confirmed nor refuted. (*Quart. Rev.* vol. lxxvi., p. 517.)

it so happens there are no weights in Tonga sufficient to weigh her!’ Many anecdotes are recorded of the daring and policy by which King George paved the way for the introduction of Christianity among his people. Once—to recount a story which savours a little of tradition—‘One of the chief priests told George, that now he had abandoned their gods there was none to defend him, and one day the sharks would eat him, if he ventured into the sea—a thing which he knew George was very fond of doing. Instantly George challenged this priest to swim with him into the open ocean’ (that is, beyond the reefs, within which the sharks rarely venture), ‘which was accepted; the result was that George came in, after a long swim, in perfect safety, and the other was so torn by the shark’s teeth that he soon died.’

George is now in pretty constant practice as a preacher, and, as may be supposed of so great a monarch, an extremely ‘popular’ one. ‘In the pulpit,’ says Mr. Lawry, ‘he was dressed in a black coat, and his manner was solemn and earnest. He held in his hand a small bound manuscript book, but seldom looked at it. . . . It was affecting to see this dignified man stretching out his hands over his people, with one of his little fingers cut off as an offering to a heathen god.’

But however dignified in the pulpit, he can descend on proper occasions, like an Homeric sovereign (we are really ashamed of a comparison which the habits of these races so constantly bring to mind), to evince his superiority in the use of very different language, and scold his subjects in the roundest vernacular.

‘Addressing poor Silas,’ a dismissed teacher, who had raised a party in one of the islands, ‘the Sovereign said, “Why do you mention your paltry island here, and who made it yours? Who are you, and who were your fathers? I will tell you who my fathers were,” and he then enumerated them. “These were my ancestors; but who were yours? I will tell you who they were: they were my father’s cooks. Why, then, do you set up a claim to the insignificant islet which you call *yours*? Why did you not put it into a basket, and send it on board the canoe, and take it with you to Fiji?—then we should never have heard any more of you or your islet.” By this time Silas was holding down his head, glad to be hid, and praying to be forgiven.’

The head of what we must call the Heathen party, though it is now so reduced in numbers, and broken in power, as hardly to deserve the name, is the Tui Tonga, an hereditary chief, of divine origin, and with family precedence over ‘George’ himself, but whose rank, strange to say, seems eclipsed, according to the intricate etiquette of his country, by that of his own elder sisters and aunts. In the decline of his

authority he took up with the Romanists, and was a kind of Giant Pagan and Giant Pope in one. In the last volume of the '*Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*' there is a letter from Père Chevron, one of the priests, dated August 1852, announcing the recommencement of religious wars, the forced conversion of most of their flock, and the straits to which the remainder were then reduced in the siege of their last fort by a heretic chieftain of singular ferocity, meaning the royal preacher King George. A few days afterwards this last fort was taken by the king's army, and we have the testimony of an eye-witness, Captain Sir Everard Home, of her Majesty's ship *Calliope*, that this 'singularly ferocious chieftain' behaved with the utmost clemency, and successfully exerted himself in the fray to save the property and lives of the priests. After they fled from the island they lodged a complaint with Captain Belland, of the French ship-of-war *La Moselle*. He arrived in November, read the correspondence between George and the priests, acquitted his royal highness, acknowledged his supremacy, and received assurances in return that religious toleration should be the law of the land. Many of the vanquished chiefs renounced heathenism after their defeat, though the war is said by the Missionaries not to have been religious in its origin. The probability is that the motive of the Tui Tonga was to extend his rule, and the object of the Romish priests, who encouraged him, to extend their faith. When Captain Erskine was at Tonga the pagan party had not engaged in the contest which has proved so fatal to them, and that he found this fraction of the population less upright in their habits than the Protestant community, sufficiently shows that the Christianity of these islands has been something more than a name.

The Missionaries aver that they stood neutral in the quarrel, though their sympathies were of necessity with the king. Nevertheless the Wesleyans in these islands have been often accused of too great a reliance on the arm of flesh in their warfare against idolatry, we believe without much foundation, at least in later years. We need hardly refer to the stories of their cruelty towards heathen chiefs and their women, circulated by M. Dupetit Thouars and repeated by Sir Edward Belcher, except to express our entire disbelief in them; but it is not unlikely that they have been rendered responsible in public opinion for some of the deeds of violence committed by their associates in these religious wars. Thus much is certain, however the fact may stand as to the Wesleyans, that the signal inefficacy of the temporal arm in giving real aid to the establishment of religion has been nowhere more strongly evinced than in Polynesia. As among the barbarous races of Northern Europe fifteen hundred years ago, so in the Pacific

Pacific at the present day, the rejoicing of the missionaries over the conversion of a potent sovereign is always soon followed by complaints either of the spread of a mere nominal belief, or of bitter dissensions, re-action, and decline. It is so natural, in a path beset with danger and trial, to lean on the first strong staff that offers itself, that these good men might be forgiven if they did sometimes forget how certain this one is to break, and wound the hand of the holder. In earlier times the missionaries, to keep their flock in order, would sometimes allude to the possible visit of a ship of war in the event of any outrageous disobedience.* On this head, it is to be trusted, we have at last become decided in our views. No instance of armed interference on the part of British officers in the religious dissensions of the natives can be cited since the unhappy attack on the heathen fort of Bea, in these very Tonga islands, in 1840, by a gallant commander, whose life paid the forfeit of his error. The failure of the French is sufficient to teach us wisdom: the habit of their officers of constantly threatening the visit of armed forces to protect their missionaries in these seas, has involved the nation in an unpopularity which no exertion of the priests has hitherto been able to overcome. It is satisfactory to observe the perfect appreciation of his duty in this respect which characterises the narrative of Captain Erskine, and how sedulously he avoided all intermeddling with the concerns of the many tribes whom he visited, except in the way of mediation and advice. In one direction only does it seem to us that the employment of armed authority might be judiciously extended, and that is in controlling the excesses committed with impunity by lawless Europeans.

But the missionary whose heart is in his work must do more than abjure recourse to external protection—he must (still harsher trial to flesh and blood) abjure also the use of the ordinary means of self-defence. Natural instinct is at hand to tell him that the display of a force which he never means to exert may be of the highest value in securing for him at the outset the respect and attention of the fierce race among whom he is sent; but passive as such a display may be, it seems to be infallibly injurious to his cause. The collisions between natives and Europeans will almost always be found to arise from some exhibition of force on the one side, exciting alarm or passion

* 'A missionary,' says Dr. Russell in his 'Polynesia,' in 'endeavouring to convince some natives of their sin, said, "friends, your deeds are written in a book." Interrupting me with impatience, "what book?" cried the chief speaker. He feared that the Europeans had been writing to King William. His impatience was wrought up to the highest pitch; and I was obliged to assume a serious air, and say, "the book is in heaven." "Oh, very good," he replied, seeming to be visibly relieved by the explanation.'

on the other. Remove the possibility of resistance, and even the wildest savages will respect the hero who trusts himself among them unarmed and undaunted. The Wesleyans in the Fiji group have now dwelt for years among the most sanguinary barbarians of the earth, wholly defenceless, and as yet, says Mr. Lawry, no injury whatever has been committed on them. In one instance, recorded by Captain Erskine, two ladies, wives of these missionaries, went in a canoe, in their husbands' absence, to an adjoining island, having received information that a party of captured native women were being slaughtered and eaten. Ten had already been consumed at the feast—three alone remained, and the ladies entered the scene of these cannibal orgies, and boldly demanded that the survivors should be spared. The presiding chief, filled with wonder at their temerity, granted the request, saying, 'Those who are dead are dead, those who are alive shall live.' The Bishop of New Zealand (we are told by Captain Erskine) will not allow a weapon of any kind to be taken on board the little vessel which carries him on his voyages of conversion; and, although his life has been once or twice in danger from outbursts of unpremeditated violence, he has as yet incurred no malicious hostility.

Captain Erskine charges the missionaries at Tonga with the exhibition of a rather 'dictatorial spirit' towards the chiefs and people. 'The missionaries seemed to live much more apart from the natives than at Samoa, where free access is allowed to them at all times.' Nor must we permit ourselves to exaggerate the benefits which their instruction has imparted; proud as they may justly be of their victories over heathenism, the work is as yet essentially incomplete. It has been hitherto a defect in the Methodist training, that it cultivates the spiritual to the neglect of the intellectual part of man; that it encourages the dreamy indolence and self-abandonment of the savage; that, except in religion, the Tongans are scarcely at all advanced beyond their heathen fathers, and show neither aptitude nor desire for civilisation. 'They can subsist upon very little,' says Mr. Lawry, 'and prefer idleness and poverty to labour and plenty.' He laments the fault, ascribes it to the heat of the climate, and thinks that wants will gradually spring up which will give a stimulus to exertion. The chance of a change should not be left to the course of events, but every effort should be made to combat a propensity which must prove the canker of Christianity.

'Very little progress,' Mr. Lawry elsewhere admits, 'has been hitherto made in the civilisation of the South Sea tribes, in the Friendly Islands and Feejee: nor are the signs at all encouraging in that matter. The expectations

expectations entertained in England are by no means realised on the spot; at least not with the rapidity which hope had painted, but left experience to correct. I am of opinion that the probable working out of the problem will be this:—That the Gospel preached by our devoted countrymen will save the souls of multitudes in these isles; that this grace will soften their hearts, and change their national character from warriors to men of love and peace; that the tide of emigration will sooner or later flow to their shores, and that a fine new race of civilised, mixed people, will cover this part of the earth. Thus, while a remnant of them shall be saved, God will show mercy to all who will accept it; and his retributive providence will be seen in the extinction of a nation (as such) that has been so deeply stained with the orgies of idolatry and with blood.'—*First Visit*, p. 136.

Education, he acknowledges in his second visit, had been too long neglected, and that the utmost exertion must be made to supply it. We augur the best results from the confession. Every fresh progress brings new duties, and nowhere is it so necessary as in Polynesia to forget the conquests achieved, and grapple boldly and speedily with the evils which survive.

In one respect the Wesleyan system accommodates itself remarkably well to the tendencies of Polynesian converts: namely, in the ready provision which it makes for receiving them into the active service of the Church. These islands swarm with 'local preachers,' of which there are now 487, besides 726 day-school teachers. The attire of the inhabitants is a garment which reaches from the loins downwards, leaving the upper part of the body uncovered, but many of the preachers add a shirt, which they carry on their arm during the warm walk to chapel, regarding it exclusively as an official robe and not as an article of dress. They sometimes forget to put it on before ascending the pulpit, and then they perform the operation in the presence of the congregation, without its being thought to derogate in the least from the dignity of the preacher, or the solemnity of the occasion. Simple, however, as are the notions and requirements of the auditors, the easy admission to the office of religious teaching is an advantage not unattended with danger: for it flatters not only the vanity of the natives, but that addiction to loose and exaggerated talk which is one of their besetting sins. The missionaries themselves complain of the difficulty of distinguishing between true earnestness and a child-like ambition for exhibiting an intense interest in matters into which they do not really enter, and playing, as it were, at being religious. They find that too many of their most specious converts resemble Mr. Talkative, the son of one Saywell, of Prating Row: 'all he hath lieth in his tongue, and his religion is to make a noise therewith.' This fluency is a characteristic of the race in other matters besides religion.

religion. We have already alluded to the Samoan taste for political oratory; in New Zealand Sir George Grey has informed us that the first result of general education among the chiefs was found to be a passion for letter-writing, and that they were constantly engaged in correspondence on trifling or imaginary subjects. In the same country the endless discussions between High Church and Low Church natives became at one time almost an obstacle to improvement, and the arguments occasionally ended, we believe, in an appeal to the old club-law.

It is another and a more serious question, whether the tendency to asceticism which has distinguished the training of Protestant missionaries among these nations, and of the Wesleyans more especially, has or has not been productive on the whole of benefit. Common opinion is undoubtedly against it. The ordinary complaint of casual visitors is, that the religious instructors of these reclaimed savages have endeavoured to strain the bow too far in the new direction; that they have destroyed the elements of manliness and cheerfulness in their national character, and substituted for them a slavish spirit of submission, or, at best, a hopeless apathy. Nor are the arguments used by many of the missionaries themselves in this controversy calculated to attract impartial judges to their side of the question.—‘To be happy, a man must be solemn; and the difference is small between mirth and madness!’ Not so, good Walter Lawry, and, if it were so, what are we to think of various anecdotes distinguished chiefly for their quiet drollery which agreeably diversify your demure pages? But the missionaries have far stronger grounds to rest on, when they point to the peculiarities of native life and habits with which they had to contend. In this warfare, they say, there can be no compromise between light and darkness, Christ and Belial. The savage must break wholly and without reserve the chains which attach him to his former creed, or he must remain for ever a slave to it. Now the force of association is such, that what is in itself harmless or even commendable, becomes most mischievous, as being inseparably connected with what is evil. His case is that of St. Augustine’s friend, the fiery neophyte Alypius, when one glance into the amphitheatre roused up again his fierce Pagan propensities, and extinguished the work of grace. The manly games of the warriors are inspiring and invigorating, but the slightest indulgence in them is enough to awaken the slumbering Até in the soul of the chief. Sweet are the moonlight dance and song under the cocoa-nut grove, but the feelings which they recall are but a bad preservative for the island maiden against the seductions

tions which encompass her Christian career. The savage can no more be reclaimed from his idolatries to a course of decorous and temperate worldly enjoyment than the confirmed drunkard to moderate indulgence. In such cases one line only is free—resist the evil one, and he will flee from you; negotiate and make terms with him, and he is your master for ever.

This is the logic of Puritanism; and although Puritanism has long ceased to exhibit itself on a great scale, as formerly, among the nations of Western Europe, we must not therefore deceive ourselves as to the real power or value of this awful agent, for grinding to powder old and tottering institutions, for rending in pieces the crust of prejudices and inert habits which accumulate round the human heart, for re-invigorating a stationary age with new and sometimes perilous spirit. It is still among us and around us, and performing wonders which seem only to prefigure greater events to come, before which the petty and balanced agitation of our ordinary religious and political parties becomes as nothing. In America the people of Massachusetts, the most sagacious in the world, have just submitted themselves to the yoke of the 'Maine law,' which makes the sale of fermented liquors an indictable offence, and this with the marked assent of public opinion. Do we suppose that their legislators were ignorant of the maxims, common to triviality, about the danger of re-action, and the danger of hypocrisy? Do they believe that the ordinary propensities of man can be controlled by the enactment of a republic, any more than by the ukase of a Czar? Not so; but they see all around them the devastations of an enemy who threatens not only to corrupt their society, but the very physical constitution of their race. They know that against such an antagonist half measures are of no earthly avail—that it must either be left unopposed, or grappled with as a mortal foe; and while numbers content themselves with the firm conviction that this is an immediate and pressing duty, and purposely refuse to look further, the more far-seeing are disposed to agree, though with doubt and trembling, because they believe that, although abuse will doubtless recur in its own time, the temporary shock may suffice to turn back thousands who are now on the high road to destruction. Thus is Puritanism acting now, in the commonwealth of the old Blue Laws and witch persecutions, and with more or less energy over the whole of the vast continent which that little commonwealth has leavened. And the great movement now in progress in China, whatever other elements it may possess, is assuredly in part a phenomenon of the same order—a fierce blaze of Puritan zeal, not chiefly against effete idolatries, but against that dominion of monstrous

monstrous profligacy which signalizes the decline of a nation. Amidst events of such magnitude, the theocratic development of society in Polynesia sinks into insignificance. But it must be taken into account with other symptoms of the re-appearance, in this world's affairs, of that mighty influence which modern philosophy had imagined buried with the desecrated corpses of Cromwell and Vane, and which is destined perhaps to play no ordinary part in the next great stir of the elements of society among ourselves.

Here we take our leave of the Eastern Archipelago of the Pacific, or Polynesia Proper, unless the questionable Fiji group is still to be ranked as part of it. Melanesia lies before us, the youngest quarter of the world, and as yet the least visited, but likely soon to add contributions of no common interest to the history of Christian enterprise. It is in this region that the Bishop of New Zealand, interpreting, as we have been told, into a kind of call from above, a singular official mistake, by which his episcopal diocese was made to spread over some thousand leagues of ocean, has commenced his most remarkable career of missionary activity. To these subjects, and to the still more important topics afforded by the religious progress of New Zealand itself, we trust to take an early opportunity of introducing our readers.

ART. IV.—1. *Biographie de M. Guizot.* Par E. Pascallet. Paris, 1841. 8vo.

2. *Notice Biographique sur la Vie et sur les Travaux de M. Guizot.* Par Felix Droüin. Paris, 1841. 8vo.

3. *Biographie de M. Guizot.* Par Th. Deschères. Paris, 1842. 8vo.

4. *M. Guizot.* Par un Homme de Rien. Paris (sans date). 8vo.

M. GUIZOT has shared the usual fate of eminent persons in France, where it is much more common than with us to publish biographies of living men, in being made the hero of numerous narratives, not one of which gives a tolerable account of his motives and actions. Such ephemeral productions are below criticism, and even where they have a temporary life they may be safely left to perish from their inherent feebleness. It is with a far more important purpose than to rescue M. Guizot from the rapid perversions of bad biographers that we are about to attempt a review of his distinguished career. From the hour that he entered into public life he has been an influential actor in the great events which were passing around him, and for many years he was, in power as well as reputation, the leading statesman of France.

France. The objects at which he has steadily aimed, and the reasons why he failed to attain his ends, are little understood; and as the history involves the causes of the frequent revolutions which have distracted his country, and a description of the evils which still lie at the root and corrupt the tree, we know no better method of indicating the political errors and prospects of France than in connexion with the persevering but fruitless endeavours of this illustrious statesman.

It was on the 3rd Germinal, an II. (5th April, 1794), the very day of the execution of Danton, that the national guard of Remoulins seized a gentleman, who said his name was François Giraud, of Nîmes. The capture took place in the middle of the night at the *ci-devant Croix de Ledenon*—*ci-devant*, because the very name of the Cross was then forbidden by a republic which had proclaimed unbounded religious freedom. The next day the prisoner was interrogated by the *Comité de Surveillance* of the commune of Remoulins. Having been conveyed to Nîmes without delay, he was on the 19th of the same month condemned to death by sentence of the judges of the Criminal Court, and immediately executed. He had originally been suspected of undefined conspiracies against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic, but as he did not think proper to obey the summons the court paid no attention to the charges. He was condemned solely for his contumacy, and *ipso facto* outlawed and executed,—a proceeding similar to what the French judges still call a *condamnation par contumace*. The original sentence, of which we subjoin an extract, may still be seen among the archives (*greffe*) of what is now the Imperial Court of Nîmes:—

‘The tribunal, having heard the public accuser, pronouncing judgment without any appeal whatever, according to the powers conferred on it by the *Représentant du Peuple* on the 8th of the present month, and according to the law of the 23rd Ventose last, which says,—

“Every one accused of any conspiracy against the Republic, who will not obey the summons, shall be put *hors de la loi*,”—

‘Has declared and declares that the accused is *hors de la loi*, and consequently orders that the said accused shall be delivered within twenty-four hours to the executioner and put to death.

‘Further, according to the 2nd article of the law of the 4th of September last (old style), which says,—

“All the property of individuals who at Marseilles, or in the neighbouring departments, rise against the National authority is to be confiscated, and specially applied to the indemnification due to the *persecuted patriots* in the same localities,”—

‘The tribunal orders also that the property of the said accused shall be confiscated for the benefit of the republic, and specially applied to the indemnification due to the persecuted patriots in these districts.

‘And

‘And in consequence of the said confiscation the tribunal orders, according to the law of the 19th Brumaire last, that the children of the said accused, if he has any, shall be received into the Foundling Hospital, and brought up according to the law of the 1st of July last.’

This document is not an exceptional one, and thousands of the same kind may be found in the *greffes* of the Courts of France. The country—*La Vendée* and the *émigrés* excepted—was not then, as many contend, labouring under the convulsive agitation of a revolutionary agony; but was, on the contrary, strongly supporting the government, and the more illegal and tyrannical it became the more the enthusiasm increased. France was fighting *en masse* against Europe on behalf of these rulers. The populace were butchering the élite of society for the glorification of the Convention, and cheering the members of that assembly who were inaugurating the guillotine in the provinces. In the language of a clever and courageous author, M. Vitet, the people seemed only to employ their voices to vituperate, and their hands to throw mud at, their victims. It was in a word a nation which, several months after the fall and death of Robespierre, ordered the apotheosis of the execrable Marat, and erected public altars to him in Paris.

The gentleman who called himself Giraud, in order to prevent the friend in whose house he was found from incurring any danger, disclosed his true name as soon as he was in the hands of his judges, and, refusing the generous offer of a compassionate gendarme, who volunteered, at the peril of his own life, to contrive his escape, marched to the scaffold. His true name was Guizot, the father of the celebrated statesman, whom, as we have just seen, the merciful republic ordered to be thrown into a foundling hospital, there to receive such an education as might suit the authors of the tragedy.

M. Guizot is descended from an ancient family, which was divided into two branches. The Catholic branch was established in Limousin and at Toulouse, and in the sixteenth century, furnished several *Capitouls*, or chief civic magistrates, to that town; the Protestant branch had settled at Nîmes, where, amongst his numerous ancestors, we shall mention only the illustrious Castelnau family, with which the family of Sir J. Boileau, Bart., is connected. The Boileaus (who left France for England at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes) derive their descent from the celebrated Etienne Boileau, who was *prévôt des marchands* under the reign of St. Louis, and was the author of an exceedingly interesting work called the *Livre des Métiers*.

M. Guizot, who perished from the revolutionary mania in 1794, was a lawyer, and, though only 27 years of age at his death,

death, had earned a high reputation in his native town. He had married, in 1786, Mademoiselle Elizabeth Sophia Bonicel, whose father was a respectable Protestant vicar. Her rare worth, and her attachment to the memory of her husband, whom she mourned at the end of her life, after 54 years of widowhood, almost as deeply as on the day of his death, inspired every one with admiration. She never parted for a single moment with the last letter which she received from him, and always wore it, enclosed in a case, next her heart. At the period of the birth of the future statesman (4th October, 1787) the French Protestants had not acquired the civil rights which, but two months after, Louis XVI. conferred on them. They had no churches, no public worship, no recognised marriages; they were hardly reckoned amongst moral beings. Even in the towns where, as at Nîmes, they formed a large and respectable body of many thousands, the French Protestants, notwithstanding the eloquent denunciations of Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and other enemies of persecution and intolerance, were not allowed to offer in common their prayers to the Almighty. In order to hear the exhortations of their pastors, they were obliged to repair to some remote and concealed spot—they called it the *Desert*—to which they were frequently tracked by the police, who dispersed them by firing at them as if they had been wild beasts. In her youth, Madame Guizot, who all her life was conspicuous for her firm attachment to her religious principles, had often joined the congregation at the *Desert*, in defiance of the *fusillades* by which the meetings were constantly terminated. Persecution indeed never fails to increase the devotion of high-minded persons to the faith of their fathers, and it is evident how hopefully the French Protestants must have received the announcements of the reforms which were promised in 1789. But as their religious and moral principles were still unimpaired, while those of the Catholics had generally given place to sceptical or atheistical notions,* they

* It is to Voltaire and his coterie that the infidelity of France in the eighteenth century is generally ascribed; but it must be remarked that amongst a truly religious people these attacks upon Christianity would have excited disgust instead of sympathy. Voltaire was really the child of an antecedent infidelity as well as the parent of much of the subsequent license. Sceptical notions had already spread widely over France in the beginning of the eighteenth century; and there is extant a letter of the Princess Palatine—the mother of the *Regent Orleans*—in which she expresses herself thus:—‘I do not believe that there are at this moment in Paris—counting ecclesiastics as well as laymen—one hundred persons who hold the Christian faith, even to the extent of believing in the existence of our Saviour! I shudder with horror!’ A whole century before, the Père Mersenne, the celebrated friend of Pascal and Descartes, had stated in his *Commentary on Genesis* (printed in 1623) that Paris alone contained 50,000 atheists; and that sometimes twelve of them were to be found together in the same house.

took a much less prominent part in the horrors which succeeded. Some even tried to resist, and, like M. Guizot's father, perished in the attempt.

After the dreadful catastrophe the unfortunate widow displayed a Roman firmness. Left with two infants (M. Guizot had a younger brother, who died about fifteen years ago), and surrounded with implacable foes, she never lost her presence of mind. She saw that henceforth her duty in life was to devote herself exclusively to the training of her children, and believing that France could not afford them a religious, moral, and intellectual education, she collected all the pecuniary means which remained to her, and, as soon as she was permitted to leave Nîmes, went with her children to Geneva, where she remained for six years superintending their studies. The young Guizot made rapid progress in classical studies, in philosophy, and in mathematics, to which latter science he applied himself with ardour,* under the celebrated professor Lhuillier. His aptitude for acquiring languages was astonishing. We have ourselves heard him reciting the most beautiful Canzoni of Petrarch, which he had learned by heart at Geneva more than forty years before; and he was so familiar with German, that his first historical essay (on the study of history) was originally written in that language, and printed in the *Morgenblatt* in the year 1809. But what conferred more honour upon him than even his literary progress were the regular habits of life, the reflective mind, the philosophic views, the feelings of impartiality and justice, and, above all, the moral courage, which we consider to be the distinguishing features of his character. All who have known M. Guizot intimately have observed how little there is in him of the peculiar French element. In his speech, in his writings, in his countenance, in his conduct, there is a steadiness and seriousness which is the reverse of national, and which, doubtless, he owes to Geneva. This peculiarity, while it was one of the causes of the esteem with which he was regarded abroad, did not contribute, we suspect, to make him popular in France, where *esprits* and volatile characters (*bons enfans*) are often more appreciated than strong, reflective minds, and stern, inflexible dispositions.

In the year 1805 M. Guizot left Geneva and went to Paris to study jurisprudence. There the steadiness of his conduct and the precocity of his talents gained him the friendship of several

* M. Thiers was also very skilful in mathematics; and we have been assured that in his early life he composed a treatise on trigonometry, which has never, however, been published.

eminent men, and among them of M. Stapfer, formerly Minister Plenipotentiary of Switzerland in Paris, who acted the part of a father to him, and under whose direction he applied himself to German philosophy and theology. M. Suard, who, with his learned circle, then exercised a great literary authority in Paris, no sooner became acquainted with the young *étudiant en droit*, than he proposed to him to furnish some articles to the *Publiciste*, a periodical which two years later was suppressed by the imperial police. After contributing to the *Publiciste* and *Les Archives Littéraires*, M. Guizot in the year 1809, published a *Dictionary of Synonymes* in two volumes, which is still a standard work in France, and has frequently been reprinted. In common with nearly all men who have become distinguished as authors, he paid a passing tribute to poetry by writing a tragedy, *Titus Sabinus*, the subject of which he borrowed from the Fourth Book of Tacitus. It has never been published. It is a curious fact that a man who has placed himself at the head of the modern historical school of his country did not, at the beginning of his literary career, show any strong predilection for the study. While he applied himself to almost every other branch of knowledge, the pursuit to which he was to owe so much of his fame was rather neglected. The reasons which finally induced him to turn his attention to it are stated in a letter which he addressed some years ago to a friend, and which now lies before us:—

‘It was in Paris in the year 1808, when I began to think about a new translation of Gibbon, with notes and corrections, that I became interested in historical inquiries. The history of the establishment of Christianity inspired me with a passionate interest. I read the fathers of the Church, and the great works of the German writers relating to that period. Never did any study more captivate my mind. It was by those researches, and by the philosophy of Kant, that I was led to the study of German literature. As to my investigations into the history of the ancient legislation of Europe, I undertook them when I was appointed in 1811 professor of modern history, at the Faculty of Letters in Paris, and with a special view to my lectures on the origin of the modern civilisation of Europe. I then plunged into the original chronicles, charters, the civil and ecclesiastical laws of the barbarians and of the middle ages. The works of the modern historians, especially the Germans, helped me much, but, while studying them, I always consulted the original documents, and verified the accuracy of their statements. I thus learnt to entertain the greatest esteem for the German historians, but not to follow them implicitly. They have great knowledge and much penetration, but not always accurate views, nor sufficient political intelligence. They seldom depict correctly the characters and manners of different nations, and they do not even follow with complete exactness the order of events.’

The

The translation of Gibbon,* which gave birth to such important results, was published, in thirteen volumes, in 1812; and the new commentary of M. Guizot was received with considerable favour. It is characteristic of the youthful annotator that with all his admiration for the great historian, he emphatically censured the predilection shown by Gibbon for material grandeur over moral fortitude, as evinced in his depreciation of the heroic courage of the Christian martyrs, and his exaltation of the ferocious exploits of Tamerlane.

We have seen that M. Guizot was a contributor to one of the few periodicals which the Buonaparte government allowed to exist. These journals afforded some slight resource to several distinguished persons whom the Revolution had ruined. Among them was Mlle. de Meulan, whose family had been formerly wealthy, and who now contrived, by great talent, and still greater courage, to eke out her means by the use of her pen. This was a harassing life, and her health soon failed. On becoming acquainted with the fact, M. Guizot, to whom she was scarcely known, sent to the *Publiciste* several articles in her name. She at last discovered the friend who had so delicately assisted her, and the consequence of the intimacy which resulted was, that, though Mlle. de Meulan was much older than M. Guizot, and might almost have been his mother, a marriage ensued. The union proved a happy one; and, what was of no slight importance, Mme. Guizot, whose moral tales and educational writings are among the best French works of that description, repaid to some extent the original obligation, and was a literary as well as a domestic helpmate to her husband.

Though M. Guizot was already considered one of the future luminaries of France, he was never employed by the Imperial Government. Baron Pasquier, then *Préfet de Police*, and who, under Louis Philippe, we have seen at the head of the Chamber of Peers, wished to have him appointed an *auditeur* to the *Conseil d'Etat*, which was a sort of nursery of the imperial functionaries. He spoke of him to the Duke of Bassano, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who in the year 1810 directed M. Guizot to draw up a memoir on the exchange of the English prisoners at Morlaix with the French prisoners in England. All the necessary documents were put into his hands, and he digested

* The first French translation of Gibbon was published by Leclerc de Sept-Chênes, who was the instructor of Louis XVI. in the English language. It is now a well-authenticated fact that Louis XVI. was the translator of a portion of the first volume, and that he only desisted from his task when he reached the chapter where Gibbon attacks the historical foundation of Christianity. This translation of Louis XVI. makes part of the publication of Leclerc de Sept-Chênes, and was adopted in a revised form in the edition of M. Guizot.

a paper which was submitted to Buonaparte, who undoubtedly was not pleased with it, as the author never heard anything more on the subject. The plan of M. Guizot was devised with the *bonâ fide* intention of facilitating the exchange, while Buonaparte only wanted to impress the French public with the belief that he was making pacific offers to England, and that England rejected them. About the same time M. Guizot, who, through the influence of the then grand master of the university, Fontanes, had been elected a professor in the Faculty of Letters of Paris, received an intimation that his introductory lecture was expected to contain an eulogium on the master of France. The lecture was delivered without the panegyric, and M. Guizot had thenceforth nothing to hope from the Imperial Government. From what we now know of the philosophical turn of his mind, and his habit of developing general principles, it is evident that he could never have found much favour with Buonaparte, who always discountenanced speculative men.

It was not until the Restoration that M. Guizot entered into political life, and he was still too young to take a prominent part, because, by the *Charte* of 1814, no one could be elected a member of parliament under forty years of age. It was not easy to put in practice the Constitution granted by Louis XVIII., for constitutional liberty was a boon to which the bulk of the nation were strangers. There was neither political education nor political ideas among the people. The few true constitutionalists of 1789 had either perished on the scaffold or died in indigence and exile. The Republicans had generally bowed to the imperial despotism; and, under any circumstances, it was not amongst the partizans of the government of 1793 that the supporters of rational freedom were to be sought. There was, indeed, such a perversion of ideas on the subject, that in the eyes of the masses the soldiers of Buonaparte represented the liberal party, from the mere fact that they were engaged in defending the national independence against foreign armies. The *émigrés*, the natural and legitimate supporters of the new *régime*, were so totally unacquainted with the existing state of France, and were so disliked by the nation, that, instead of adding strength to the government, they were a source of excessive embarrassment. Their habits and claims, their political and religious prejudices, were looked upon with suspicion, while their antiquated costume and demeanour were the theme of general ridicule. Above all, a rejected dynasty, brought back by foreign bayonets, and princes whose very names were new to the majority of the people, rendered every possible course unpopular. Buona-

parte was hated, but the Bourbons were not loved, and affairs had arrived at that condition that no ruler or system was left which had the confidence of the country. Manifestations, to be sure, of the most enthusiastic nature took place at the downfall of the imperial power, but the restored princes remembered too well the still more enthusiastic fêtes which, twenty years before, had celebrated the destruction of the French monarchy, to attach much importance to the rejoicings. They were aware that all the speeches emphatically delivered by the corporate bodies to every successive government were only a sort of canvassing for places. Their esteem for the nation which they saw prostrated at their feet was not likely to be increased by the sight of persons fastening their crosses of the Legion of Honour to the tails of Cossacks' horses, while others attached themselves to the ropes by which the mob attempted to pull down from the column of the *Place Vendôme* the Emperor's statue, which they had previously all but worshipped.

The nation was worn out and impoverished by perpetual wars, and with a diminished population it wanted only repose and peace. The little political vigour which remained was exerted in securing personal interests, or took the form of a pervading discontent, which was directed to no well-defined end. Those who clamoured for securing the *conquests of the Revolution* were much more anxious to preserve the conquests they had made of the estates of the upper classes, than to promote the public liberties; while the grand aim of the *émigrés* was naturally to obtain the restoration of the property of which they had been despoiled. It was amidst these difficulties, and exposed to the indifference and even dislike of the great majority of persons of all descriptions, that a handful of highminded men, headed by the king himself, endeavoured to establish in France a constitutional government. In spite of every obstacle the attempt succeeded for a longer time than could have been anticipated—thanks to the honest and liberal feelings of Louis XVIII., to whose memory France ought not to be ungrateful—and thanks also to a small but strong phalanx, such as Professor Royer Collard, Marshal Gouvion Saint Cyr, the Abbé de Montesquiou, and Camille Jordan, all of whom have passed away. Though still very young, M. Guizot had a prominent place in this first constitutional party, of which he is now one of the last conspicuous survivors.

Of all the impediments which the founders of a liberal government had to encounter then and afterwards, the most difficult to surmount was the contempt for legal restraints which years of arbitrary

arbitrary government had produced. The majesty of the law had been so incessantly violated by the tyranny of mobs, or the tyranny of their rulers, that a disrespect for its provisions became, and continues, an habitual feeling among the French, and this with regard to private as well as political affairs. A single example, which occurred at the moment, will serve as a type of the mode of procedure which was in favour on the other side of the Channel. The *Journal des Débats*, managed at the period of the Revolution by two clever brothers of the name of Bertin, was exposed under Buonaparte to the most savage persecution. In 1801 the Bertins were prohibited from writing in their journal, and one of them was exiled to the island of Elba. Afterwards, in spite of the title it assumed of *Journal de l'Empire*, the newspaper got again into disgrace, and was transferred, according to imperial usage, to more Buonapartist authors.* At the fall of Buonaparte the natural course would have been to obtain an order for the restitution of the property. But this course was too complex for Frenchmen, and a more summary mode of proceeding was adopted. The two Bertins, who were men of almost gigantic stature and strength, accompanied by M. Armand Bertin, the present editor, also a very powerful man, armed themselves with bludgeons, and, entering the office of the newspaper, drove away, cudgel in hand, the imperial *rédacteurs*. The *Journal des Débats* supported monarchical principles, and such were the editors to whom the constitutional party was obliged to intrust the hard task of impressing daily upon Frenchmen the respect due to the law of the land.

* The decree by which Buonaparte confiscated this newspaper in 1811 is worth giving, as an instance of the flimsy pretences which he had the courage to put forth as his justification for violating the rights of property and the freedom of the press:—'Seeing that the proceeds of a journal can only become property by an express grant made by us, seeing that the *Journal de l'Empire* has not been granted by us to anybody, and that the present proprietors have realised considerable profits in consequence of the suppression of thirty newspapers,—profits which they have enjoyed for a great number of years, and which have more than indemnified them for any sacrifices they can have made in the course of their undertaking—seeing moreover that not only the censorship, but even every species of influence over the reduction of the journal should exclusively belong to safe men, known for their attachment to our person, and for their independence (*éloignement*) of all foreign influence and correspondence, we have decreed and do decree as follows.' This singular state document then proceeds to divide the property into twenty-four shares, eight of which are to belong to the government, and sixteen to be distributed by Napoleon among individuals who have done him some service. When a shareholder died, his portion was to revert to the emperor, to be conferred upon another convenient tool. The shareholders were to manage the paper, and Napoleon, in consideration of his eight shares, was to be represented at the office by a *Commissary of Police*. The whole is signed by himself, and was so rigorously executed that the Bertins were compelled to give up the balance they had in hand, while those who had lent considerable sums upon the security of the paper were refused a single sou of principal or interest.

This state of affairs could not fail to lead to a catastrophe. A military revolution brought Buonaparte back to Paris, and compelled Louis XVIII. to seek shelter at Ghent. All Europe again took arms against the great disturber of the public peace, and France thenceforth could expect nothing but a fresh invasion and numberless calamities. The natural result of the event was to weaken the influence of the constitutional party and to give more credit to the absolutists who surrounded Louis XVIII. at Ghent, and who, headed by the Duke of Blacas, impressed the king with the idea that every attempt to establish a constitution would unavoidably lead to new revolutions. M. Guizot, who had censured Gibbon for his admiration of Tamerlane, and his indifference to moral principles, soon perceived that Tamerlane was at Paris, and that the germ of all the liberty feasible was at Ghent. Accordingly he accepted the task of pleading in the name of the constitutional party the cause of freedom before Louis XVIII. Happily he succeeded, and this step, with which he has been so bitterly reproached, was in reality the first great political service he rendered his country. He took the measure openly and courageously, according to his habit, while many others played a double game, and awaited in silence the issue of the contest. He would have preferred the peaceful establishment of a constitutional government, without being driven to purchase it by the blow which his country received at Waterloo, but for a liberal mind there was no choice between freedom and Tamerlane, and it is not our province to complain if France was emancipated by the Duke of Wellington and a British army. It would not be difficult to prove that the men who then remained in Paris to watch events in order that they might make a display of their national feelings, or welcome the victory of the allies, according to circumstances, did not possess the patriotic sentiments of the *men of Ghent*. An anecdote which, several years since, was related to us by the present Nestor of French science, M. Biot, will illustrate the comparative patriotism of the respective parties. At the Restoration, while the army of the allies was still encamped in the suburbs of Paris, Louis XVIII. made a short stay at St. Ouen, before entering his capital. Numerous distinguished persons proceeded there to pay their respects to the prince who had just proclaimed the basis of constitutional liberty. One day M. Biot, M. Royer Collard, and M. Guizot, on going thither in a carriage, had to pass through the camp. At the sight of the foreign soldiers M. Guizot looked sternly mournful, and M. Biot was so much affected that, seized by a species of nervous fit, he began to sob. Upon this Royer Collard pointed at M. Biot in a satirical manner

manner and said, 'Then you have still a French heart? I have long since lost mine!' A few years afterwards a body of French liberals and Buonapartists made a hostile demonstration on the left bank of the Bidassoa against the army which was about to invade Spain, and for his participation in the movement, Armand Carrel was twice condemned to death, as a traitor. The sentence was annulled, and this alliance with foreign troops against his own countrymen did not prevent him from being, after 1830, the favourite leader of that very republican party who were constantly hurling anathemas against the *men of Ghent*.

To explain thoroughly the various phases of the life of M. Guizot from 1814 to 1830, it would be necessary to sketch the political history of France. But without entering at large upon so extensive a subject, it is at least indispensable to remember a few leading particulars. Before the *Cent Jours* an attempt towards the fusion of the different parties was made under the ministry of the Abbé de Montesquiou. After the battle of Waterloo, under the ministries of the Duke of Richelieu and of the Duke Descazes, the constitution was endangered from two opposite quarters—the Ultra Royalists, and the secret societies composed of Republicans and Buonapartists. The influence of the *ultras*, as they were then called, produced the reactionary chamber called the *Chambre introuvable*, which Louis XVIII. had the good sense to dissolve on the 5th of September 1816. On the other side the influence of the secret societies brought about the assassination of the Duke de Berri in the year 1820. This crime proved a heavy blow to the establishment of liberty in France, which was still further impeded by three important events: the formation of the Villèle ministry, the invasion of Spain, and the death of Louis XVIII. Under Charles X., who, during his brother's reign, was considered the true leader of the absolutists, reaction made such rapid progress, that within three years it provoked the liberal elections of 1828, and led to the appointment of the Martignac ministry, which, in spite of its good intentions, was not strong enough to check the backward tendencies of the Court on the one hand and the excited feelings of the nation on the other: At last Charles X. drew the sword and threw away the scabbard, by appointing Prince Polignac his prime minister. The Revolution of 1830 was the answer to that provocation.

It is almost needless to say that M. Guizot was a supporter of the government under those ministries with which he had at least a general community of opinion, and that he was in the opposition under anti-liberal administrations. In 1814 he was appointed Secretary-General to the Minister of the Interior, an office

office analogous to that of our Under-Secretary of State. By putting a liberal, a protestant, and a *bourgeois*, as was M. Guizot, at the side of a royalist, an ecclesiastic, and a nobleman, as was his chief the Abbé de Montesquiou, Louis XVIII. gave a proof of his sincere wish to effect a fusion between all that was best in the nation.

After the *Cent Jours*, M. Guizot held a similar position, but retired when the ministry of the Marquis Barbè Marbois was overthrown. In 1816 he presented a memoir to Louis XVIII., urging him to dissolve the *Chambre introuvable*, and, on his courageous advice being accepted, he was appointed *Conseiller d'Etat* by the new ministry, in conjunction with several of the strongest supporters of parliamentary freedom. Under the reaction which took place after the death of the Duke de Berry, the well-known liberal principles of Camille Jordan, Royer Collard, and the Baron de Barante, caused them to be dismissed from the *Conseil d'Etat*, when M. Guizot voluntarily resigned. From that period up to his election in 1830 to the Chamber of Deputies, he held no political office whatever.

In the administration as well as in the *Conseil d'Etat*, M. Guizot, in conjunction with his party, continually exerted himself, in spite of great difficulties, to impress upon the government the necessity of giving honest and regular motion to the new constitutional machine. And whenever, by the rapid turns of politics in those days, he was out of office, he commenced with his pen the struggle against the retrograde system. His political pamphlets published between 1816 and 1822—On Representative Government; On the Government of France; On Political Justice; On the Mode of Conducting Government and Opposition; On Capital Punishment for Political Offences—were filled with true constitutional ideas, and, appearing at the critical moment, were received with immense applause. By his frequent appeals through the press, he was one of the most influential causes of the re-awakening of the freedom of thought and opinion, which had slumbered during the Empire, and which a few years after acquired dictatorial power in France. This double and alternate action of M. Guizot upon the government and upon the public is thus stated by himself in one of his pamphlets: 'When I was in office I did my duty; and the proof of it is, that I am in a private station: now I use my right by addressing myself to the nation at large.'

All these political manifestoes furnish important evidence of the state of parties at the period. But pamphlets are more adapted to pull down than to build up. M. Guizot wanted to raise the edifice of a constitution and to impress the younger
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part of the nation with the true principles of that form of government. With this view, in 1820 he took as the subject of his lectures on Modern History at the Faculty of Letters, 'The Origin of Representative Government in Europe.' His success was wonderful. All Paris flocked to hear him, and the largest Hall of the Sorbonne was not sufficiently spacious to accommodate the thousands who besieged the doors. The crowd was so dense, and the difficulty of getting a seat so great, that many persons in the neighbourhood obtained a living by the sale of places which they secured by coming several hours before the time. The enthusiasm of an entire population of students, the cheers with which the professor was received, the reverent attention paid to his words, call to mind the ten thousand youths of all ages and nations who in the thirteenth century surrounded in the open air the pulpits of the most celebrated teachers of the University of Bologna. At the end of the darkness of the middle ages the Italians sought instruction with the same irresistible eagerness with which Frenchmen in 1820 sighed for freedom. These lectures, of which the topics are chiefly taken from the histories of England and France, were only known through the imperfect reports of short-hand writers. They have been recently published by their author in a complete form, and, though they are separated by thirty years from the circumstances to which they owed their origin, and have no longer that peculiar political significance which gave them such potent meaning at the time of their delivery, they are still among the most instructive works of M. Guizot.

The extraordinary success of the Lectures was not allowed to pass without notice, and the professor was soon abruptly deprived of his chair. The pen which M. Guizot had hitherto employed chiefly in galling his enemies, now enabled him to supply the domestic necessities in which his dismissal had involved him. Without ceasing to labour at the construction of the constitutional edifice to which he had devoted the energies of his life, he published an immense variety of works, of which we will only mention his great collection of original memoirs on the history of France, from Gregory of Tours to William of Poitiers, and a similar collection on the history of the Revolution of England in the seventeenth century. A short time afterwards he undertook the publication of a new periodical, the *Revue Française*, in which, with several of his most distinguished friends, he again became the advocate of constitutional liberties. Amongst the contributors who were then his disciples and admirers, some, like Armand Carrel and Godefroy Cavaignac, became, after 1830, his most irreconcilable enemies; and by
their

their articles in the *National* aided in preparing the overthrow of the government of Louis Philippe. The *Revue* was addressed principally to the higher class of readers, while another periodical, the *Globe*, conducted by the younger and more active members of the party, appealed to the multitude.

There is a unity and consistency in the efforts of thoughtful, sagacious, and upright men, which is often disregarded in the struggle of parties, and which only becomes manifest in looking back on their career. It will readily be inferred from our narrative, that the peculiar merit of M. Guizot and his followers consisted in the unceasing efforts they made for the political education of France, and for the introduction of the constitutional principles they had derived from the history of England. Keeping aloof from popular passions as much as was practicable amidst the convulsive agitation of parties, their views assumed a philosophic form, and from the didactic nature of their writings they were called *doctrinaires*. This *sobriquet*, applied to them at first by the Royalists and afterwards by the ultra-liberals, and generally understood in a contemptuous sense, is of itself a proof that the nation never possessed an adequate notion of constitutional government, the very nature of which involves a rational framework, and not a mere assemblage of crude empirical ideas.

Never was the struggle more animated and interesting than in 1825, which was the year of the coronation of Charles X. The hopes of the retrograde party were elated by the bigotry and absolutist principles of the new king, while the repugnance of young France to the old ideas was daily increasing. It was in this year that the great indemnity to the *émigrés* was decreed, and that another bill, much less necessary, the law against sacrilege, was passed. It was in this year also that General Foy, the famous popular orator, flashed the last lightnings of his burning eloquence. A young traveller, who spent several months in Paris at the time, kept a journal, from which he has permitted us to make extracts, and they present such a lively picture of the political passions which then pervaded society, and such curious traits of national peculiarities, as well as of many of the celebrated men of the day, that we are persuaded they will be read with universal interest.

‘ 1825 : *January 6th*.—Baron de Humboldt has introduced me to the Thursday evening parties of M. Arago at the *Observatoire*. It would have been difficult to meet a larger gathering of celebrated *savans*. I saw Gay Lussac, Thénard, Poisson, Ampère, Dulong, Fresnel, and many others, all of about the same age, from forty to fifty ; Fresnel, to whom optics is indebted for so many brilliant discoveries, is the youngest, but

but he looks delicate. I am told that his health has been impaired by the labour of the examinations in the Polytechnic school. What a pity if such a man should be sacrificed to the toils of a secondary position! Thénard and Gay Lussac, on the other hand, are wealthy, chemistry having been for them the source of riches. Dulong—so amiable and modest that he is sometimes called Mademoiselle Dulong—has lost an eye and two fingers, by the explosion of some fulminating substance which he discovered. The great geometrician Poisson is as witty and cheerful as Ampère, who is older, looks heavy and dull. The most extraordinary stories about Ampère's absence of mind have been related to me. He had expressed a wish to be introduced to a celebrated lady, Mlle. Germain, well-known for her high mathematical attainments. At one of the evening parties of M. Arago, Mlle. Germain was announced. Ampère hastened to take her hand, led her to a corner of the drawing-room, and, sitting down by her side, entered at once upon a mathematical discussion. The lady replied very skilfully, and the whole company gathered round them to listen to the dialogue, till suddenly the conversation was interrupted by a burst of laughter. The lady turned out to be M. Poisson, whom Mme. Arago and the other ladies had induced to put on a bonnet and a shawl. His face, which is very little feminine, had not been recognised by M. Ampère as that of his intimate friend.

‘Though this *reunion* was ostensibly scientific, there was more political than scientific discussion. The men stood in groups in the middle of the room, while the ladies were sitting and talking round the fireplace. Humboldt was alternately flirting with the ladies, and slyly aiming some malicious shafts at his good friends the French *savans*, whom he constantly ridicules, notwithstanding that he professes to consider France as his adopted country. The whole company, although paid by the government, were unanimous in condemning it. Buonapartist, republican, or quasi-republican sentiments were to be heard on every side. M. Arago is neither a Buonapartist nor a Royalist. He described with great vivacity a visit which Buonaparte paid one day to the Observatory, accompanied by the Empress Marie Louise. Having requested M. Arago to show them any curious phenomenon which might be visible in the heavens, he directed their attention to some spots which were then to be seen on the sun. Buonaparte perceived them distinctly, but as Marie Louise, who wore a large bonnet with a heavy veil, could distinguish nothing, Buonaparte, in his impatience, tore off abruptly the offending bonnet. Even M. Arago, though a republican, considered the proceeding rather unceremonious towards the *daughter of the Cæsars*, as Buonaparte used to call her.

‘M. Arago spoke much of the poverty of the Papal States, which he attributes to the immense cost of the building of St. Peter's! Rather a stale source of complaint! While he indulged in animadversions on the prodigal fancies of the popes and despots who built St. Peter's and Versailles, he left out of sight the still more ruinous caprices of the mob, which in a day of *émeute* (to say nothing of revolutions) sometimes destroys more property, and contributes more to impoverish a nation, than

than a king can do in a lifetime. What astonished me most was to see Marshal Marmont, a man invested with one of the highest offices at court, not only silent under the political attacks, but even assenting to them by his countenance and gestures. He is a great friend of Arago, and seems anxious to shield himself under the ægis of the celebrated astronomer's popularity against the odium attached to the recollection of the surrender of Paris.

'January 26th.—I was present to-day at a sitting of the Chamber of Deputies. General Foy delivered a short but animated speech on the claims of the members of the Legion of Honour. He is at present the idol of France, where perhaps, within a few years, his name will be hardly remembered. He is a fine man, and a powerful orator, with a military tone and bearing. They say he never delivers any speech extempore, but first dictates and then learns it by heart. If this is true, he acts his part very well, as he expresses love of country, indignation, and the other political passions, without the least apparent preparation. He chiefly stands up for the military glory of France, and his speeches are admirably suited to flatter the pride of a nation so fond of conquest. But with General Foy that nation seems only to consist of the favourers of the revolution, and of those Frenchmen who after the overthrow of the throne invaded almost all the states of Europe; and who, it must be added, indulged a little in persecuting, spoliating, guillotining, and massacring another very large portion of their countrymen. The thousands of victims of the *noyades* of Carrier, the inhabitants of Lyons destroyed by grape-shot, the peasantry of *La Vendée*, who so heroically fought for their God and their king, and, above all, the immense multitude of *émigrés* who, escaping the guillotine of Robespierre, were starving for twenty years in every corner of Europe, were not Frenchmen at all in the eyes of the gallant general, who always speaks of *them* with sovereign contempt. It is interesting to see the liberal party, composed, perhaps, of a dozen members, who sit together on the left side of the Hall, resisting the whole of the Chamber. I saw there several celebrated men—Benjamin Constant, with his long hair; the old General Lafayette, with his rather insignificant face; the stout banker Lafitte, who looks like a man equally pleased with his popularity and his millions; and Casimir Perier, whose speeches, though very vehement, seem to me the most conclusive and practical of all. This small group of able men shows great firmness in fighting so courageously against an overwhelming majority; but in point of fact they speak to the nation at large, by which they are cheered, and not to the chamber.

'February 15th.—Baron Maurice, of Geneva, introduced me to the celebrated historian M. Guizot. We found him breakfasting with his wife, who is well known for her writings on education. His domicile in the Rue St. Dominique is of the most modest description. He is a little thin, nervous man, but with an expressive physiognomy, and a bold and penetrating look. He is now publishing a large collection of memoirs on the revolution of England; and he spoke of his desire to procure from Florence a copy of some rare political tracts relating to

Charles I.

Charles I. and Cromwell, which are in the collection on English history in the secret archives. Though a strong opponent of the Villèle ministry, he is a steady supporter of the charter; and he maintains that, except in the case of irremediable faults committed by the government or the opposition, the parliamentary *régime* may be established in France under the house of Bourbon. I was extremely pleased with my visit, but rather astonished to see Mme. Guizot taking so active a part in the dialogue, often answering for her husband, and even interrupting him in a tone of superiority which I was not inclined to admit, but which seems rather a matter of course with M. Guizot.

' *March 8th.*—Dined at the Count of Mosbourg's. Both he and the countess are very kind persons. He was minister at Naples under the Buonaparte dynasty, and I am told is very skilful in finance. The party was numerous and brilliant, and consisted principally of Buonapartist celebrities. I was seated at dinner between the Princess of Wagram—widow of Marshal Berthier—and General Belliard, late of the Imperial Guard. He is a little man, full of fire and vivacity. Opposite was General Excelmans, tall, fair and pale, and looking more like a German than a Frenchman. During the whole dinner I pitied the poor Countess of Mosbourg, who, being obliged, according to the French custom, in her capacity of hostess, to carve every dish, was perpetually addressing the several members of the company with "Madame so-and-so, will you allow me to offer you a bit of pheasant?"—"General so-and-so, shall I send you some turbot?" This seems to me an insupportable duty, particularly at large dinners. Still, they say that French ladies like a custom by which they are made so prominent, although it prevents them from eating a single morsel.

' After the dinner I witnessed a curious scene. Some visitors having arrived, one of them, a French gentleman of rank, who, during the emigration, had been an officer in the Russian army, alluding to an action at which he had been present in that capacity, and speaking of his regiment, made use of the expression *we did so and so*. Instantly Excelmans, who is ordinarily polite and quiet, interrupted him sharply, saying, "Sir, *we*, in the mouth of a Frenchman, means French soldiers, and none but an *émigré*—and the *émigrés* are not French—could have applied it otherwise." I did not understand the answer of the other. This looked rather like the beginning of an affair of honour. But I was told, before the end of the evening, that the matter will be settled by mutual friends without fighting.

' *March 28th.*—Dined at the Marquis of Pastoret's magnificent hotel, Place Louis XV. Though nearly seventy, this celebrated jurist is still very hale. He is a peer of France, and, being one of the guardians of the children of the late Duke de Berry, is one of the leaders of the Royalist party. I met at dinner the great naturalist Baron Cuvier and the celebrated Chinese scholar Abel Rémusat. Cuvier is a stout, strongly built man, with a very large head. He speaks with equal superiority on every subject. He holds high offices in the government, and, though expressing himself with reserve, he shows his tendency towards absolutism. He said that mankind was composed of hammers
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and anvils, and that it was much better to be a hammer than an anvil.

'April 25th.—I paid a visit to the Abbé Grégoire. I never saw a man in such a fit of passion. It was extremely curious to see that fine, tall, powdered septuagenarian in his white woollen morning-gown, with a bishop's golden cross on his breast,—he is never without the insignia of his bishopric of Blois—literally jumping with rage like a madman. The cause of his anger was the *Loi du Sacrilege* (the bill against sacrilegious crimes), which was published to-day in the *Moniteur*. "They are ruining religion, they are destroying Christianity," cried he, as soon as he saw me. "Though they have expelled me as *indigne* from the Chamber of Deputies, they know not what are the true interests of religion. When that wicked Gobel, the constitutional bishop of Paris, followed by all his clergy, made his appearance at the bar of the National Convention, in order to abjure the Christian religion, declaring publicly that he renounced a religion of error and duplicity which he had taught all his life, who refuted him, who exposed his life for the vindication of Christianity? I was the man, and the next day, going to the sitting of the Convention, I saw the walls of the *Rue du Bac* covered with pasted bills, in which the *grande trahison* of the Abbé Grégoire was denounced to public vengeance. Where were then the present champions of the altar and the throne? They were concealed in cellars, and now they are extorting from the Chambers atrocious bills, the least inconvenience of which is that they will never be carried into operation. And this is not all! They are, besides, torturing the consciences of a few poor old priests, who, thirty years ago, thought that it was better to accept the civil constitution of the clergy than to abandon France to infidelity and atheism." Here I was much impressed to see the venerable old man sob and weep bitterly. But while I was admiring the courage he displayed under the reign of terror, I could not help reflecting that at the time to which he alluded the French priests were not lying concealed, as he said, in the cellars of Paris. They were much more effectually hidden in the immense holes into which the corpses of the victims of the *Massacres de l'Abbaye* were cast, like dead dogs, in September, 1792. What a nation, passing suddenly from one excess to another, and always joking and laughing! A gentleman of respectable character and of considerable learning, M. Benoiston de Châteauneuf, told me, that only a day or two after the massacre of the Abbaye, he was at the *Théâtre Français*, which was not, as it is at present, in the *Rue Richelieu*, but was still, as in the time of Voltaire, in the *Rue des Fossés St. Germain*. In the middle of the performance a loud rolling noise of carts was heard outside the theatre, and the audience became aware that the corpses of the victims butchered at the neighbouring Abbaye were on their way to the burial-grounds. Immediately all the spectators, and even the actors in their dramatic costumes, ran out of the theatre into the street to contemplate the more amusing spectacle of several hundred mutilated bodies. When this sad and atrocious procession had passed actors and audience

re-entered

re-entered the theatre; the performance was resumed, and the assembly witnessed with customary mirth the drolleries of a lacquey and the intrigues of a soubrette.

May 11th.—The fine morning induced me to take a walk through the garden of the Luxembourg. I met there the celebrated mathematician Laplace, who, tired with the sitting of the Chamber of Peers, had left the hall to stroll in the adjoining garden. This little thin old man, with his long stick and his violet silk overcoat, looked like a person of another age. His physical strength is gone, but his mental powers are still unimpaired. He allowed me to take a short walk with him. He is a Royalist as he has been a Buonapartist, being pre-eminently a man of order. But all his royalist feelings have been unable to shake his well-known infidelity. In the course of our stroll we saw many young clergymen crossing the garden towards the ecclesiastical school of St. Sulpice. I remarked that Laplace seemed much agitated at the sight. At last he asked me, "What do you think, sir, is the grossest absurdity that men ever uttered?" I was surprised at the question, and acknowledged myself baffled. "It is the doctrine of transubstantiation," said he, "because it violates the laws both of time and space." I doubt (said I mentally) if the government of Charles X. will get any very strong support from Royalists like him.

May 15th.—To-day Charles X. held a great levee. I was introduced with a host of other foreigners, who were presented by the diplomatic agents of their respective courts. These introductions are a necessary preliminary to receiving invitations to the *fêtes*, such as balls, theatrical performances, &c., which will take place at court in honour of the *Sacre*. There was a considerable crowd, and, as we remained standing for five hours, every one was tired out. The spectacle was very brilliant, all the men being in their national uniforms, and the ladies in gorgeous court-dresses. The king looked cheerful, and was exceedingly courteous. He is a tall man, about seventy years of age, of aristocratic manners and benevolent, but insignificant, countenance and looks, more like a Romish ecclesiastic of high rank than the chief of a martial nation. I was struck with his exact resemblance to the sculptured portraits of the ancient Aztec kings, which are still to be seen amidst the ruins of Palenque. He has the prominent aquiline nose, the turgid lips, and the other distinguishing features of those mysterious American monarchs, whose history, and even names, are extinct, while they themselves live in sculptured effigies preserved in a desert. In leaving the presence-chamber we were ordered to walk backwards, with our eyes directed reverentially towards the king—a regulation, which took most of the persons who attended the levee by surprise. This odd custom, with which very few of the present generation are acquainted, requires a little drilling to be dexterously performed. So embarrassing a mode of retreat, added to the other obstructions of a crowd, produced great confusion, and much suppressed merriment. For my part, I trod on the train of the superb lace-dress of an English dowager. A large hole

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was the consequence, in which my foot got entangled, as in a sort of trap, from which I could only extricate myself by increasing the ravages I had made in the *toilette* of my right honourable neighbour. Rather confused at the event, I quickened my backward walk, and came plump upon the toe of a prince of Salm, a sort of German giant, who, imprisoned in a stiff uniform, swore at me in a tone of concentrated anger, but without changing a feature of his immoveable countenance.

'*May 16th.*—I heard to-day a lecture of M. Villemain. He is a man of great learning and taste, and I am told his style is the most classical of any living French author. The hall was thronged to excess, and the professor was cheered enthusiastically. In the course of the lecture two young ecclesiastics endeavoured to enter the crowded hall. All the audience rose at once, and screamed with tremendous roars, "Down with the priests! down with the *calottins*!" M. Villemain exerted himself to the utmost to quell the disturbance, and to restore silence, indicating by his gestures that he had something to say. When he was able to make himself heard, he said that the lectures were open to the public, and that ecclesiastics had as much right as other people to enter the hall, adding with a delicate irony, "and let them come here to acquire instruction." Long cheers and laughter proved to the celebrated professor that the audience well understood his malicious remark.'

'*June 8th.*—The great ball given to Charles X. by the city of Paris, in honour of the coronation, took place last night at the *Hôtel de Ville*. The crowd was immense, and the etiquette was far from being so rigid as at the Tuileries. In fact, it was the *fête* of the *bourgeoisie*, with a sprinkling of the classes above and also of those below. It is so difficult to draw the line where the grades from the wealthy banker down to the obscure wine-merchant pass almost insensibly into one another, that, in spite of the attempt to be select in the invitations, it was impossible to avoid an incongruous mixture of dresses, manners, and conversation. A good deal of the behaviour was by no means aristocratic. Some of the incidents were all the more *bizarre* that the actors in them were dressed in the ancient *habit à la Française*, or court costume of a marquis of the last century—viz., silk or velvet embroidered dress, and sword. As the large temporary room which had been erected for the entertainment was entirely of wood, a basin, filled with water, was placed at each of the corners, to be ready in the event of a fire. The crowd was dense, the heat oppressive, the thirst great, and the moment a servant attempted to enter with ices or other refreshments, he was surrounded at the door, and everything disappeared in the tumultuous scramble. A few ices were conveyed in safety to the ladies, but they had to be escorted by Guards with fixed bayonets. Even this special convoy was, for some reason or other, not accompanied by the requisite spoons—it was rumoured, from the fear of the thieves who, in the costume of marquises, might have gained admittance to the ball. At last the thirst became insupportable, a rush was made at the guarded attendants for the empty cups, and hundreds in succe-

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sion drank deep potations of the water contained in the firemen's basins, which was none of the purest. The king traversed the *salons* amidst an escort of courtiers and generals, and retired early from the disorderly assembly. For the rest of the company the retreat was not easy. The immense multitude of carriages took the guests up slowly, and at broad daylight a great many ladies were to be seen in a state of exhaustion, on the steps of the *Hôtel de Ville*, waiting for their *voitures*. Worn out with fatigue, I imitated several others by walking home in my antiquated marquis's dress, to the great amusement of the peasants and workmen, who were now on their way to the neighbouring market.

June 14th.—While breakfasting this morning with a friend, at the *Café Tortoni*, several gentlemen, near us, were speaking upon politics. Their conversation was animated, and we overheard nearly all they said. I was astonished at the unreserved manner in which they spoke of the most delicate matters—for instance, schemes of conspiracies, with names, plans, and all other circumstances. They talked as if they were alone in the middle of a desert. When their company broke up, one of them, a splendid specimen of manhood, at least six feet three inches in height, came to shake hands with my friend. By the usual introduction I learnt that his name was Laberge, and that being a physician he had acquired a great influence over workmen and low people. He spoke at considerable length about secret societies, which he maintained were able to overthrow the government. He added that there had been a project of stabbing the *Procureur-Général*, M. Bellart, well known for his dislike to the liberals, and that several members of a secret society, himself being one, had their names drawn to determine which of them should do the deed. He assured us that the accomplishment of the murder only failed from accidental circumstances, and would, no doubt, be undertaken again. When he left us, I asked my friend if all that I saw was a masquerade, or if true, whether it was possible that such things could be revealed in a public coffee-house? "Of course," answered he, "there is always great exaggeration in such cases, but it is not improbable that the main point of what Dr. Laberge has told us is correct. Frenchmen, and chiefly the people of Paris, do not know what it is to keep a secret; but as rumours of every kind, many of them of the most absurd description, are continually propagated from morning to night; truth is almost as effectually concealed amidst the endless variety of reports, as if it had never been whispered to a soul."

June 20th.—It is a curious fact that several of the most eminent men now in Paris are all of the most diminutive stature. Laplace, Poisson, Guizot, are hardly, I think, five feet high. To-day I dined *tête-à-tête* with another celebrated man, Fourier, one of the secretaries of the Academy of Sciences, and he is as short as the others. Last week, while I was passing by the office of the *Constitutionnel* newspaper, a friend showed me another little man, M. Thiers, who is acquiring great celebrity by his spirited articles in the newspapers, and chiefly by a history in glorification of the French revolution, of which
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the opening volumes are just published. If, as they say, he is one of the future great men of France, he has at least the requisite small stature.*

'The life of Fourier has been filled with remarkable vicissitudes. He was born at Auxerre, and educated by the Benedictine monks. At the revolution he was obliged, like his learned teachers, to conceal himself. He was *préfet* of Grenoble, and in that capacity the *ci-devant* Benedictine was directed to receive Pope Pius VII., whom Buonaparte arrested at Rome, and afterwards sent disguised in the uniform of a *gendarme* (to prevent any popular demonstrations in his favour) from Italy to France. The illustrious prisoner was transmitted under escort from one station of *gendarmes* to another, and at each stage a receipt was given for the prisoner by the officers who received him to those who consigned him to their care. It is said that so disrespectfully was the pope treated by these successive relays of guards, that the receipts were usually couched in the words, "Received a pope in good condition."

'Fourier is a wit and a most amusing talker. "You do not know this nation, sir," said he; "they are cheerful and witty, but restless, and without any steady political sense. They like change for the sake of change itself, and they do everything by impulse, passing suddenly from one extremity to another. They now seem infatuated with the charter, but the fact is, that, the *doctrinaires* excepted, who are men of great talent but not numerous, every one wants to have it destroyed. The conduct of the liberals, who have the immense majority of the nation with them, evidently tends towards another revolution, and indeed they infer, from the instance of England in the 17th century, that the restoration must be followed by a change of dynasty, while the Royalists speak every day of the necessity of tearing the charter to pieces in order to check the progress of democracy. I witnessed the first revolution, and to me there are infallible signs of another; but I am an old and worn-out man, and I shall not see my countrymen falling again into the pit which they are cheerfully and blindly approaching. A catastrophe is unavoidable, the immense majority of the nation being against the government, which has only a nominal power, while the true power is in public opinion, which is led by the newspapers. Look everywhere, and you will observe the omnipotence of the liberal newspapers. Even the Academy of Sciences, which by the nature of its studies you would think free from the influence, is overruled by the journals. As Laplace is a Royalist, the public is taught, and with success, that he is not a good mathematician, and, the *Constitutionnel* newspaper having insinuated that M. Biot was a sort of Jesuit, nobody now gives him any credit for his discoveries in optics. Even Cuvier is sometimes silenced by Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, who has secured for himself the support of

* This will recall what Lord Clarendon has said of the persons who flourished during the Civil Wars, when after remarking that Chillingworth was of small stature, he adds, that it was 'an age in which many great and wonderful men were of that size.'

the liberal party, and we have recently seen the most eminent medical man on the continent (Dupuytren) rejected by the Academy, only because he was said to be supported by the king. Ah, sir, we are a singular nation! You are young, but before the end of your life you will have learnt that men do not deserve that truth should be spoken to them."

'July 9th.—I have been this evening at a small party at General Desprez, Director of the *Ecole d'Etat Major* (the staff), who is, I am told, in favour at court. The company was select and cheerful; Madame Desprez introduced me to several ladies, with whom I began to speak of Jocko, just now the talk of Paris. Jocko is a drama, which derives its name from a monkey, whose part is represented by an admirable actor of the name of Mazurier, who wonderfully imitates every movement and gesture of a real ape. Poor Jocko, who is of course a miracle of intelligence and good feeling, and who is particularly attached to his master's son, perceiving an enormous serpent on the point of springing upon the child, catches him up and ascends some rocks to save the boy from the monster. At this moment the master comes back, and, as he does not see the serpent, he supposes that the monkey is running away with his child, and shoots poor Jocko, whose melancholy death moves the audience to tears. My fair companions seemed so much affected at the remembrance, that, with the view of enlivening the company, Madame Desprez proposed a little music, and asked a gentleman to sing. He sang the "Complaint of Papavoine." This personage is either a criminal or a madman, who, without any imaginable motive, lately murdered two children in the neighbourhood of Paris. As usual a *complainte* was composed on the subject. This is so full of fun, that the whole company, and especially the ladies whose compassion had been so moved for Jocko, were convulsed with laughter. As Papavoine is a murderer, he must of course be a Royalist, and the laughter rose to its highest point when the singer came to such verses as the following:—

"Je suis bon Royaliste,
Catholique et pensant bien . . .
J'ai voté loyalement
Et consciencieusement.
C'est par distraction seulement
Que j'ai tué deux enfans."

'At the end of the soirée I could not help thinking that in Paris it was better to be a monkey than a man, but that the safest thing of all was not to be a Royalist.'

These quotations, in addition to their general interest, are sufficient to show that the establishment of a parliamentary government in France was almost impossible at the very moment that the nation seemed enthusiastically disposed towards it. Fourier was not the only man who foresaw a stormy future. When in 1828, after the general election and under the Mar-

tignac ministry, the whole of France was in ecstasies at the victory of the liberal party, M. Guizot, who had been restored to his chair, opened his admirable course on the history of civilisation by advising an immense and enthusiastic audience not to be intoxicated with their great success.

‘Good fortune,’ he said, ‘is hazardous, delicate, and fragile; hope ought to be moderated as well as fear; convalescence requires almost as much care as the approach of disease.’

During three years M. Guizot continued, with increasing success, to set forth in his lectures the progress of civilisation. When they were afterwards published they were immediately translated into almost every European language. Though compelled to restrain his subject within narrow limits, the sagacity of the author is so penetrating, his erudition so vast, and his philosophical method so accurate, that by a happy selection of important facts, grouped round a single idea, each lecture becomes a vivid picture of one of the most striking features of general civilisation, while the reunion of the parts forms a homogeneous and connected history. One capital merit of the work is that the facts are neither disfigured nor selected with a view to confirm some preconceived theory, but the theory is honestly deduced from the facts. This would have been more apparent if M. Guizot had added to the lectures when he published them some of the most important of the documents and quotations upon which his views are founded. Every student of history knows the necessity of these appendages. We are inclined to think that in the *History of Gibbon*, for instance, the notes are hardly less valuable than the text; and we are persuaded if M. Guizot would annotate with extracts from his authorities a new edition of his work, that they would not only illustrate but confirm his conclusions, and facilitate the inquiries of those who wish to follow in his footsteps.*

The freedom from fanciful speculations, which distinguishes the work of M. Guizot, has been rendered more conspicuous by the subsequent extravagances of what has been called the French philosophical historical school, which has proved so mischievous to the excited minds of modern Utopians. This spirit of system has led men who are in many respects persons of uncommon talent into the grossest absurdities. M. Michelet, who has long been considered by the republicans among his countrymen as the dictator of philosophical history, paid a few years

* If the other works upon which he is engaged are a bar to the undertaking, his son, M. Guillaume Guizot, who has started so propitiously in his literary career, could find no worthier or more appropriate task than to supply the deficiency under the direction of the author.

ago a short visit to England. At that time a sharp discussion was going on in the French newspapers with respect to the duty which was paid on the foreign cattle imported into France, and which, it was contended, prevented the lower classes from obtaining a sufficient quantity of animal food. As soon as he returned to Paris M. Michelet hastened to publish his opinions on the state of England, and acknowledged—an extraordinary confession for a Frenchman—a sort of superiority of the English over the French. With his mind full of the cattle controversy, he maintained that this superiority was solely due to the larger quantity of meat eaten by an Englishman than a Frenchman, and in proof of his assertion he added—‘It must be remembered that Shakspeare, the most eminent genius of England, was a journeyman butcher.’ His solitary fact is probably as fictitious as his theory, and we are surprised when he set about mystifying his republican friends, that he should have been so modest in his assertions, and not have told them at once that Bacon, Newton, Pitt, and Wellington, all belonged to that grand school of genius, the corporation of butchers.

As soon as M. Guizot had attained the age required by the charter he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He was returned for the town of Lisieux, and succeeded the celebrated chemist Vauquelin. He took part in the struggle of the liberal party against the Polignac ministry, voted for the celebrated address of the 221, and being absent from Paris at the appearance of the famous ordonnances of July, 1830, he hastened back in order to resist them. Some of the leading republican celebrities are said to have exactly reversed the operation, and to have hurried from Paris at the critical moment. The result is well known. An ancient dynasty was again overthrown, and Charles X., with the royal family, set out for a new and sorrowful exile. This time they at least received in their journey all the marks of respect which France so seldom pays to its fallen princes.

The political parties of France have been often severely censured abroad for the change of dynasty which was the result of the revolution, and Louis Philippe has been especially blamed for taking possession of a throne which belonged to his young relation the Duke of Bordeaux. Viewed in itself the act was certainly illegal, and an infraction of the charter in favour of which the nation professed to rise. But subsequent events have induced most reflecting men to modify their first impressions, and to adopt a more favourable and, we think, more just opinion on the subject. The resistance to the ordonnances in July, 1830, was not a mere deliberative act. It was effected by an armed multitude against

the soldiers who fought in support of the government; and as the victory was chiefly due to the mob, the mob designed to reap the benefit of it by proclaiming the republic. Unless Louis Philippe had been raised to the throne, the revolution of 1848 would have taken place in 1830, and France would have been deprived of the eighteen years of peace, prosperity, and reasonable liberty it enjoyed under the King. The adoption of the new sovereign was not, as has been often asserted, the result of a long-prepared conspiracy; it was the unavoidable, and, we might almost say, the reluctantly-accepted consequence of the popular triumph. In a word, it was a compromise between the royalists and the republicans. Even supposing that in 1830 the Duchess of Berry had exhibited, in the support of the right of the Duke of Bordeaux, the same heroic courage that the Duchess of Orleans displayed in 1848 on behalf of the Count of Paris, the result must have been the same in a country where, from the absence of a real aristocracy, the royal power is at the discretion of the *ouvriers* as soon as it ceases to exercise a despotic mastery over them.

As the great powers (England perhaps excepted) looked with distrust and suspicion on a dynasty founded, as they deemed, not only on a revolution but on usurpation, the French government had to contend, at once, with internal foes and foreign ill-will. From the first day the basis of the future policy was settled by Louis Philippe and his advisers: at home the faithful execution of the new constitution and respect for the laws; the development of all the moral conquests of the revolution of 1789, coupled with a firm opposition to the war party, and to any further extension of democratic principles; abroad, peace upon honourable terms; observance of treaties, and, above all, an intimate alliance with England. It was principally because M. Guizot was known to be a great admirer of English institutions and a supporter of the English alliance, and because at the same time he was a man of liberal principles, whom the revolution of 1830 had taught the necessity of resisting the popular passions (*de faire volte-face*, as it was then termed), that he gained from the first the confidence of the king. After the events of July he was appointed Minister of the Interior. He subsequently held for several years the Ministry of Public Instruction. From 1840 to 1848 he was Minister of Foreign Affairs; and while retaining that office he became Prime Minister in September, 1847, on the retirement of Marshal Soult.

As Minister of the Interior, and while the workmen of Paris, intoxicated with their recent victory and excited by revolutionary leaders,

leaders, were daily parading the streets by thousands, he took decisive measures against the republicans, who still hoped to confiscate the constitutional government, for their own exclusive advantage, and who were burning to fight against the whole of Europe, in order to recover all the conquests of Buonaparte. The National Guard having spontaneously suppressed the republican club of the Manège Pellier, in the Rue Montmartre, M. Guizot strongly supported in the Chamber this decisive act. The result was, that the popular societies, which were then threatening and alarming Paris, were completely crushed. In 1831 M. Guizot contended with all his might against the abolition of the hereditary peerage; but though he was aided in his opposition by the eloquence of M. Thiers, their efforts were vain. An act which was a severe blow, not only to the monarchical principle, but to the establishment of any durable government whatever, was resisted by only 86 votes, which occasioned the remark, that France possessed one man of good sense for each department.

In 1833, when Minister of Public Instruction, M. Guizot introduced a bill on popular education, which was adopted by the Chambers. This bill, by which, for the first time, education was made obligatory in all the 39,000 communes of France, and rendered gratuitous for the poor, was exclusively due to the man whom his political antagonists accused of opposing everything which was for the advantage of the people. The truth is, as this bill proved, that he was as much the friend of the moral and intellectual progress of the lower classes as he was hostile to the exercise of their brute force. A measure so eminently democratical was, however, beyond the intelligence of the French democracy, by whom it was resisted, and in a great number of *communes* they rendered its application almost impossible, by refusing to allow an adequate salary to the masters. Hence thousands of the unfortunate elementary teachers, most of whom had undergone a long probation in the normal schools, were obliged for years to work at the most fatiguing farm labour, in order to eke out their miserable pittance of 12*l.* per annum. Several other bills on the press, on juries, and particularly on communal organisation, introduced or supported by M. Guizot, proved on trial to give more power to the people than they could use with discretion.

In the few first perilous years which followed the revolution of 1830, all the most conspicuous partisans of parliamentary government united their energies and their talents in support of the Orleans dynasty. They worked and struggled together without displaying any visible rivalry; and in order to secure the triumph

triumph of their cause, they even submitted to the imperious rule of Casimir Perier, who may be said to have sacrificed to the public good a life which was abridged by the envenomed attacks of the extreme parties. Subsequently France became less agitated, the fear of new disturbances diminished, and security being almost re-established, the jealousies of the leaders began to revive. The origin of the struggle which broke up the conservative party may be traced to the attempt of Louis Napoleon at Strasburg in 1836. Louis Philippe, who was remarkable for his clemency, decided, with the approbation of his ministry, not to send the imperial adventurer to trial, and accordingly Louis Napoleon was conveyed to America, while his accomplices, soldiers or civilians, were brought to trial before the juries of Strasburg, who, as is well known, took offence at the favour shown to the principal offender, and acquitted the prisoners *en masse*. A bill introduced by the government, providing for the separate trial in all cases of soldiers and civilians, was rejected, M. Guizot resigned, and Count Molé remained prime minister. The situation of a ministry from which men like M. Guizot and M. Thiers stood aloof, was delicate enough, but was rendered more precarious still by the false supposition indulged in by its members that all danger was passed. In consequence of this delusion M. Guizot and his adherents were reproached with having wantonly exaggerated the difficulty of affairs by groundless suspicion and unnecessary severity. The accusation led to that formidable coalition which, in overthrowing the Molé ministry, broke and dissolved the conservative majority, to the irreparable injury of the government of Louis Philippe. This must undoubtedly have been one of the most painful periods in the life of M. Guizot, seeing that the counter section of the conservatives rivalled the most impetuous republicans in their assaults upon his reputation. It was not only in private conversations or in anonymous pamphlets, that the accusations were promulgated. In large, and professedly sober works—for instance, in the great biography of the men of the day, by Messrs. Sarrut and St. Edme (a Republican and an ultra-Catholic)—the aspersions were repeated; and M. Guizot, who under Louis XVIII., had voluntarily retired from high offices to live in poverty, was charged with committing the most shameful acts, in order, as they said, to retain a small office in 1815, during the *Cent Jours*.

While the clamours were going on, M. Guizot published his well-known essay on Washington, which was received with such applause, even on the other side of the Atlantic, that the portrait of the author was ordered by the Americans to be hung up in the

the library of Congress. To show by a signal example what calumnies await every political leader, who does not succumb to all the caprices of the mob, and the dignified contempt which men of elevated mind oppose to the inventions of faction, M. Guizot adduced the unpopularity in which Washington was involved by opposing, at the French revolution, the radical party, who wanted to declare war against England, and quoted these significant words, addressed to Jefferson by the founder of the American Republic :—

‘ To this I may add, and very truly, that, until within the last year or two, I had no conception that parties would, or even could, go the length I have been witness to ; nor did I believe until lately that it was within the bounds of probability—hardly within those of possibility—that, while I was using my utmost exertions to establish a national character of our own, independent, as far as obligations and justice would permit, of every nation of the earth, and wished, by steering a steady course, to preserve this country from the horrors of a desolating war, I should be accused of being the enemy of one nation, and subject to the influence of another ; and, to prove it, that every act of my administration would be tortured, and the grossest and most insidious misrepresentations of them be made, by giving one side only of a subject, and that too in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket.’*

The rancorous personalities, which find the greatest favour while men are in the fever-fit of party passion, either sink into oblivion from their intrinsic worthlessness, or only survive to discredit their authors. Those who are most bitter and unjust to their opponents are sure ultimately to meet with rigorous justice themselves.

The Turkish question, which in another form is now the European difficulty of the day, failed, in 1840, to set the world in flames. M. Thiers was then Prime Minister, and M. Guizot ambassador to England. Upon this occasion the King said to him ‘ Will you be created a Count ? a title is sometimes useful.’ The proffered honour was declined, and Louis Philippe replied, ‘ You are right, your name alone is sufficient, and is a higher dignity.’ In his capacity of ambassador M. Guizot foresaw the treaty of the 15th of July, and did his utmost to appease the extraordinary excitement which it produced in France. On the 29th of October M. Thiers quitted office, and M. Guizot was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. The new cabinet was probably the strongest of all the ministries formed during the reign of Louis Philippe ; but strong and weak cabinets alike had

* ‘ Writings of Washington,’ vol. xi. p. 139. 8vo. Boston. 1836.

no sinecure office. Not to speak of the ordinary business, and the battles fought every day in the Chambers, to which all parties in all free countries are exposed, they had so many peculiar anxieties from the critical position of affairs, and the venom of contending factions, that the strongest constitutions were soon exhausted. From 1830 to 1848, several ministers, as Casimir Perier, Humann, and Martin du Nord, were killed by anxiety and fatigue; while Admiral Roussin and M. Villemain, who escaped with their life, were incapacitated for the duties of their office. Not so many generals fell on the battle-fields of Algeria as political leaders in the civil contests at home. But when the king was exposed every day to the bullets of assassins, it would have been disgraceful to any politician to shrink from his share of the burthen. M. Guizot, who, on account of his eloquence and courage in defying unpopularity, was considered the most efficient champion of the government, and the real leader of the cabinet, was naturally the man against whom the most strenuous efforts were directed. Every session had its leading questions, and special difficulties. One year, the bill on the regency; another, the university struggle; next, parliamentary reform; then, political banquets, and so on.

In regard to foreign affairs M. Guizot had, in the first place, to soothe the irritation against England, which the treaty of July had roused in France. This difficulty, which was bequeathed by M. Thiers, weighed on the government during eight years. It was reproduced at every conjuncture and under every aspect. The treaty respecting the right of search, which M. Guizot found prepared by his predecessor, and by which the equality of the French flag with that of England was asserted, became a new occasion of distrust. Even the miserable question of a small indemnity (from 800*l.* to 1000*l.*) claimed by England on behalf of Mr. Pritchard, and never paid by M. Guizot, was on the point of convulsing France, and the general elections of 1846 were carried by stupid electors, whose common cry was 'Down with Pritchard.' As long as Lord Aberdeen directed our foreign policy, the earnest desire which he shared with M. Guizot for preserving a good understanding rendered a solution always possible, provided that both statesmen were willing to be called traitors in their respective countries. But when a minister less conciliating or less indifferent to popular favour was at the head of the foreign department in France or England, every point of difference became the source of progressively increasing irritation, which attained its acme in 1847 on the question of the Spanish marriages, and, by destroying the good understanding between the two nations, proved highly prejudicial to the peace and liberty of the whole of Europe.

Every

Every one acquainted with the true feelings of Louis Philippe is aware that, during several years he was so much annoyed with Spanish affairs and *pronunciamentos*, that he had resolved to have as little as possible to do with a country which he regarded in the same light as the republics of South America, of which he said that they were condemned to a convulsive life, and finally to a convulsive death. This aversion continued for many years, and was not much diminished at the first agitation of the Spanish marriages. At that period Queen Christina and her cabinet had made up their minds to secure, through the marriage of Queen Isabella, a powerful alliance. M. Guizot did his best to induce Queen Christina to be satisfied with a less important match, such as that of the Count of Trapani. Without directly refusing, the queen managed to get rid of the proposition. The French government next desired a delay in order to devise some fresh scheme, which would not affect its friendly relations with England. This was equally impossible; Queen Christina was resolved to take advantage of her power to marry her daughters according to her fancy; and when a Prince of Coburg was at last proposed, it became known to the French ministry that he would certainly be accepted if the Duke de Montpensier were refused. M. Guizot had failed to effect a neutral marriage, he had equally failed to get the question postponed, and he was now driven to act as he did or to receive a check. He took the step with regret, for he plainly discerned a part at least of the heavy price that would be paid for the fatal success. This is the explanation which his friends have always given of his share in the transaction, and though it cannot remove our objections to the proceeding, or to the manner in which it was accomplished, we believe the statement to be perfectly true. The fact is that the government, which a few months before had narrowly escaped destruction on the pastry question of indemnity to Mr. Pritchard, was quite unable to encounter the general reprobation, and even the formidable popular demonstrations which would have ensued if England had acquired in Spain a predominance over France.

The coldness with England soon produced its painful results. For several years the attention of M. Guizot had been directed to Italy. Persuaded that revolutions and war are seldom instruments of freedom, and firmly devoted to the establishment of the supremacy of right over force, he wished to introduce pacific ameliorations by the moral influence which a powerful nation exercises upon neighbouring states. He commenced at the most important, but also at the most difficult, point, the Papal States, and appointed an Italian political *émigré* of superior talents,
M. Rossi,

M. Rossi, as French ambassador at Rome. There M. Rossi soon acquired such influence that the election of a pope of liberal tendencies was chiefly due to his remonstrances. After the elevation of Pius IX. it was to the advice of the French ambassador that the amnesty, and subsequent political reforms, were mainly to be attributed. The ministers of France, at the various courts of Italy, received orders at the same time to urge the wisdom of wholesome and timely improvements. At the outset the Italian liberals, who a few months before had not expected any immediate changes of a beneficial description, addressed to M. Guizot and to the *Journal des Débats*, which strenuously supported his policy, every species of eulogy and encouragement. This was the most favourable period for Italy. The nation was moderate in its wishes; the princes, gratified with the applause which hailed their concessions, were willing to extend them, and even Austria was disposed to yield to the measures of M. Guizot, whom she did not mistrust as a revolutionist. But no sooner had the popular excitement grown to a sort of fever, from the Alps to the Sicilian Sea, than he was bitterly attacked by the Italian patriots, who charged upon him all the oscillations and fears of their rulers, whom at that very time he was strenuously urging to a more resolute policy. The *Journal des Débats* was publicly burnt in the street by these same liberals, for advising them not to alarm their governments by proceeding too fast, and above all things not to embark in a war with Austria, trusting to the vain promises of French revolutionists, who were more likely to compromise or to enslave Italy than to fight for her liberty. After February, 1848, the Italians learnt to their cost that the cause of their country was with the leaders of the French opposition simply a theme for political declamation, and that republicans were less disposed than monarchical governments to promote their freedom. While there was yet hope of an equitable compromise the Spanish marriages completed the evil. The coolness of the English ministry towards France, which was the inevitable result, induced Lord Palmerston to make every exertion to prevent the French government from acquiring an additional influence through the aid which it was extending to the cause of reform beyond the Alps. With this view he not unnaturally entered into a competition in Italy with the policy of M. Guizot. No promises were spared to persuade the Italians to relinquish the patronage of France in favour of the countenance of England. The object was easily obtained, but after some months of intoxicating dreams, the Italians—as M. Guizot being no longer in office, there was now no rival to outbid—were left to their

their fate, without receiving efficient help from any quarter whatever.

If the Italians had seen the strong letters addressed, at that period, by M. Guizot to the few persons who shared his views and seconded his exertions, they would have less mistaken him; and the despatches in which M. Rossi described the popular demonstrations attending the reforms of Pius IX., would have afforded equal evidence how much more confidence was to be placed in the steady and enlightened patriotism of the French ambassador at Rome than in the mad caprices of ambitious revolutionists. The Italians committed the common mistake of supposing that the hottest head is accompanied with the warmest heart; but neither the ignorant calumnies directed against M. Guizot, nor the poniard too well aimed at the neck of M. Rossi, can negative the facts.

At the beginning of 1848 symptoms of agitation and even insurrection were observable in several parts of Europe, and chiefly in the countries which, like Italy, Switzerland, and Rhenish Germany, were adjacent to France. These ominous precursors of a storm had frightened and almost paralyzed the French conservative party, while they produced amongst the revolutionists increased excitement and confidence. There is no need to repeat how abruptly Louis Philippe fell from the throne. To avoid disturbances a political banquet had been forbidden in Paris, and the plea for the prohibition was an old regulation of the first republic. At this crisis the ministry had a majority in the Chambers; they had the confidence of the king, who declared that if attacked he would defend himself with all his power; the army was ready to fight for the government, and the opposition had admitted that they had no immediate chance of success. The clamours of some radical leaders and of a few hundreds of the mob, reported, as it is said, to the king by parties to whom the energy and courage of M. Guizot were odious, induced a sovereign—who did not at the age of 73 possess the strength of mind he had formerly displayed—to dismiss suddenly, on the 23rd of February, the minister who was really the shield of the monarchy. From that moment the game of the Orleans dynasty was lost. Perceiving symptoms of weakness in the very act of sacrificing the premier to their clamour, and feeling that they had no longer to deal with the inflexible resolution of a minister who was the main obstacle to their schemes, the revolutionists were encouraged to proceed to extremities. The leaders of the various sections of the parliamentary opposition who were successively summoned by the king—Count Molé, M. Thiers, and Odillon Barrot—were impotent to force back the winds which, in different

ferent degrees, they had contributed to unchain, and on the 24th of February the monarchy was swept away without resistance by a single blast. The next day the mob of Paris—who had indulged themselves in sacking, destroying, and burning the most sumptuous of the royal palaces, who had amused themselves with roasting several soldiers alive in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, and who, after the invasion of the Chamber of Deputies, had threatened and insulted the Duchess of Orleans while defending the constitution before the representatives of the people—that mob was called *heroic* (as happens after every revolution) by such men as Ledru Rollin, Arago, and others, whose long and unintermitting clamour for unbounded freedom had resulted only in making them for a day the dictators of France.

At the same time Louis Philippe, whom the republicans had accused during the whole of his reign of amassing money and sending millions abroad, made his way with great difficulty to England, where his family joined him after many hazards—one in the shirt of a friend, another with borrowed stockings, all of them in a state of temporary destitution, and in danger of being obliged to live upon alms. Such was their exit from a country which owed to the reign of Louis Philippe 18 years of unprecedented freedom and prosperity.

At the eleventh hour, and while by a strenuous effort it might have been still possible to avert the catastrophe, M. Guizot suggested to Louis Philippe to intrust the command of the army to Marshal Bugeaud. His nomination—the last political act of M. Guizot—took place in the middle of the night, between the 23rd and 24th of February. Marshal Bugeaud, who had the esteem of the army and whose resolution was well known, immediately took the necessary measures, and before daylight the *garde municipale* marched by his order to the assault of the barricades erected during the night on the Boulevards, and which were weakly defended against the soldiers. Just when it was essential to exhibit a proof of power, the new ministers, M. Thiers and M. Odillon Barrot, urged the king to stop the progress of the Marshal in the presumptuous belief that they could appease by their presence the excitement of the mob. The hisses and laughter by which they were received at the first barricade proved how much they had been deceived by their vanity. The incompetency, amounting to impotence, of the members of the opposition who were the last advisers of Louis Philippe, has been well described by Marshal Bugeaud himself in a letter addressed on the 8th of March, 1848, to his friend M. Larreguy:—

‘ Your

'Your reflections are full of truth. Absurdity and weakness prevailed—illusion followed illusion, and one act of cowardice was succeeded by another—everything was paralyzed. Thousands of advisers augmented the disorder; and no one retained any self-command. Never was there seen such inextricable confusion. No plan, no idea had been previously resolved on equal to the probable emergency; everything was absurd, odious, and a criminal attack on the liberty of the nation.'

Remarking on this letter, in another which he addressed on the 14th of July, 1849, to the Baron de Trémont, M. Larréguy says:—

'Its perusal, by several of my friends, gave rise to a false interpretation of the words, *one act of cowardice was succeeded by another*. I asked for an explanation of them, and had the pleasure of learning, from the Marshal's own lips, that they applied neither to Louis Philippe nor to any of his gallant children. The acts of cowardice and the illusions proceeded principally from those blind and senseless men who played with the liberties, the prosperity, the greatness, and the future welfare of their country, in order to overthrow the ministry and obtain their offices for themselves. - Such, I certify, was the meaning of the Marshal.'

These extracts * admirably illustrate the last moments of the reign of Louis Philippe; but if they reveal the incapacity which precipitated his fall, they are far from explaining the general causes which led to the catastrophe. We shall therefore endeavour in a few words to supply the deficiency, and assign to the several parties concerned their precise share in this lamentable event.

It was only after the thunder-clap by which not only all the thrones of Europe were shaken but all the moral principles of human society were endangered, that the conservative character of Louis Philippe's government became generally understood. Up to that time the Church, the great continental powers, and the bulk of the monarchical party, considered his government revolutionary, because it was liberal and the result of a revolution. They thus increased its natural difficulties, always by their distrust and often by their opposition, whereby the democrats received real support from those who agreed with them least. After the 24th of February these suspicious conservative powers must have perceived that the best barrier of civilization against the triumphs of demagogues had been broken down, and in order to avoid anarchy they were compelled to become allies and supporters of subsequent governments, whose only claim was that they were preferable to socialism. The mistake which some of

* Those important letters—which are almost unknown—made part of the collection of autographs formed by the Baron de Trémont, and sold a few months ago in Paris. See the *Catalogue* of that Collection, No. 224, and the *Supplement*, pp. 3, 4.

the sovereigns of Europe committed in refusing to prop up the throne of Louis Philippe, had almost proved equally fatal to their own.

No one will now deny that the king had many qualities which admirably fitted him for the difficult part he was called upon to play. He was as brave before the bullets of assassins as he had been in his youth on the battle-fields of Valmy and Jemmappes. He respected the laws, and history will not forget that, threatened, shortly after his accession, with a dangerous insurrection which induced him to declare Paris in a state of siege, he bowed, at the peril of his throne, to the decision of the judges who rescinded his proclamation. His mind was enlightened, his feelings liberal, and he remembered with a just pride—and perpetuated the fact by hanging up at the Palais Royal a touching picture commemorative of the event—the years of his exile and destitution when he had earned a livelihood in Switzerland by giving lessons in mathematics. His clemency and generosity were unbounded, and the man whom the republicans called a Tiberius, surrounding Paris with citadels that he might destroy it by bombs, or described as a leech incessantly absorbing the money and wealth of France, at last lost his crown from his aversion to shed the blood of his enemies, and charged his private estate with 20 millions of debt in order to embellish the public palaces. Nor ought it to be forgotten as an indication of the feelings of his heart, however slight the drain it may have made upon his purse, that he extended his charity even to the families of his would-be assassins.

Though possessed of these substantial virtues, Louis Philippe wanted one quality which is necessary to popularity in France. He was of plain and simple habits, even rather *bourgeois*, and was unskilled in all the theatrical arts which were so much valued by his subjects. On the other side of the Channel, and chiefly in Paris, it is by dramatic displays which appeal to the eye that people are impressed, and they have little appreciation for the simple conduct which has merely a moral effect upon the mind. The crowd which, during the Reign of Terror, had gazed with an almost incomprehensible apathy upon the gloomy cart as it passed with its load of courageous victims from the jail to the guillotine, and who had even stopped for half an hour before the church of St. Roch the tumbril which conveyed Marie Antoinette to death, that they might hiss to satiety at her calm, mute courage, were deeply moved at the sight of an old courtesan, Madame du Barry, crying bitterly at her fate, and in the blind agonies of terror imploring the mercy of the executioner, though she might as well have addressed her entreaties to the axe.

Louis Philippe has been perpetually charged with meddling

too much in the business of his Government, but the accusation is frivolous when directed against a man of superior mind, entrusted with the difficult task of establishing a dynasty, and who could often give wiser advice to his ministers than they could give to him. His real defect was of another kind—a propensity for the most dangerous prodigality and rashness of language. The greatest gratification of a Parisian is conversation, and, besides sharing the general taste, Louis Philippe had a firm belief in the efficiency of his persuasive powers. He has often been heard to complain that he was not allowed to be present at the sittings of the Chamber of Deputies, where he had a full conviction that his speeches would have proved irresistible. What he was not allowed to do in public he contrived to effect in private, and every one who had the honour to be received at the Tuileries in the evening, knows that while the Queen, sitting at a round table in a corner of the room, and surrounded by her family, presented a pleasing picture of domestic virtue, Louis Philippe, who never sat at all after dinner, was accustomed to stand apart and talk politics with one or other of his guests. Every party shared by turns in these royal communications, which sometimes touched upon delicate matters that ought to have been discussed with none but his ministers. It happened of course upon occasions that little discretion was observed, and the King often received information and suggestions which were ill calculated to strengthen his confidence in his ministers. It is easy to understand how prejudicial such communications, which were matters of daily occurrence, and which were seldom kept secret, either in Paris or abroad, must have been to the Government. It is not unlikely that it was from the impression conveyed to his mind in some of these colloquies that the King was betrayed into the fatal error of dismissing his ministry on the 23rd of February.

But it is neither to the opposition of the conservative powers of Europe nor to the defects in the character of Louis Philippe that the revolution of 1848 was principally owing. The master-cause was the want of intelligence and moral courage in the middle classes. Invested by the revolution of 1830, and by the voluntary secession of the higher orders from the management of affairs, with the real government of France, the *bourgeoisie* proved deficient in the virtues necessary to a party intrusted with the destinies of a country. Instead of strenuously supporting a government, which was its own, and of defending a King it had chosen, the middle classes abandoned both King and Government to the daily attacks of a seditious press, which in the year immediately preceding 1848 had become an instrument of discord and of tyranny. Overawed by
the

the insults which were lavished on every adherent of the ministry, from the Sovereign to the lowest functionary, the *bourgeoisie* pursued the double policy of bowing obsequiously to the dictation of the newspapers in order to ward off their blows, while it secretly courted the government it deserted as the dispenser of places and honours. Hence the electors who really supported the conservative members generally concealed their votes, and this fear of expressing their sentiments deprived the administration of that voice of public opinion which in periods of conflict is more respected the more it is heard. The clamours of the revolutionists were almost the only sounds audible, and the cowardly friends who put on the mask of an enemy underrated, in consequence, their own strength and exaggerated that of their opponents. A great outcry was raised against the corruption which was said to be practised to secure the votes of electors and deputies. In a country like France, where, exclusive of soldiers, there are perhaps half a million of functionaries, and where, from the *préfets* to the *gardes champêtres* and the lowest schoolmaster, every appointment must be made or sanctioned by the Government—in a country where retail tobacconists and railway servants are a species of placemen named by the minister of finance—it is evident that as the number of candidates always exceeds that of the vacancies, there must be many dissatisfied persons to rail against corruption. It was ascertained, nevertheless, after the revolution of February, that the public offices under Louis Philippe were more in the hands of the opposition than of the conservatives. The puritan zeal of the *National*, which had constantly denounced this abominable corruption of conferring places upon adherents, was itself put upon trial under the republic of 1848, when the virtuous and indignant newspaper intruded into the government offices a host of its *redacteurs*, among whom we shall only mention the following:—

MM. Marrast, Member of the Provisional Government, President of the National Assembly, &c. &c.

„ Garnier Pagès, Minister of Finances, &c. &c.

„ Bastide, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

„ Vaulabelle, Minister of Public Instruction.

„ Carnot, Minister of Public Instruction.

„ Marie (counsel to the *National*) Minister of Justice, &c. &c.

„ Pagnerre, Secretary of the Provisional Government.

„ Charras, Under Secretary of State.

„ Fr. Lacroix, Prefect of Algiers.

„ Duclerc, Minister of Finances.

„ Genin, *Directeur* to the Ministry of Public Instruction.

If the government of M. Guizot desired a justification and revenge they were amply furnished by its old assailants. Even the

the President of the Republic, General Cavaignac, was intimately connected with this public-spirited fraternity, for he was the brother of a former contributor. It was, indeed, facetiously announced that the newsboys of the *National* were to be nominated *préfets*, and the journeymen printers ambassadors.

Not only was moral courage rare in France, but those who lacked it themselves could not even appreciate it in others, and, as it was the quality for which M. Guizot was most remarkable, it made him hated and feared instead of extorting respect. It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the calumnies cast upon him by democrats who, regarding him as the greatest obstacle to their designs, sought to crush him by any method however flagitious. It would be idle to revive these forgotten inventions, and we adduce a single instance for the sole purpose of showing to what petty deceptions men can descend when they give themselves up to the tyranny of factious rage. The Bey of Tunis visited Paris in 1846, and was received with great courtesy by M. Guizot, then Minister of Foreign Affairs. Before his departure he presented to each of M. Guizot's children an oriental dress, and these so enriched with rubies and emeralds that the whole were worth about six thousand pounds. M. Guizot instantly returned them to the Bey, expressing his gratitude, but requesting that he might not be pressed to do what he had never yet done—accept a present. Some of the radical newspapers discovered in the transaction an opportunity for an attack. Accordingly they chronicled, with suitable comments, the transmission of the gift, but omitted to tell that it was sent back by M. Guizot without a moment's delay.

At the Chambers M. Guizot was engaged in unceasing warfare. The number of his speeches from 1840 to 1848 was prodigious, and they were all delivered without the aid of any memorandum. M. Villemain used to say that M. Guizot was the 'greatest oratorical athlete' of modern times, and even the republicans were obliged to acknowledge that as a speaker he was unrivalled. When he had victoriously refuted their arguments they had sometimes recourse to uproar, and one scene of the kind is worth recalling for the sake of the domestic episode which we are able to supply.

In 1843 the Duke of Bordeaux came to London, and a number of French Legitimists hastened over to pay their homage to him. Among the pilgrims were several members of the French Parliament, who, in that capacity, had sworn fidelity to Louis Philippe. At the beginning of the subsequent session the Chambers were invited by the Government to pass a vote of censure on the actors in the affair. After some sharp debates, a speech delivered by

M. Guizot on the 26th of January, 1844, so galled his adversaries that the worst days of the Convention had hardly witnessed such a storm of abuse and violence as ensued. M. Berryer and the Legitimists reproached him with his journey to Ghent, because it was connected, as they said, with the battle of Waterloo, forgetful that the dynasty they supported owed the throne to that very battle. The republican and quasi-republican party joined the cry, notwithstanding that their spokesman, M. Odillon Barrot, had been an active partisan of the Bourbons during the *cent jours*. The debate grew hotter every instant. M. Guizot was called a traitor by M. Havin—for the more insignificant the assailant the more outrageous was the language; an *infâme* by M. Boulay de la Meurthe; and an *Englishman*—the climax of insult among French liberals—by M. Ledru-Rollin. The object of all this abuse firmly stood his ground amidst the outrageous din, parried every blow that was struck at himself, and aimed a fresh one in return, till, his voice and his strength failing him, he said—‘You may perhaps exhaust my physical strength, but you cannot quell my courage and as to the insults, calumnies, and theatrical rage directed against me, they may be multiplied and accumulated as you please, but they will never rise above my contempt.’ A few years afterwards the revolution of February took place, and the opponents of M. Guizot, who had displayed so much rancour against him—the men who contended that they had never infringed their oath, and who maintained that the greatest of crimes was not to fight with French soldiers against all foreigners—became divided into three parties; the first publicly boasting that during the reign of Louis Philippe they had systematically violated all the oaths they had taken; the second vociferating that France was undone, and that the only remedy imaginable was an invasion of Cossacks; and the third uttering enthusiastic cries of admiration at the deeds of the Italians, and even of the Frenchmen, who fought at Rome, and killed French soldiers in defence of the Roman republic of Mazzini.

A friend of M. Guizot paid him a visit at breakfast on the morning after the scene we have related. It was usual at this hour for peers, deputies, and public characters of all descriptions to throng the ministerial *salons*. When the outcry arose in the Chamber of Deputies, the Orleans party looked on in silence, and allowed M. Guizot to stand up singly against the attacks, for fear of sharing his unpopularity. Influenced by the same contemptible cowardice, not one of his habitual visitors appeared at his breakfast table, with the exception of the Duke de Broglie, who never gave or withdrew his countenance according as a man

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was hissed or huzzaed. M. Guizot was apparently calm under the desertion; his mother was less insensible. She engaged in a conversation apart with the friend of her son, with her mind full of the events of the preceding day. 'Taught,' she said, 'by a tremendous experience, I did all in my power to prevent my son from entering political life. His indomitable courage renders him insensible to the dangers which surround him. He does not perceive the prevalence of bad passions and the weakness of his party. Yesterday evening, when I found that he did not come back from the Chambers at the usual hour, I apprehended some misfortune. When finally he returned, he was so fatigued that he could not speak, and went to bed, desiring that as soon as the proofs of the Moniteur came he might be awakened to correct them. Knowing but imperfectly what had taken place, I was in great alarm, and, while he slept, I remained with the children round the bed, mentally imploring the Almighty for the happiness of France and for the safety of my son. Catching a sight of his pale and motionless head, I had a terrible vision. I fancied I had before my eyes the head of my poor husband God is great' (she added), 'and he alone knows the extent of the sacrifices we must make for our country.' What a tale does this single glimpse into the life of Madame Guizot tell of the agonies produced by the horrors of the French revolution, and of the fearful legacy of suffering which it entailed upon many of the survivors.

The forebodings of this admirable woman were partially fulfilled. More sacrifices had still to be undergone. The insurrection of the 23rd of February, 1848, separated M. Guizot from his mother and his children, and a confidential friend spent a large part of the night in attempting to bring the scattered family together. At daylight on the morning of the 24th, this individual, who, having been obliged to wander through the barricades in different districts of Paris, had witnessed the exasperation of the mob against M. Guizot, found him at the house of the Duke de Broglie, where he had passed the night, and the following dialogue took place:—

'How are my family?'

'The place where your mother and children are is surrounded by barricades, and it is impossible to get them out. But I do not think they will now incur any danger. All the danger is for you. Paris is in confusion; there is no longer any government; and in a few hours there will be perhaps no monarchy. The revolutionists are enraged against you; take my advice and leave the country immediately—to-morrow it will be too late.'

'I must be present at the sitting of the Chambers.'

‘Do you think that the Chambers will resist the torrent more effectually than the government has done? I have just seen the state of Paris: to-day the Chambers will cease to exist.’

For months, nay, for years, previously M. Guizot had been accused of being the slave of his egotism and ambition. He now perceived the total ruin of his power, the destruction of the political system which he had spent his life in building up, and the fall of the dynasty which he had almost elevated with his own hands. Instead of paying any tribute to his political passions, as might have been expected, he uttered the single cry, ‘Oh, my poor mother! oh, my poor children!’ adding, that he would go in search of Marshal Bugeaud, to see if it was possible to extricate them from their present position.

‘Well, go; do not lose time. Where shall we meet again?’

‘At ten, at the Hôtel of the Ministry of the Interior.’

At ten they met again for a few minutes.

‘You were right,’ said M. Guizot; ‘it is impossible to get them from the house where they are; but I am assured they are in no danger.’

‘But when do *you* leave?’

‘I must go to the Chamber of Deputies.’

A few hours after this last dialogue took place the Chamber of Deputies was invaded by a furious mob and dissolved; the King and all the royal family were fugitives; and legal proceedings were ordered against M. Guizot and his colleagues by the French magistrates, who were willing to court a republican mob as they had before courted the Royal Government.

For four days all exit from Paris was closed. On the fifth day the daughters of M. Guizot escaped with a false passport, made out in the names of young English ladies travelling with their governess. They crossed the Channel during one of the tremendous gales which for several days prevented the royal family from coming over, and reached London on the 1st of March. The escape of M. Guizot was not so easy. Three days afterwards he got to England through Belgium, disguised in the livery of a servant. He was several times on the point of being detected during his journey through the northern provinces of France, because his mock master would never allow his servant *John* to carry the luggage. The next day he was joined by his son; and lastly, on the 15th of March, came Madame Guizot. The agitation proved too much for her fourscore years, and she expired on the 31st, in great affliction at the events she had witnessed, but with a firm trust in the goodness of God, and with the consolation of seeing around her the whole of her family. The death of a person so full of years could not be said
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to be premature, nor, if her life had been tranquil, could it, at her age, have been much prolonged, but she died, nevertheless, the victim of the last revolution, as surely as her husband was the victim of the first.

M. Guizot remained in England for more than a year, and lived at Pelham Crescent, Brompton, in a house which, we are told, was occupied afterwards by M. Ledru-Rollin, whom the rapid turns of French affairs had speedily compelled to follow into exile those very Orleanists whom he had been instrumental in proscribing. The prosecution instituted against M. Guizot in France lasted many months, and it was not until it was evident to every one that the fall of the republic was approaching that the French judges consented to quash the ridiculous proceedings. He was then free to return to France with his family, and from that moment he resumed his literary labours with youthful ardour. His winters are passed in Paris, and the rest of the year at a country house, the Val Richer, in Normandy, which was formerly an abbey of the order of Citeaux. His daughters are married to two brothers, the MM. De Witt, who are descended from the celebrated Pensionary of Holland who was massacred at the Hague by the mob two centuries ago. Enjoying habitually the society of his family, and occupied in the calm and elevating pursuits of literature, we cannot but think that the events which proved so disastrous to his country have been a gain to M. Guizot. A tranquil and mellow autumn, rich in the maturest fruits of a lofty intellect, is the reward, and not the punishment, of his many harassing years of political life.

Though he has withdrawn into retirement, the French public still watch with curiosity the movements of the ex-minister of Louis Philippe, and generally suppose that he takes a much more active part in politics than is really the case, for he attaches little importance to what he usually calls the empty agitation of Paris. His recent writings, however, are full of allusions to what is passing around him. He has always been an opponent both of Buonapartists and of revolutionists, and every subject affords him an opportunity of expounding his principles. In a new preface to his delightful 'Biography of Corneille' it is thus that he contrasts the literary glory of the reign of Louis XIV. with the dearth of literary talent under Napoleon :—

'Absolute power is not the necessary enemy of literature, nor is literature necessarily its enemy. Witness Louis XIV. and his age. But for literature to flourish under such a state of things, and to embellish it with its splendour, absolute power must have on its side the general moral belief of the public, and not be merely accepted as a result

result of circumstances, in the name of necessity. It is also requisite that the possessor of absolute authority should know how to respect the dignity of the great minds that cultivate literature, and to leave them sufficient liberty for the unrestrained manifestation of their powers. France and Bossuet believed sincerely in the sovereign right of Louis XIV.; Molière and La Fontaine freely ridiculed his courtiers as well as his subjects; and Racine, through the mouth of Joad, addressed to the little King Joas precepts with which the great King was not offended. When Louis XIV., during his persecution of the Jansenists, said to Boileau, "I am having search made for M. Arnould in every direction," Boileau replied, "Your Majesty is always fortunate; you will not find him:" and the King smiled at the courageous wit of the poet, without showing any symptoms of anger. On such conditions absolute power can co-exist harmoniously with the greatest and most high-spirited minds that have ever devoted themselves to literature. But nothing of the kind was the case under the Empire. The Emperor Napoleon, who had saved France from anarchy, and was covering her with glory in Europe, was nevertheless regarded by all clear-sighted and sensible men merely as the sovereign master of a temporary government, in little harmony with the general tendencies of society, and commanded by necessity rather than established in faith. He was served, and with good reason, by men of eminent minds and noble characters, for his government was necessary and great; but beyond his government, in the regions of thought, great minds and lofty characters possessed neither independence nor dignity. Napoleon was not wise enough to leave them their part in space; and he feared without respecting them. Perhaps he could not possibly have acted otherwise; and perhaps this may have been a vice of his position, as much as an error of his genius. Nowhere, in no degree, and under no form, did the Empire tolerate opposition. In France, in the age in which we live, this becomes sooner or later, even for the strongest governments, a deceitful snare and an immense danger. After fifteen years of glorious absolute power, Napoleon fell; and now, after thirty-four years of that system for which our fathers longed so ardently! God gives us severe lessons, which we must comprehend and accept, without despairing of the good cause.'

In the *Democracy in France*, as well as in another essay, published under the title, *Why was the English Revolution successful?* M. Guizot, in commenting on the revolutionary spirit, shows that it is the deadliest enemy of the freedom and prosperity of nations. While admitting that, in his earlier writings,* he had contended perhaps too exclusively for a single form of representative government as the only one fit for every nation, he continues to maintain that two things are equally necessary to France—monarchy and liberty. But the sentiment he expresses most strongly is, the

* *Histoire des Origines du Gouvernement Représentatif en Europe*, tom. i. pp. vi. vii.

conviction that France cannot remain in a state of abasement, and must ultimately realise a political position worthy of her lofty place among modern commonwealths.

'I cannot think,' he says in a new preface to the 'Life of Monk,' 'and no Frenchman can be resigned to think, that such is the *dénouement* of the glorious history of France. It is the rash taste of my country to rush into immense and unheard-of experiments, no matter at what price and at what peril. It would seem that she considers herself the great laboratory of the civilisation of the world. But if she is hasty in running into hazard, she is no less prompt in regaining her judgment and retracing her steps when she perceives that she has pursued a wrong path. Already at the shadow of a great name she has come to a stand. But a salutary halt is not safety. It is not sufficient that France should no longer roll into the abyss. The abyss must close and France must rise again. Washington or Monk—she requires one of the two to restore her.'

We share the opinion of M. Guizot when he says that monarchy is necessary to France, but we fear that the monarchy which she wants is not a liberal one. After ages of civilisation, she is not yet out of her political pupilage, and still requires a schoolmaster. She sent Louis XVI. to the guillotine, and proscribed Louis Philippe, and the only men whose names are really popular in that country—the history of the last six years has proved it too well—are Robespierre and Buonaparte—the former the type of the most ferocious democratic tyranny, the latter the representative of the most absolute military despotism. It is true that the idols of Frenchmen are but fragile, and that despotic reigns do not last much longer in France than constitutional governments; but, as at every revolution the national progress receives a new check, the frequent and violent changes, even of bad governments, is a fresh cause of deterioration and decay. We read in the *Memoirs of Moore* that in 1820 he was present at a performance, in Paris, of 'Tarare,' an opera of Beaumarchais, which was written in 1787, at a period when the promulgation of liberal ideas, with a certain infusion of science, was the fashion in France. Accordingly, while Nature and the Genius of Heat are trilling in a duet the laws of gravitation, Tarare (a virtuous soldier) defends his wife from the assaults of the monarch of Ormuz, who, being finally defeated, kills himself, and Tarare is proclaimed king in his place. Only three years afterwards Louis XVI., having become a constitutional sovereign, and Bailly (who had shortly to pay with his head for his patriotic illusions) being Maire of Paris, 'Tarare' was not allowed to be acted in its original form. Beaumarchais fitted it to the altered circumstances, and, in its remodelled shape, Tarare becomes a constitutional king. Under the Republic
Tarare.

Tarare was not allowed to be a monarch at all ; and when the opera was performed in 1795, the victorious soldier indignantly refuses the crown. Under Buonaparte 'Tarare' was again recast to bring it into harmony with the delusion of the hour ; and lastly, when in 1819 the performance was witnessed by Moore, Tarare, become more monarchical than ever, displays his loyalty by defending the king of Ormuz from a popular insurrection, and ultimately falls with emotion at the feet of the tyrant, who has the magnanimity to restore his wife to him. Even in its original form Tarare was not a masterpiece, but it was so impaired by the perpetual alterations, that, popular at the beginning, it was at length thrown aside as a worn-out piece of refuse. The destinies of France have been analogous in their changes to those of Tarare, which did, indeed, but reflect them ; and there is real ground for apprehension that the ultimate result may not be dissimilar. It is difficult to see whence France is to derive the respect for the laws and the moral courage which are essential to the lasting establishment of a liberal monarchy. Political parties not only look upon the present government as a mere convenient interlude which is to serve their turn and then be swept from the stage, but they already speak—most curious fact!—of their determination to overthrow the government which they anticipate will succeed it. It was only the other day that the leaders of the republican party, who met in Paris in order to consult upon the course they should adopt in consequence of the fusion of the two branches of the Bourbon family, agreed to support the claims of the Duke of Bordeaux, because he could afterwards be more easily got rid of than Louis Napoleon. Such are the turbulent spirits who would coolly march on from revolution to revolution in an endless vista. And what elements of resistance are there to be found in the rest of the nation to despotism on the one hand, and anarchy on the other ? When the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, 1851, could be so easily accomplished, there could certainly be no steady political character among the people, no wide-spread passion for national liberty. The middle classes in France are, in truth, fatigued and apathetic, and only care to make money and to job in stocks. It is a fact that, after the *coup d'état*, while the soldiers were firing on inoffensive women and children in the Boulevards of Paris, letters were written by respectable citizens to persons in London, in which, after carelessly alluding to the events of the day, it was significantly remarked that *Les bons Français restent chez eux*. The only excuse which these 'bons Français' have ever put forth is, that the iron hand of despotism was their sole defence from the multitudinous reptile claws of socialism.

socialism. But without insisting upon what is now an admitted fact, that the power of socialism was immensely exaggerated, this new appeal to the terrible goddess *Necessity*, who has been so often and so fatally invoked in France since 1789, is a fresh proof of the want of moral courage in the nation.

For the purpose of combining order and liberty, and of constructing again in France a liberal monarchical government, M. Guizot was naturally induced to make an appeal to the most conservative bodies—the army, the Church, and the magistracy. But the army is seldom an instrument of freedom, though, when once liberty is firmly established, the military may be a defence to it from revolutionary aggressions. The Church and magistracy are better adapted to respond to M. Guizot's call; but, having been frightened by revolutionists, they have sacrificed with the rest to the goddess—*Necessity*. The *réquisitoire* recently addressed by M. Rouland to the procureur-général of the Imperial Court of Paris upon the men accused of a conspiracy against the life of Louis Napoleon, is the work of an honest man who does not conceal his sympathies for a more liberal government, but even he calls upon the juries to condemn the prisoners on this standing plea of *necessity*. If the liberty of defence were not shackled as it is, the accused might have retorted that it was in the name of a similar *necessity* that 60 years ago Fouquier-Tainville demanded of the republican juries to send to the scaffold the victims of the reign of terror. They might have added, that in contriving a violent attack against Louis Napoleon they only imitated his own attacks upon Louis Philippe, and that the fall of the present emperor seemed as necessary to them, as some years ago the overthrow of the late king appeared indispensable to him. *Necessity* is the plea to excuse every crime which admits of no other extenuation; it overleaps the checks of law; it sets aside justice; it turns a deaf ear to conscience; and the judge who appeals to it is not the man who can aid in M. Guizot's scheme for defying the temptations to a guilty and short-sighted expediency for the sake of establishing the supremacy of a righteous freedom over licentious force.

The great physician Boerhaave wrote a dissertation on the question, Why conversions—so scarce now—were so frequent in the ages of the Primitive Church? The answer is not very difficult. Christianity, being truth, could not fail to be triumphant when martyrs volunteered to shed their blood in defence of their faith. By calmly forbidding the entrance of the imperial sinner to the Church of Milan, the heroic Ambrose did much more for the real greatness and for the universal triumph of religion than the whole tribe of Spanish inquisitors,
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with all their bloody zeal, or Pope Hildebrand with all the wars he stirred up. At that primitive period, blind necessity—the most implacable *Ἀνάγκη*, the worst of all the divinities of Olympus—was never worshipped by the priests of Jesus Christ. The present French Church seems not so averse to the worship of Necessity. In 1848 the parish ministers of Paris, to court the mob, attended officially in their sacerdotal robes at the erection of the *Arbres de la Liberté*, and even sometimes pronounced speeches which might have dropped from the lips of the most fervid of demagogues. A few months afterwards and the clergy sacrificed again to Necessity. They bestowed the most disgusting adulation upon Louis Napoleon, and declared publicly that the first Buonaparte—whom they had called Antichrist during his life, and by whose orders Rome had been invaded, and Pope Pius VII. carried a prisoner to France—was the greatest man of modern times. The clergy once had other ideas of greatness than to apply it by way of unrestricted eulogy to a perpetrator of splendid crimes.

Thus it is difficult to imagine that M. Guizot will find in the present French Church the support necessary for the establishment of steady moral and political principles. As for *liberty*, whenever he has made an appeal to religion in behalf of his endeavours, he has been sternly reminded by the leaders of the Roman Catholic party in France, that the fundamental doctrine of their Church is authority. The only sympathy they bestow upon him is to exclaim that it is a pity such a man should uphold at the meetings of the Bible Society of Paris the insane dogma that every one has a right to inquire for himself, instead of blindly adopting the convictions of others.*

To men of a noble temper difficulties are only a spur to exertion; and the consistency which M. Guizot continues to display, and the political wisdom which he teaches, cannot utterly be thrown away. They must be working, we are persuaded, a slow and silent change in the minds of many, and are not the least important of the services he has rendered to his country. But while the middle classes continue what they are, there can be no lasting union of freedom and order. A set of nominal parliamentary institutions do not constitute liberty, for the strongest fortress falls an easy prey when it is left undefended. The French delight to call themselves the *grande nation*; and we will not deny that, in many respects, they are

* M. Guizot has recently collected his essays on religion, philosophy, and education into a single volume, under the title of *Meditations and Moral Studies*. This work, which at present is scarcely known in England, deserves particular attention.

entitled to the name; but intellectual, and above all, military greatness is what they most adore, while of moral greatness they have, for the most part, no conception at all. When they have reached the point of recognising the defect, and aspire to correct it; when they begin to comprehend that the patriotism of which they talk so much, and understand so little, means loving your country more than yourself; when they have the dignity to maintain their convictions in the face of day and the mob, instead of yielding to the dictates of a skulking and deceitful prudence; then, and not until then, we shall believe that France is ripe for a *liberal* monarchy.

ART. V.—1. *Papers respecting the Civil War in China*. Presented to the House of Lords by command of her Majesty. 1853.

2. *L'Insurrection en Chine, &c.* Par MM. Callery et Yvan. Paris, 1853.

3. *The Cross and the Dragon, or the Fortunes of Christianity in China*. By John Kesson, of the British Museum. London, 1854.

4. *Christianity in China*. London.

5. *The Chinese Missionary Gleaner*. London.

6. *The Religious Tracts of the Christian Revolutionists in China*. London.

DR. GUTZLAFF, at the close of one of his works, written several years ago, incidentally remarked, that if Christianity should at any time gain an effectual entrance into China, it would probably be accompanied by a revolution. Recent events render the remark observable, although perhaps it did not require any very great prophetic insight to hazard the conjecture. He saw the whole face of Chinese life, social as well as political, not merely torpid and stagnant, but so encrusted with the stereotyped forms, traditions, and conventionalities of centuries, that it could not be changed without being at once broken up. He saw the minds of the most educated among the Chinese travelling round the same circle of ideas, never daring to roam beyond it, or to rise above the level of those measures of thought which had been prescribed in a certain compendium of all possible knowledge in sixty-four volumes, which bears the imposing title of *San-tsae-hoo-hoe*y. He felt, moreover, that the Gospel carried with it a regenerating power, which, affecting the springs of thought and emotion, and consequently of action, must influence whenever

whenever it is embraced, the whole political and personal life of men. Hence he inferred that the new ideas infused from this source into that inert mass of human beings must ferment and swell until they burst the superincumbent weight of antiquated custom and error which cramped and confined the energies of the people.

It would be wrong, however, to conclude that the event has exactly realised the conjecture of Dr. Gutzlaff in the sense in which he propounded it. It is true that a revolution has arisen and gone hand in hand with a certain profession of Christianity among the insurgents, but it would be wholly erroneous to suppose that the civil war owed its origin to the diffusion of Christian sentiments. The rebellion is purely political in its first objects, and has arisen from a deeply-seated and long-cherished antipathy among the old Chinese inhabitants of the south to the Tartar invaders of the north. A mere comparison of dates is sufficient to establish this point. The old Emperor, *Tao-Kouang*, whose liberal government, under the direction of *Mou-tchang-ha*, and especially of *Ki-in*, promised a new era of prosperity to China, died on the 26th February 1850. His son, *Hien-fung*, young and rash, sensual and narrow-minded, ascended the throne. His father's ministers were forthwith degraded. Mandarins of the old stamp, and full of the antiquated Chinese prejudices, assumed the direction of affairs, and in August of the same year the rebellion broke out. The circumstance of a certain profession of Christianity having mixed itself with the outbreak is purely accidental; the religious element was simply auxiliary to the political, although undoubtedly it has tended very largely to infuse vigour and fanaticism into the insurrection, and invests it with a peculiar interest and importance.

It is not our purpose now to trace the course of the revolution in its political phases or history. The outline of it is soon drawn. Taking its rise from among one of the many secret societies which, under some literary or other pretext, have constantly cherished political and even revolutionary designs, the smouldering fire was first fanned into a flame in the south-western province of *Quang-si*, where it found its proper aliment among the hardy and turbulent mountaineers, named the *Miao-tze*, who dwell upon its northern frontier. MM. Callery and Yvan, who were formerly attached to the French embassy in China, the former, we believe, in the character of a missionary, the latter in the capacity of physician, have traced with graphic liveliness—too graphic to admit of our according entire credence to all the details—the progress of the insurrection in its early stages, and in its first successes against the unfortunate *Siu*, who

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was despatched by the Emperor with a body of the Imperial tigers to crush the revolt. We cannot perceive either in that narrative, or in any of the subsequent accounts that have reached us, any evidence of the insurrection being conducted on a pre-concerted and well-organised plan of operations. It seems to us to partake simply of the nature of a hardy adventure; it has spread its infection as it went on; and it has gathered recruits, who have offered themselves on the moment, as it passed from city to city and from province to province. In this way it spread from *Quang-si* to *Hou-quang* which it swept like a flame, and reached the magnificent *Yang-tse* river, which, with its band of waters, and the line of splendid cities which bestud its shores, divides the empire into two nearly equal portions. There the forces separated themselves into two divisions, one proceeding to the attack of *Han-yang* and *Wan-choo*, cities of the first order on its banks; the other advancing upon and taking Nankin.

The fall of *Chin-keang-foo*, situated at the junction of the grand canal with the *Yang-tse-kiang*, rendered the insurgents masters not only of the navigation of that river, but of the communications with Peking. From hence the tide of insurrection has spread intermittently, and with no very regular progress, along the sea-coast to the south, and northward to the Yellow River. *Shanghai* and *Amoy* successively fell into the hands of the rebel army; but the last of these cities has been retaken by the Imperialists, and the second is not unlikely to experience a similar fate.

Still it is marvellous how rapidly, and with what immense success, the insurrection has hitherto spread;—the more noticeable because it appears from a very interesting letter that lately appeared in the *Athenæum*, detailing the taking of *Shanghai*, that the capturers of that city have no connexion with the *Quang-si* insurgents, but have simply caught the infection and risen spontaneously. And yet they are not a mere band of plunderers seizing the opportunity of a general disturbance to enrich themselves with spoil, but the same spirit appears to animate the insurrectionists in all quarters; they rise against the hated dynasty of the Tartars and their myrmidons; and, therefore, while relentlessly sacking and destroying every building belonging to the government, and burning the property found in it, and while guilty, it must be confessed, of some acts of cruelty and vengeance, they yet respect, and even protect, the persons and property of private individuals.

We do not apprehend that the fact of a merely civil disturbance in China, whether extending through one or all of its eighteen provinces, would present anything to concern foreigners
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very deeply. We should hear, no doubt, of temporary confusion reigning—commerce for a season would be checked or deranged; but this state of things would soon cease; we should be informed that one of the *Han* or *Ming* dynasty reigned in the room of a Mantchoo Emperor, and Chinese affairs would go on as before with the same unalterable flow, and at the same dead level. Political disturbances of this sort form, in fact, almost a part of the Chinese constitution. They are its chronic ailment. Insurrections against the dynasty for the time being have constantly broken out and ended in a massacre of a more or less numerous body of rebels. For example, in the province of *Seetchousan*, in 1791—and again in 1796—a political revolt, fomented by one of the secret societies called the *White Water-lily*, having for its object the subversion of the Tartar tyranny, was directed against the Tsing dynasty. ‘The sect of the *White Water-lily*,’ remarks M. Remusat, in referring thirty years ago to these revolutionary attempts, ‘and many other secret societies, all formed in antipathy to the existing government, and with the purpose of transferring the throne to a Chinese family, never cease to excite disturbances, and beyond a doubt will end in driving the Mantchoos from China; an event which can only be regarded, even in Europe, as a matter of very slight importance.’*

It is not, therefore, the fact of a rebellion having broken out in China, nor even its having spread wider than any previous revolt which gives it peculiar importance; but the circumstance that the movement claims for itself the sanction and even the commission of heaven; and not only so, but has identified itself with the propagation of a new religion. Together with the overthrow of the Tartar ruler, in the person of *Hien-fung* and his satellites, the leaders of the insurrection announce that they are divinely ordered to exterminate the false priests of Buddha and of Taou, and to proclaim a loftier creed and a stricter code of morals. The worship of the true spiritual God (*Shang-ti*) may not perhaps be deemed a new article of faith: indeed this is announced as merely a revival of the ancient religion of the Chinese in the primeval and pure ages of their history; but connected with it is what must appear wholly an innovation—the doctrine of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world, with all the leading facts of his life and death.

This is the startling phenomenon which seems likely to stir the empire to its depths, and, it may be, to regenerate it, as the same faith has already regenerated all the western and civilised nations of the earth. We naturally inquire whether past history

* *Mélanges Asiatiques*, vol. i. p. 69.

affords any parallel to the movement, which may guide us in our anticipations of the result. We confess that we know of none. While it has some points in common with the Mahometan outbreak, the two are yet widely different in the character of the people respectively influenced—in the objects aimed at—in the claims asserted by the leaders—and in the nature of the respective creeds. Instead of a chieftain rousing a proud and fiery race to conquer the world by the propagation of a fresh revelation, of which he was the inspired prophet, we have only the far humbler design of an obscure personage appealing to his nation to shake off a foreign yoke, and imparting, as he has received them, the tenets of a foreign, though divinely accredited, faith, of which he is merely the expounder; an office that belongs to him, according to the Chinese idea, in his assumed office of emperor.

Or if we narrow our view, and search the annals of the propagation of Christianity for a parallel to this threatened subversion of paganism and introduction of the truth, we are still unable to discover a precedent to guide our judgment. In every instance of national conversion in Europe, the work has been always accomplished *ab extra*, and foreign missionaries have been the originators and the conductors of the religious transformation. Commonly the chiefs of the tribes first, and afterwards the people, were converted. *This* propagation of the faith, however, is *ab intra*; and attempts to make its way in opposition to the ruling powers. Perhaps the nearest resemblance to the Chinese crusade may be discovered in the chivalrous and rather grotesque enterprise of Olaf Trygwason, at the close of the tenth century, to propagate the Christian faith in Norway, in opposition to the sovereign Hakon, whose throne he seized; but then in his religious proceedings he was accompanied by Sigurd, a bishop whom he had brought with him from England, and other missionaries.

The truth is, that hitherto the conquests of Christianity have never been made among any nation at all similarly circumstanced with China in the peculiar character of its people, its institutions, its history, and social condition; and therefore we have now before us a special phenomenon, on which we must form our judgment from analogy only, and from such general principles as we can gather from the past. It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, much difference of opinion should exist in regard to the character of this movement and its probable issue. It is a mixed case, compounded of discordant elements; and according as people have looked at either the one class of elements or the other, have been the conclusions

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at which they have arrived. But what surprises us is that writers should for the most part think it necessary to explain away, or ignore one set of facts in order to establish a simple view of the phenomenon founded on the other set. They find, for instance, in the writings of the insurgents, instances of a mystical self-delusion, or even imposture, alien, doubtless, from enlightened Christian sentiment—and hence they denounce the profession of Christianity as a pretence, and a trick to engage the sympathy of foreigners. On the other hand, those who read the tracts specially treating of religion, see clearly that there is so much that is striking and genuine, that they are satisfied that a large infusion of revealed truth has found its way into the Chinese mind, and are thus tempted to doubt, or palliate the extravagances with which this profession of faith is combined. It seems to us that we may safely accept both the evil and the good—nay the conjunction appears to us to be just what we might expect under the circumstances of the case. To suppose that in a semi-civilized and partially enlightened state of mind the Chinese, or any pagans, are at once to welcome pure unmixed truth, and shed their errors as a serpent does its skin; or to conclude that, because many old heathenish delusions and corruptions exhibit themselves, therefore there is no sincerity in their profession of the truth as it has been imperfectly presented to their mind,—this is to run counter to all reasonable probability, and to all experience of human nature under similar conditions.

First, then, let us take a fair review of the darker features which are deemed to discredit any pretence to Christianity among the insurgents or their leaders.

Great mystery has enveloped the real mover of the sedition, and it has been suspected that this mystery has been assumed in order to throw over him a veil of supernatural sanctity in the eyes of the Chinese. Yet there seems to be no foundation for the notion. The obscurity surrounding him has arisen rather from our own ignorance of the facts than from any designed concealment on his part. From the accounts sent home we became conversant with three names, those of *Hung-siu-tsieun*, *Tien-teh*, and *Tae-ping-wang*, and it was for some time concluded that they represented three distinct individuals. It now appears plain that these names belong to one person only. This is ascertained from the fact of his having written to Mr. Roberts, an American Baptist Missionary at Hong Kong, in May, 1853, on which occasion he signed his name of *Hung-siu-tsieun* in full, and stamped the letter with a seal having on its face six ancient characters, which, plainly written in the modern character, and translated, amount to:—*Tien-teh*, *Tae-ping-wang's* device—

“TIEN-TEH,

"T'ien-teh, the prince of peace's seal." * Nor is it difficult to imagine reasons why he should appear under three *aliases*, or rather with one name and two *titles*. MM. Callery and Yvan inform us that *Tien-teh* (celestial virtue) is 'a name purely pagan.' † It is calculated therefore to meet existing Chinese prejudices, and is connected with their ancient religious associations. *Tae-ping-wang*, again (Prince of Peace), is a purely Christian title, and was probably selected to designate the pretender as the teacher of the new faith. This conjecture is corroborated by the fact that while in the Imperial Gazette he is indicated by his former title, yet in the camp and among his own adherents, as Mr. Taylor tells us, he is known by the latter designation.

This leader of the insurrection was apparently of obscure origin. A native of *Quang-si*, on his examination for literary merit at Canton about 1835 he received, it appears, from the hands of a Chinese convert, named Leang-Afa, who has for many years figured in the Reports of the London Missionary Society, a certain tract, called '*Good Words to Admonish the Age*.' The contents made a strong impression on his mind. Travelling from place to place in his native province, he composed books of poetry, and (as is related) urged his countrymen to accept the new truth with which he had become acquainted. Some time after, about 1844, he went to Canton, and probably on that occasion he became acquainted with Mr. Roberts, and for two months was an inmate in his house. Since that period he was unheard of, till he reappeared in 1850 at the head of a great rebellion, as the regenerator and liberator of his country, and for a long time was invested with a mysterious grandeur which, as it overawed his countrymen, astonished and perplexed foreigners.

However, there is no reason to suspect the sincerity of the man. He is, to all appearance, a fanatic,—he must be possessed with a great and dominant idea, and we may suppose is of no ordinary stamp. Nothing that we can learn of him supports the notion of his being a mere political adventurer or impostor, or of his alleged desire to keep up an affected mystery. His readiness to communicate with Mr. Roberts, and the perfect freedom with which his followers speak of him in his camp, tell the other way. In one of his writings, called the '*Book of Celestial Decrees*,' he earnestly disclaims certain titles of honour usually conferred on their Emperor by the Chinese, on the ground that they belong only to God; which gives an impression of good faith and simplicity, and not of exaggerated pretensions begun in fraud and kept up by cunning.

* Chinese Missionary Gleaner, September, 1853, p. 26.

† L'Insurrection en Chine, p. 71.

Some persons, again, are disposed to view with great suspicion this profession of Christianity because it is associated with rebellion. But if all the circumstances of China are taken into consideration, its subjection to a foreign yoke, its consequent degradation, the oppression of the Imperial officials reaching to every village and every house, it is impossible to condemn the effort of the ancient owners of the soil to regain their freedom. Nor does it appear, in any respect, that the purer faith which is awakening among them, coincidently with this effort, is in itself the cause of the movement, or open to the suspicion of being assumed as a means of engaging the sympathies either of the Chinese whose patriotism the leaders are anxious to arouse, or of other nations whom they might desire to enlist in their cause. The new creed cannot have been put forth to gain the goodwill of foreigners, for it has been peculiarly independent of foreign influence. The convulsion had not its origin on the coast where the foreigners reside, but in the interior, nor has any appeal been made to them for help. There is no symptom of either English, or American, or Portuguese sympathy having been relied on by the revolutionists; nay, in their intercourse with our people they have maintained a very free and independent tone, and friendly relations have only been entered upon after many questionings and explanations. As for the Chinese themselves, stolid, prejudiced, jealous of foreigners, 'hostes humani generis,' nothing would be so likely to repel their sympathies as the profession of the foreigner's religion, and a seeming disregard for the superstitions and idolatries with which their whole mental and social condition is interwoven. A revelation from *Fo*, some *Taouist* magician, or the appearance of a new incarnate *Buddha*, would have been much more likely to enlist their credulity and to secure their adherence than the propagation of doctrines imported from abroad. In fact, so far from a profession of Christianity being reckoned on as likely to engage the interest of the Chinese, or to meet the wants of the age, the leaders of the movement have found it necessary in one of their documents—'The Book of Religious Precepts'—to allay the popular prejudices which were actually raised against them on that very account. The charge of novelty that was urged against them is met by the assertion that the truth they promulgate is no novelty, that the worship of the true God (*Shang-ti*) is simply a return to the primitive faith, a revival of the original Chinese worship which prevailed in the auspicious days of *Thang* and *Wan*. Thus this movement is represented as a Reformation, a clearing of the national religion from the innovating idolatries of Buddhism, favoured by the Tartar dynasty

dynasty in consequence of its alliance with the Lamaism of the North; and *Tae-ping-wang*, in his religious character, stands out as a kind of Luther, and attracts the sympathies of his countrymen, not as 'a setter forth of strange gods,' but as a restorer of the ancient creed.

Of course this notion of the Chinese having originally possessed a knowledge of revealed truth will be regarded by some as a fond delusion, or perhaps a dexterously chosen position on the part of the pretender, in order to flatter the self-love of his countrymen. Yet this belief is not taken up for the occasion. All writers upon China dwell upon the superstitious reverence for antiquity which pervades the popular mind. In proportion as a custom or tenet is ancient it is good. The primæval ages, in the apprehension of the Chinese, were ages of truth, and of communion with the true God. When we consider that this race was among the descendants of Shem, with whom the pure faith was originally deposited and carried abroad on the dispersion, with whom, too, rested the promise and anticipation of the future Messiah, we shall not regard with incredulity that feeling which leads any of the children of the East to look back to the first ages of their race as ages of light; but we shall rather infer that their conviction, based upon an authentic tradition, has more truth in it than they themselves can now comprehend—

'Pious beyond the intention of their thought,
Devout above the meaning of their will.'

But a stronger ground of suspicion yet remains against the Christianity of the insurgents in the pretended visions, revelations, and personal interpositions of the Almighty, which are related in some of their documents. These accounts occur chiefly in the '*Book of Celestial Decrees*' and '*The Revelations of the Heavenly Father*,' especially the latter, which is gross and profane enough. It represents the Almighty as appearing, of his own accord, to convict a traitor in the insurgents' camp of treachery. The conversations, the manner in which the culprit's evasions are detected and laid bare, are in the worst style of mediæval coarseness, and almost ribaldry. It seems to us out of place to attempt any palliation of this pretended scene, by comparing it with any delusions or impostures which may have disfigured certain periods of Christian history. Whether the whole account is to be considered a simple fabrication, invented to terrify the followers of the movement from all similar conduct,—of which sort of expedient we may find many instances even in the Imperial announcements that issue from Pekin;—or whether a scene was got up and acted, after the fashion of the 'mysteries and moralities'

ties' of by-gone ages in Europe, in order to impress the army with a lesson proper for the occasion, is of little importance. But what is of real weight is the circumstance that *this* document was the production of two subordinate officers, and not of the authors of *the other* publications. Even if it was sanctioned by the leaders it would be enough to say that it exhibits just one of those pieces of mixed fraud and delusion which belongs to semi-barbarous nations, and which abound among the Chinese. The absurdly-childish and profane means resorted to in war by that people, in order to terrify each other, are well known: and we may regard this mock judicial proceeding as of a piece with their other stratagems. Any way it is illogical to infer that, because chicanery or folly still lingers among them, therefore all their professions on other points are false. The case is simply this: here are a semi-barbarous people newly professing a certain number of Christian doctrines and the main principles of Christian morality. We find still lingering among them some old heathenish follies and tricks, which, however profane they may appear to us, may not appear so to them; and it is only accordant with nature that the partial truth should be sincerely embraced and co-exist, for a time, with long-established errors.

'The Book of Celestial Decrees' is far less offensive. It contains an account of several appearances of our Lord (*to whom* it is not said) attesting the commission of the present leader. It recites other divine proclamations exhorting the insurgents to bravery, patience, and belief in the Supreme God. Together with these divine interpositions we may class that portion of a publication of a very different stamp—'*The Trimetrical Classic*'—which speaks of the writer having been taken up into heaven, and Jesus having come down to instruct and encourage and direct his servant in the arduous enterprise on which he was commissioned to enter. It is impossible to read these passage and not see that there is a train of scriptural thought and language pervading them. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult to disentangle what we are taught of the descent and ascension of our Saviour, from what is there asserted of the leader, of whom it seems undoubtedly to be spoken. But this favours the idea that these fanatical pretensions are really only the dreams of an enthusiastic mind, or perhaps of a temporarily-disordered brain. It is confidently asserted that *Hung-siu-tsieun*, between the period of his receiving some knowledge of Christianity, and his entering upon his revolutionary enterprise, was greatly affected with sickness, during which it is supposed that he mixed up the deliriums of a disordered fancy with the convictions of his mind, before which a great idea was dimly unfolding itself. If this be so, and if the consequence

consequence has proved to be that he thereby deemed himself commissioned from on high to undertake a perilous, but magnificent scheme for regenerating his country, we have but one instance more of that kind of fanatical delusion which has caused men, in other countries, to be reckoned by multitudes as among the heroes of earth, and the almost inspired ministers of the Divine Will. It would be hasty to conclude that one so impressed, and so led, must be either a dupe or an impostor. It is not thus that a dispassionate judgment will determine respecting S. Francis, or Loyola; not thus of the disordered impressions of Luther, or Bunyan, or George Fox, men on whose minds their great ideas 'lay like substances, and almost seemed to haunt the bodily sense.' There is much philosophic truth in the account given, by the great historian of Rome's decline, of the same phenomenon as exhibited in Peter the Hermit, of whom he says, 'Whatever he wished, he believed; whatever he believed, that he *saw* in dreams and revelations. . . . When he challenged the warriors of the age to defend their brethren and rescue their Saviour, he supplied the deficiency of reason by loud and frequent appeals to Christ and his mother, with whom he personally conversed.'*

After all, perhaps, the strongest argument in favour of the religious sincerity of the insurgents is that men of calm judgment, on the spot, believe them to be thoroughly in earnest. The eye-witnesses of their conduct have found it in conformity with their professions; the strictness enjoined in the public orders was really maintained in the camp. Dr. Taylor, on his visit, found their acts of worship were repeated two or three times every day. He was struck with the calm and earnest enthusiasm that pervaded the entire body: while 'the regulations of the army of the Tae-Ping Dynasty,' which enjoin 'the careful observance of the Deity, of the ten commandments, and of all the morning, evening, and thanksgiving services; a careful abstinence from smoking, drinking, and insubordination; a constant avoidance of misrepresentation and misappropriation; separation of the sexes, and refraining from wandering out of the camp,'† might make us think we were engaged in reading a campaign of Gustavus Adolphus, instead of the military operations of a semi-barbarous nation, hitherto sunk in a low, nerveless state of indolence, cowardice, and vice.

We do not, then, suspect these men of fraud or hypocrisy, and are constrained to conclude that there is among them a certain species of Christianity. This is enough of itself to excite curiosity.

* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. lviii., ad init.

† *The Chinese Revolution*, p. 165.

'Chose étonnante!' writes Mgr. Rizzolati, vicar apostolic of Hou-quang, 'dans tous les lieux qu'il vient de conquérir, les premiers édits qu'il a portés sont à-peu-près ainsi conçus: "Le Dieu dont la Toutepuissance a créé le ciel et la terre en six jours, qui a confié au déluge sa vengeance sur les hommes, qui a châtié les cinq villes du pays de Sodome par le feu du ciel, c'est le même Dieu qui nous a donné la mission de punir les péchés des Chinois et de rétablir son culte parmi eux. . . . C'est pourquoi nous n'admettons que le culte d'un seul vrai Dieu, Createur du ciel et de la terre; et nous ordonnons que partout soient détruites les idoles, renversés les temples,"' &c.*

This fact settled, every one is eager to learn from what quarter the impulse came.

Christianity is no new thing in China. The Siganfu monument confirms what history records of the diffusion of the faith by the Nestorian Christians in the seventh and following centuries. Even so late as about the year 1300 Monte Corvino (a Roman Catholic) wrote to Europe from *Chataia* (Peking)—'The Nestorians of this country bear, it is true, the name of Christians, but they are far from the true faith. They are so numerous in this empire that they prevent any one joining any Christian church besides their own.'† Shortly after, that is from the time of Tamerlane's conquest in Central Asia, the Christianity thus planted died out. In the sixteenth century the Jesuits commenced their missionary enterprise in China. For three hundred years they have been perseveringly labouring in the attempt to convert the natives; and, undoubtedly, great zeal, and all the appliances of human accomplishments have been unreservedly devoted to the attempt. For about forty-five years the agents of several Protestant Societies have entered into the field, and have been engaged in missionary work, chiefly however in the translation of the Holy Scriptures, the distribution of tracts, and kindred operations.

Suddenly a harvest of some sort or other has sprung up from the soil. It is, seemingly, indigenous, and this independence of foreign aid, although of course originally derived from it, is its remarkable peculiarity. An attempt has been made to refer a portion at least of the documents to the old Nestorian teaching, and even to the Syrian inscription already mentioned. The suggestion is frivolous, and equally idle is the effort made by the same writer‡ to connect it with Roman Catholic instruction, either of the former Jesuits or of more recent emissaries. It would indeed be a cause for satisfaction rather than regret if

* *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*, vol. xxv., p. 303.

† *L. Waddingi Annal. Minor.*, t. vi., p. 69, quoted by Blumhardt; *Histoire du Christianisme*, iii., p. 132.

‡ *The Religious Aspect of the Civil War in China*, by Rev. W. H. Rule.

we could trace this clear profession of some of the main Christian tenets to a source so far removed as even the early Jesuit missions. We should have greater confidence in the growth and permanence of the work, could we discern in it indications of a leaven, long hid, which had been secretly diffusing itself through the mass, and now bore witness that the mass was leavened. But this is not the case. There is an absence of every token that could connect the creed of the rebels with Roman Catholic influence. The Romanists themselves avow that they 'find no Catholic element in it.' The adoption of the word *Shang-ti*, to designate 'God,' and the title of 'worshippers of Jesus,' given to the insurgents, are almost a protest against Roman Catholic Christianity, which has acquired in popular language the name of *Tien-chu-keao*, or 'the worship of the Lord of heaven;*' *Tien-chu*, being the word sanctioned by Pope Clement XI., in 1715, to designate 'God,' to the exclusion of *Shang-ti*. In the Ten Commandments put forth and commented upon in the 'Religious precepts,' the second commandment keeps its place as a distinct enactment, contrary to the usage of the Romanists. There is a total silence on the subject of the Church, the Saints, even of the Virgin; no crucifix is seen, no priesthood recognized; ideas which all who are conversant with Roman missions know to occupy no subordinate place in the instruction of their neophytes. At the taking of Nankin some of their converts were rudely handled, and even slain; the crucifix was destroyed because deemed to be an idol, and confounded probably with the idols of the Buddhists by these fanatical iconoclasts.

But beyond all this, it appears to us morally impossible for any such movement to have resulted from the methods of conversion employed by the emissaries of Rome. The whole spirit of it is alien from the genius of their church, which represses independent judgment and action; keeps its heathen neophytes submissive and in fetters;† keeps them, as it finds them, children. In Paraguay, in India, in every place where they have planted the cross, this has been a result, and never in a heathen

* 'On the proper mode of rendering the word "God" in the Chinese Language,' by Sir G. T. Staunton, Bart., M.P., p. 21. The genius of the Chinese nation has prevailed over the controversies of Europeans, and the word *Shang-ti* is now definitively settled, by its uniform adoption in the religious documents of the insurgents, as the term to designate the deity. It is the word adopted by Gutzlaff, partially so by Milne, and strongly recommended by Sir G. Staunton in the interesting and able pamphlet referred to; so that henceforth, it is to be hoped that the supposititious words, *Tien-chu*, *Shin*, *Tien-shin*, will be set aside.

† It is curious to observe how, almost intuitively, where the promising converts of the Roman missionaries are spoken of they are designated by them as 'dociles.'

country have we seen any national progress, social or religious, grow out of their propagation of the faith. Here, on the contrary, we find a religious movement full of life, and new-born energy; marked rather by recklessness and impetuosity than by tame subserviency, by a resiliency, instead of a subjection, of thought and action. Fresh elemental ideas have sprung up among these masses; the name of the leader is identified with *progress*;* in nothing are the characteristics of Roman Catholicism apparent, and the Romanists themselves have already endorsed the sentiment.

Whence then has this movement sprung? We are not satisfied that any *sufficient* account of its source has yet been given. *Hung-siu-tsieun* may, perhaps, have received from *Leang-Afa* the tract of which so much has been said; he may have seen Mr. Roberts at Canton in 1844; yet neither the one fact, nor the other, nor both, will account adequately for what we witness. One thing is clear, that the effect is not due to any imposing outward agency at all commensurate with the magnitude of the result, and we rejoice that thus it should have been at the outset. It is an additional proof that there is in the religious profession an inherent principle of life, that it is self-supporting, and that it is not a case in which, without strength in itself, it is solely kept up by external appliances. The absence of any immediate director of the awakening brings it into remarkable correspondence with what has characterized the earliest planting of the Gospel in many of the nations of Europe. Who first preached Christianity in Egypt is unknown; in Spain and Italy unknown; in England equally unknown. Even in recent days a remarkable religious movement has occurred in two districts of northern and southern India. At Kishnaghur, and again in Tinnevely, whole villages have been converted; but the process in each case, sudden and even startling, was traceable to no particular teacher. The word of God was scattered there, almost at a venture, by travelling missionaries—it took root of itself, and therefore the harvest is all the more hopeful.

A still more important inquiry is, *what kind* of Christianity this is which has been proclaimed by the leading rebels, and is at least passively accepted by the masses that crowd round their successful standards. On this point, as on others, many are perplexed at what they read in the religious books that have been published by the revolutionists. For ourselves we have no hesitation in saying that the Christian tenets therein set forth, taken with all the drawbacks already mentioned, of delusion,

* 'L'Insurrection en Chine,' par MM. Callery et Yvan, p. 262.

lingering superstition, and possibly of partial deception, yet seem so natural in their mode of enunciation, and in the very imperfection with which they are blended, that there is reason for auguring well for the future, if only the proper means be adopted for advancing and perpetuating the work. An examination of the '*Trimetrical Classic*' and the '*Book of Religious Precepts*,' two of the principal publications, suggest some conclusions which appear to us irresistible.

1. It must be obvious to the most cursory reader that the language of the Bible pervades these compositions, especially the '*Classic*.' Some doubt has existed as to whether the whole of the Old and New Testament is possessed by these inquirers, chiefly from the fact of a portion only of Dr. Gutzlaff's translation being found in their hands at Nankin. Captain Fishbourne, however, states that they have the entire Scriptures. The insurgents themselves said, in their interview on board the *Hermes*, that the Sacred Volume 'had been taken to Peking about a thousand years ago, and that it was thence the people got a copy, which they had multiplied.' In the inscription on the monument at Siganfu, erected by the Nestorians, reference is distinctly made to the Holy Scriptures, as consisting of twenty-four books of the law and the prophets, and seventeen of the New Testament;* and we are led, from the existence of the above-mentioned tradition, to infer that they were translated and circulated by those early missionaries. From the closeness with which the Scripture phraseology is copied throughout the '*Classic*,' particularly in the account of Israel's deliverance from Egypt, we must suppose that the composition, undoubtedly the production of the Chinese themselves, is drawn directly from the word of God.

2. Again, this notion is confirmed by the absolute freedom from all party symbolism and conventional language, which so disfigure the profession, and religious phraseology of disunited Christendom.

3. It is observable, too, that in these expositions of belief there is a marked absence of the *doctrines* as distinguished from the *facts* of Divine revelation. There is a simple announcement of the chief Scriptural events, without comment or inference; and they thus exhibit what we should expect to be the process of a mind newly aroused to a consciousness of the great acts of the Divine dispensations towards man. The following passage in the '*Trimetrical Classic*' will exemplify what we mean:—

* See the translation of this inscription in the Appendix to Mosheim's *Histor. Tartarorum*, pp. 7, 8.

' But the great God,
 Out of pity to mankind,
 Sent his first-born Son
 To come down into the world.
 His name is Jesus,
 The Lord and Saviour of men,
 Who redeems them from sin
 By the endurance of extreme misery.
 Upon the cross
 They nailed his body :
 Where He shed His precious blood,
 To save all mankind.
 Three days after his death
 He rose from the dead,
 And during forty days
 He discoursed on heavenly things.'

We cannot but be struck with the resemblance which this recital of the primary principles of the Christian faith bears to the Apostles' creed, and with the air of genuineness and reality with which it is impressed. So true is it to nature, that we can hardly refrain from setting down some of the earliest forms which we possess of such confessions, in order to show how, both in the *order* and *character* of the facts selected, they all tally with the profession which has been drawn up by the Chinese. It will be enough to observe that, in the summary of Christian truths sent by Pope Boniface to Edwin King of England in the year 625, and again in a similar précis prepared by the Greek missionaries for the conversion of Wladimar King of Prussia in 987, the same salient facts of Scripture are selected, in order to awaken the heathen mind. Just so in the famous treatise of St. Augustine, '*De Catechizandis rudibus*,' the main facts of the Old Testament preparatory to the New, and the solemn events of our Lord's history—such as His incarnation, life, death, and resurrection—are dwelt on, as the prominent verities to which the mind of man, awakened and seeking truth, would naturally be drawn.

4. It requires only the slightest acquaintance with the character of the Chinese writings, such, for instance, as those translated by Milne and Marshman, to recognize the native turn of thought in these religious productions. In their reference to the national history, in their appeal to antiquity, in the almost unconscious prominence given to parental authority and family relationship (even to the corruption of the Christian faith), and in the peculiar and specific exhortations to virtue,—in all these points they are thoroughly Chinese. Some writers have condemned the admixture of the Confucian element, and special instances

instances of it are even spoken of as '*additions to the Christian faith.*' Strangely enough; as if the phenomenon before us was that of Christianity being overlaid by error, instead of Christianity forcing its way through a mass of ancient superstition; as if truth was to spring forth complete and unencumbered from the indurated corruptions of two thousand years; or as if, after all, the Gospel could only then be welcomed when all the sublime morality of the wisest sages of antiquity had been utterly discarded. So far from thus thinking, we deem it an auspicious circumstance that these people, even in the shipwreck of its worn-out ideas, should cling fast to the immutable maxims of their great Teacher, and find in Christianity the supplement, the necessary completion, and crown of the imperfect truth taught by that old philosopher. We should be sorry to see the nation so revolutionised as to be drifted away from its ancient moorings. Moreover, we will add our conviction, that whenever a Church is formed in that country, it will exhibit a nationality that will distinguish it from all other Churches of the East or West, in consequence of the Confucian modes of thought which for so many years have formed the best minds in the nation, and contributed largely to all that is best in the Chinese character. The expansive and plastic spirit of Christianity is calculated to mould itself upon the peculiarities of the various sections of mankind. When, unfettered by a narrow dogmatism, it gives free play to national genius, it develops itself in the same direction, and gathers each phase of human life within its sanctifying influence. Just as the tendency of Eastern Christianity was speculative; of Western, ceremonial; of Northern, practical;—just as one Church has developed more prominently than another some particular feature in its polity,—the Eastern in being peculiarly patriarchal; the Western, papal; the Northern, episcopal:—just so the Christianity and Church of China may assume a domestic or paternal characteristic not inconsistent with the primary laws of the Gospel kingdom.

5. A further point that occurs in the '*Book of Religious Precepts*' is very observable, because it indicates the tendency in the minds of its promulgators to break down some of those barriers of prejudice which have hitherto obstructed the entrance of the Gospel; and because it shows that the banner that is '*lifted up,*' if we may so speak, '*as a token,*'—

'Streams, like a thunder cloud, *against* the wind.'

Two strong feelings possess the Chinese in regard to religion. The first is, that the Emperor, as the father of the nation, is likewise

likewise its high priest.* He offers sacrifice on behalf of the people, and worships in their name; and the indolence of the natives readily accepts an official and vicarious devotion, which exempts themselves from trouble in the matter. The second is, jealousy and contempt of foreigners. We may understand how these two potent prejudices would operate against the introduction of any foreign, and much more of the Christian, faith. Yet the 'Book of Precepts' seems courageously composed to controvert these very objections, and so remarkable are the dexterity and the soundness of argument with which they are answered, that some passages deserve to be extracted:—

'Those whose minds,' says this state manifesto, 'have been deluded by the devil, object and say that the great God is only to be worshipped by *sovereign princes*. But we wish you to know that the great God is the universal Father of all men throughout the world. Sovereigns are those of his children who most resemble him; while the common mass are still his children, though steeped in ignorance; and the violent and oppressive are his disobedient children. If you still think that sovereigns alone are allowed to worship God, we beg to ask you, whether the parents of one family regard only their eldest son, and whether they require filial respect and obedience from him alone?'

This position is then supported by instances from Chinese history of subordinate princes having worshipped God, and having received signal marks of his favour, which is taken as a conclusive proof that such worship could not be unacceptable.

The objection against a foreign religion is thus dealt with:—

'Some also say erroneously that to worship the great God is to imitate foreigners; not remembering that China has its histories which are open to investigation. . . . The fact is, that according to the histories both of the Chinese and foreign nations, the important duty of worshipping the great God, in the early ages of the world, several thousand years ago, was alike practised both by Chinese and foreigners. But the various foreign nations in the west have practised this duty up to the present time, while the Chinese practised it only up to the Tsin and Han dynasties;† since which time they have erroneously followed the devil's ways, and allowed themselves to be deceived by the king of Hades. Now, however, the great God, out of compassion to the children of men, has displayed his great power, and delivered men from the machinations of the evil one; causing them to retrace their steps, and again to practise the great duty which was performed of old. Thus while alive they are no longer

* 'The Chinese,' Sir J. F. Davis, vol. ii. p. 149.

† During the Tsin dynasty, the great sacrilege of burning the ancient books of the empire was committed; and M. Remusat in his *Voyages Bouddhiques*, mentions that Bouddhism was first preached in China at the same period, viz. B.C. 217. It was fully established in China about 300 years later, during the Han dynasty.

subject to the devil's influences, and after death they are not taken away by him, but ascending to heaven they enjoy endless bliss. This is all owing to the unmeasurable grace and infinite compassion of the great God. Those who are still unawakened say, on the contrary, that we are following foreigners, thus showing to what an intense degree they are deluded by their great adversary. Mang-tsze says that "Truth is one." If men did but understand this they would acknowledge that both Chinese and foreigners ought together to procure the great duty of worshipping God.'

Upon this follows a prayer 'for a penitent sinner' of remarkable excellence, and full of Christian sentiment.

6. We cannot dismiss these publications without noticing the institution of the Sabbath, which is prominently set forward and enjoined as a part of the new religious code. It is the only *institution* directly recognised in it, and would be noticeable on this account, even if it were not an ordinance of such great practical import in itself. It is, in fact, wherever observed, a national recognition of the divine law, and secures, more than any other appointment, the permanence of religious service. In this instance it has displaced a whole host of superstitious prognostications, sorceries, and days lucky and unlucky, which filled the old calendar; and, as the preface to the new Almanac states, honours the true God as ruling over all times and seasons, and as blessing all equally with His providence. The adoption of the Sabbath is the more remarkable among the Chinese, because, unlike other Eastern nations, they have preserved no trace in their mythological or astrological systems of the primæval division of time into seven days. The observance, therefore, of this divine ordinance is an act of simple obedience to the Word of God, evidencing the boldness and sincerity of its promulgators; and if permanently established will mark an era in the social as well as the religious history of the nation.

Such are the prominent features that characterize these Chinese compositions. They are, we believe, quite unparalleled as emanating from men in the process of struggling out of heathenism. The prominent features of Christianity stand out in them unmistakably; there is something simple and massive in the enunciation of them, with no admixture of sectarian littleness. Lingerings errors cling to them as portions of native earth hang to masses of stone newly hewn from the ground; and were it not so, they would be artificial and probably untrue.

Similar imperfections adhere to the *practice* also of these converts. Much, for instance, has been said of the so-called sacrifices which form a part of their devotions. They are, in reality, improperly called *sacrifices*, and the ceremony consists only of
offerings

offerings of animals, flowers, food, and the like. Dr. Taylor, on his visit to the insurgents, found, at their religious services, that tables were placed, with bowls of various kinds of food as *offerings* to the Supreme Being; among which were three bowls of tea, one for each Person of the Trinity. This is an old Confucian form of worship, and Dr. Gutzlaff mentions that it was a part of the Emperor's office to present such offerings to the *Shang-ti* for the people. Even though these rites consisted of actual sacrifices, such as heathens offer in the way of expiation, we need not be staggered by the circumstance at the present stage. It is curious how, in the records of ancient missions, the heathen, on their first reception of Christianity, are mentioned as superstitiously clinging to the practice for a time. Boniface, in the eighth century, on visiting his recent converts in Hesse, found many among them who sacrificed secretly, and even publicly, to their gods, and mixed several pagan rites with their Christian profession. So, at an earlier period, St. Augustine complained to Pope Gregory of the tenacity with which the Anglo-Saxons adhered to the usage. The semi-converts of China are only in the same position, in this respect, as their brethren of Germany and England were twelve or thirteen centuries back.

Still it must be acknowledged that very serious defects do disfigure both the faith and practice of the Chinese insurgents, even though we do not admit that they throw a doubt on the genuineness of their profession. The cruelty they have exhibited in war, though less than what has often been witnessed in the religious conflicts of European Christians, shows at least that the precepts of the Gospel have not practically pervaded the ranks of the adherents. The polygamy of the leaders, if true, for it is doubted, is strangely at variance both with the purity of the law they profess to follow, and with the injunctions enforced upon the multitude. Fanaticism, also, is clearly mixed up with the pretensions of their spiritual and political leader—in whom, according to the Chinese constitution, the two offices are united.* The language which represents the aspirant to the throne as the 'younger brother' of our Lord, who is the 'elder brother,' although not without a tinge of Scriptural truth, and although merely the natural expression of the national idea which repre-

* M. Remusat remarks, 'L'Empereur de la Chine n'est pas seulement le chef suprême de l'état, le grand sacrificateur et le principal législateur de la nation; il est encore le prince des lettrés et le premier des docteurs de l'empire: il n'est pas moins chargé d'instruire que de gouverner ses peuples, ou, pour mieux dire, instruire et gouverner n'est, à la Chine, qu'une même chose.' *Mélanges Asiatiques*, vol. ii. p. 311. It is in accordance with this Confucian idea of his office, that the pretender to the throne now issues his codes of religious instructions to his followers. The prophetic office is lodged in him

sents the Celestial Emperor as the 'son of heaven,' yet is full of profane and depraving ideas. Some great truths are obscured, others unrecognised. The Emperor, at present, seems to take on himself the sole office of the ministry; the people baptize one another; and the instruction of the people appears limited to the issue of such imperial proclamations as have been referred to and quoted. All this is calculated to excite misgiving; but if we consider the manner in which the knowledge has been probably gained, it will go very far, we apprehend, to explain this anomalous alliance of truth with error, and supply us with some clue to unravel the future.

We have already mentioned the system of the Roman Catholic missions, which has been pursued for nearly three hundred years. In complete antagonism to this has been the method adopted by the Protestant Missionaries since they entered upon the same field. In the hands of the latter, the Gospel has been presented to the Chinese simply as a doctrine, an abstraction;—not as a system, scarcely as a fact. Millions of tracts and Bibles were circulated among a people ingenious, curious, captious, fond of reading, versatile, unsteady. Nothing intervened between the doctrine that was presented, and the mind of the individual reader. No Protestant missionary entered, beyond a journey or two of some forty or fifty miles, into the interior; and even this effort is spoken of as a most experimental enterprise. And what followed? A portion of Scripture fell into some hands, a tract into other, *fragments* of truth were scattered at hap-hazard on chance soils; and no means were offered either for nurturing the seed or preparing the soil for its reception.

This unsystematic and hazardous mode of proceeding seems to have struck Dr. Gutzlaff, who tried to remedy it. About the year 1844 he formed what was called the Chinese Union, of which the object was 'to evangelise China by the Chinese.' For this purpose he drew around him at Hong-Kong as many natives as evinced any desire to be instructed in the Christian faith. Several of these he baptized; and selected the most competent to act as missionaries, and to preach in the interior. All the members, without exception, were engaged in distributing tracts and Bibles, and were bound to bring as many as they could to join the society, and become fellow-labourers in the same work. It is surprising that the sagacity of Dr. Gutzlaff, well versed as he was in the knowledge of the Chinese character, did not foresee the abuse to which the system was exposed, and which the event exhibited. Nearly two thousand were at one time members of the society, and about one hundred and twenty were maintained

as preachers. It soon appeared that a considerable proportion of them were acting fraudulently and hypocritically. Some did not visit the places they professed to do; and a large number, after receiving Bibles, &c., simply sold them back to the printer, who connived at the fraud, and appropriated the money. In 1850 a committee was appointed to inquire into these alleged malpractices; they were clearly proved; and the committee, besides recording their judgment to this effect, were obliged to express their opinion, that 'the Union, as an instrumentality for the propagation of the Gospel, was exceedingly ill-adapted for its end.'

Such have been the means for extending a knowledge of the Gospel. Imperfect as they were, we fear that even inferior methods may succeed, and that the zeal which has been awakened may confine itself chiefly to what is now the prominent idea—the pouring many thousands or millions of Bibles and tracts into the rebel camp. An influence is needed over and above what is supplied by the written word, and similar to that which was derived from the Apostles when they founded churches, gathered the converts into communities, and constructed the fabric of a sacred society, with its form of sound words, its ministry, and its ordinances. It was by this means, and in this order, that the Christianity of Europe was planted and took lasting root. A thousand errors cling to heathens newly awakened from their long sleep, and they are not competent to emancipate themselves from the superstitions and worse abominations with which they have been enthralled. 'One thing is plain,' says the missionary, Dr. Legge, 'the last works published, excepting the Calendar, are the most objectionable. There is not knowledge nor influence in the camp sufficient to correct what is wrong, and arrest what is dangerous.' As for the masses, it is probable that they are far less imbued with the truth than the leaders, and that with them it is still more deeply impregnated with grossness of thought and heathen associations. To leave these partially enlightened men to construct a system for themselves, with all the omissions arising from ignorance, and all the adulterations proceeding from ages of error, would be almost to give up the cause. It is the more essential that a pure creed and a wise polity should be proclaimed at the outset that it is contrary to the spirit of the bulk of the people to attempt to be wiser than their teachers. In the social and civil life of the Chinese the individual has been wholly subordinated to the community. They love routine and ceremonial; and order and rule are, in their minds, the necessary accessories of truth. If Christianity is to be the faith of the nation, it must coalesce, as far as is lawful, with the ancient forms, institutions, and habits of the people, and should the

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tenets be corrupt when they are incorporated, they are not likely to be improved by the force of public opinion.

With the very limited information we possess, the conclusions that have been formed of the ultimate issue of the rebellion appear over-sanguine and hasty. Even apart from the rumour of an irruption of Mongul Tartars, who would probably turn back the tide of conquest, it is far from impossible that the insurgents may yet receive a check, and of the disposition of the people at large towards the new creed we know absolutely nothing. All ordinary experience is against their throwing up their ancient superstitions at the mere bidding of an army who are but a handful of the vast population, and if the rebels win the prize it is no unlikely alternative that they will compromise their creed to consolidate the throne. Dr. Gutzlaff speaks of a prediction in the Pâli books of the Buddhists, to the effect that a religion coming from the West shall supersede the national Buddhism; and in consequence of this prophecy his appearance at Siam caused great alarm to the natives, who fled in all directions at the sight of him. An impression of this kind might weigh with the Chinese and facilitate the change, but we can draw no sure inferences from such partial indications. The most that can be said is, that there is a better prospect than ever existed before, and the consequences that must result are so momentous, that we must be prepared to take advantage of any opening which presents itself. With the successful termination of the rebellion the religious question will receive its solution; and unless we are ready at the critical instant with our measures and our agents, the whole arrangements will have passed beyond the sphere of our influence before we can bring it to bear.

The first duty is with our English Government, who should have a negociator of the highest order on the spot to watch the course of events. *Politically* it is of importance that we should be on the alert, for other nations have ambitious projects and would lose no opportunity of securing exclusive advantages. Russia, as active on the sea of Okhotsk as on the Black Sea, the Caspian and the Baltic, is said to have offered to barter assistance against the rebels for certain Chinese provinces, and America is equally watching the favourable moment to obtain her own particular objects. *Commercially* it is of the highest consequence that we should have freedom of trade and intercourse with a country numbering from four to five hundred millions of inhabitants, all of them laborious, many of them consummate artificers, capable of furnishing ourselves and our colonies with admirable mechanics, and who, while receiving the produce of our arts and manufactures, would have their own industry enormously developed

developed by the importation of our machinery and our science. *Religiously* it is equally essential that the country should not again be closed to foreigners, and the united skill of European diplomatists will be far more efficacious in procuring the abrogation of restrictions than anything which can be said or done by the missionaries.

The duty of our church is not so simple. If the vast empire of China is to be thrown open to the preachers of Christianity, the want of persons who understand the language, or practically we may say languages—for from the extreme dissimilarity of pronunciation the people of different provinces cannot understand one another—must, for a long period, cripple our exertions. The most obvious method of employing to advantage a part, at least, of our small resources, is to establish institutions in China under European superintendence for the training of a native clergy. Funds, we are certain, would be forthcoming for the purpose the moment the way was open and specific plans could be framed. If the profession of Christianity is really to become at once universal throughout the nation, travelling missionaries may be indispensable for organising communities and guarding against the admixture of heathen abominations. But we must wait the issue of the struggle before we can determine what is best to be done, and in the meanwhile we should be gathering together our present materials, and providing more abundant agents for the future. It would be worthy of our ancient Universities to appoint professors of Chinese, who should not only teach the language but endeavour to direct the youthful zeal of those who volunteered for the purpose to a practical end. The munificent individuals who are distinguished for their acts of costly charity would probably come forward to endow a chair which was to promote the evangelization of a mighty empire. The children of our great seminaries would be the most efficient nursing fathers of the Chinese church. Their scholarship would attract the admiration of natives who venerate knowledge, and win additional favour for the doctrines which accompanied it. The basis of the Eastern establishment, as with our own, would be laid in ‘sound piety and useful learning,’ and the wild flames of a precarious fanaticism would be converted into a pure, a steady, and a perpetual light. Even if the hopes which have been raised should be entirely disappointed and the dawning twilight be succeeded by a second night, these preparations will not have been thrown away, for the effects already produced will be a stimulus to exertion, and China will properly occupy more of our attention in the future than it has hitherto done.

The bare chance of present success is worth, at any rate, the
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cost of providing against contingencies, and if Christianity is to have a place among the living institutions of the empire, we must trust chiefly to extraneous influence to produce the results. Unless we act with promptness and energy the best that can happen is, that the imperfect system of the rebels should prevail, and it is probable that still less favourable consequences will ensue. The truth now imperfectly received may be relinquished; Confucian philosophy again form the creed of the Court and the literati; and the masses be left to their pagan superstitions. Christianity, it must be remembered, was once professed at Peking, which had its Nestorian Archbishop and its Emperors who countenanced the gospel. But the nation, after a while, relapsed into heathenism. Under the surprising exertions of the Jesuits the influence of the Church was once more widely spread; the heir to the throne received his education at their hands; the mother, son, and wife of the last of the Ming dynasty were Christians; and yet, after a time, the faith was again proscribed. Or a second state of things may occur. Christianity may be accepted and recommended by those in authority, but left, like the doctrines of Lao-tze, to the choice of the people. In this case, it is to be feared that it will be recognized by the rulers of the Empire simply as a creed, and will be practised only so far as it does not interfere with Confucian principles, under which as the state religion, the Empire will continue to be governed, and the people will remain essentially unchanged. Or a third alternative may arise. Should the reception of the Christian faith develop itself into anything resembling a national creed, and require, as it will require, its frame-work, its hierarchy, and its code of laws, as well as formularies of faith, to fall in with the native genius, the watchful missionaries of the Roman Church may step in with its claim to antiquity, its pliant code, its imposing ceremonial, its compact government, and manifold machinery, and then the new-born energy which has issued from the reception of Christian truth, may sink under the aggression, and China be again doomed to religious bondage and stagnation.

ART. VI.—*Mathias Alexander Castren, Travels in the North: containing a Journey in Lapland in 1838; Journey in Russian Karelia in 1839; Journey in Lapland, Northern Russia, and Siberia, in 1841-44. Translated into German (from the Swedish), by Henrik Helms. Leipzig: Avenarius and Mendelsohn. 1853.*

WE are willing to take for granted the accuracy of Mr. Helms as a translator; and making this concession, albeit a blind one, to acknowledge our obligation for his labour. He would, however, have much enhanced that obligation if he had favoured us with some prefatory biographical notice of the enterprising traveller, whose narrative he has rescued from the comparative obscurity of a Scandinavian text. This task Mr. Helms has omitted to discharge. His translation, in the edition which has reached us, is not accompanied by preface, or by a word of information beyond that afforded in the title-page, in one or two unimportant notes, and a sketch map of the route of the later journeys, an extension of which to the two former would be very desirable. From the fact announced in the title-page, that the original is in Swedish, we might naturally have inferred that Mr. Castren was a native and subject of Sweden. We are enabled, however, upon inquiry, to inform our readers that he was—we wish we could say is—a subject of Russia, and a native of Finland. Those who go through the account of his travels will learn, with more sympathy than surprise, that the adventures it records undermined its author's constitution, and led to his premature decease. He is entitled to a share in the regret with which the announcement of the loss of another distinguished Finlander, the Oriental scholar and traveller, Mr. Wallin, has been received in the scientific world. We are told nothing of his decease by the translator, but a note casually informs us that Mr. Castren lived to accomplish, under the auspices of the Russian Government, a very extended journey through Siberia and other parts of the Russian Asiatic dominion, as far as the frontiers of China, not noticed in this work, but which, we hope, may be the subject of a future publication.

Of the many motives and pursuits which separately, or in combination, are daily leading explorers into the distant recesses and dark holes and corners of the earth, one of the most creditable, the love of science, was Mr. Castren's. He was born in a Finland village, not far from the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia. His education was obtained at the Alexander's College of Helsingfors, which, since its transference to that city from Abo, has, we believe, done credit to the liberal endowment
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of the Russian Government. He seems, from his earliest years, to have formed the intention of devoting himself to the illustration of the literature and antiquities of his country; and the main object of the travels recorded in the present volume was to trace the affinities of the languages of the coterminous Lap, the Samoyede, and the Ostiak, with his own and with each other. For this, and for the kindred purposes of investigating the habits, the history, and above all the superstitions, of these rude tribes, he faced the summer mosquito of the Lapland swamp, and the wintry blast of the Tundra, which not even the reindeer can confront and live. For these objects he traversed the White Sea in rickety vessels with drunken crews, and fed on raw fish and sawdust, and accepted shelter in the hut of the Samoyede beggar. The present volume contains the journal of three such expeditions. The general reader may open it without fear of encountering the detailed results of the author's philological or other scientific researches. These must be sought elsewhere by the curious in Finn inflexions and Lap or Samoyede terminations, in the records of scientific societies, Russian and Scandinavian.

Having thus early chosen his path of inquiry, Mr. Castren occupied himself for some fifteen years of his student life at Helsingfors with assiduous study of the Finn and other cognate languages, so far as books could enable him to pursue it. The aid, however, to be derived from books for such investigations as these was limited, and he long sighed in vain for pecuniary means and opportunity to visit the regions, the languages and manners of which he wished to explore. In the year 1838 the desired opening was at last presented to him. Dr. Ehrstrom, a friend and medical fellow-student, proposed to accept him as a companion, free of expense, on a tour in Lapland. They were subsequently joined by another alumnus of the Alexander University, Magister Blank, a professor of natural history, and by a preacher named Durmann, charged with a mission to the Enarè district of Lapmark. With these companions he started from a village near Tornea on the 25th June, 1838.

In the early part of this journey, before they had overstepped the limits of Finnish civilization, they found their accommodations somewhat improved by preparations for the reception of an expected French scientific expedition. These had, we presume, been made by special suggestion of Russian authorities, for the guests were not looked forward to with pleasure. French scientific travellers had, it appears, on some former occasion, given offence and trouble to their entertainers. Englishmen bore a better reputation. They indeed, like the French, had given trouble, and been particular as to their accommodation, but

but then they had cheerfully paid double and triple prices for it. They had angled perpetually in the streams, and had bestowed all they caught upon their boatmen. We recognize our countrymen in this description.

The 30th of June brought the party, after severe fatigue and hardship incident to up-stream navigation of rivers, varied by occasional portages, to the town of Muononiska. They were here deprived of the society of Dr. Ehrstrom, who received advices which compelled him to return to Tornea. How his loss as a paymaster was supplied we are not informed, but it seems not to have affected the plan of the expedition. Mr. Castren was reconciled to a six weeks stay at Muononiska, by intercourse with a Lap catechist, who, educated by a Finnish pastor, had been employed in the preparation of a translation of the Scriptures into his native language, and was now glad to exchange Lap for Finnish instruction with Mr. Castren. The party left this place on the 11th July with no very distinct plan of route, other than that of penetrating Lapland proper by the best passage they could find of the mountain-ridge which forms the watershed between the North Sea and the Gulph of Bothnia. The journey which ensued, conducted partly on foot, partly on streams of difficult and hazardous navigation, was a series of labours, hardships, and privations, exasperated by inefficient guides, frequent deluges of rain, unsheltered bivouacs, and the constant toil of carrying on their backs their wardrobe and stores. For these Mr. Castren was compensated by the garrulity of his guides, who regaled him with traditions principally founded on ancient border feuds between the Lap and the Russ of Karelia. The most interesting of these relate to a certain Palwio, and a race of Lapland heroes, of whom he was the progenitor. Some of the feats of strength or cunning attributed to these eminent persons are claimed in favour of a certain Laurukain, who figures in Finnish as well as Lappish legends in the characters of a Hercules, an Ulysses, and a William Tell. From some of these narratives it is evident that the adventure of the Cave of Polypheme, after finding favour with the Greek rhapsodist and Arab story-teller, has penetrated to the Arctic circle. Here, as also subsequently among the Karelians, our author found equally palpable traces of the principal exploits attributed to the Swiss hero. From what original source, or through what channels these traditions have travelled, it is probably vain to inquire or dispute. The triumph of courage over numbers, of policy over brute force, has its charm for the rudest nations, and, from Jack the Giant Killer to William Tell, the key-note of the strain is ever the same. It is true that many of the Lap and Finn tales relate to feats of preternatural strength
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and activity, but in many others the Palwio or Laurucain of the tradition overreaches his adversary by superior intelligence. He guides the Russian or Karelian marauder with a torch by night, and flinging it over a precipice, while he crouches in a cleft of the rock, procures their destruction. Surrounded in a hut, he dresses up a bag of feathers in a human semblance, and, while his enemies are stabbing at it and at one another, escapes by a loophole, &c. &c.

The course pursued by the travellers led them to the great lake of Enarè, and Uitzoki—one of those centres of Lapland civilization which boast a church and a resident pastor, situated some two days journey beyond that lake—was the limit of this expedition. The abundance of fish in the waters of the lake and of the rivers which intersect the adjacent district, attract to their barren shores a scattered and scanty population, of habits which distinguish it from the regular nomad or mountain Lap. The nomad, depending exclusively on his herds of rein-deer for subsistence, dwells in tents, and shifts his abode perpetually in search of fresh pastures. The fisher Lap, though he migrates between a summer and winter residence, and during the latter season dwells in the forest, and occasionally hunts the wild rein-deer, is more stationary in his habits, and builds himself a hut for his residence. He thus comes more within the reach of social intercourse, and of the religious instruction which the zealous missionaries of Finland have carried into these regions. In one respect, indeed, that of cleanliness, the nomad has the advantage. The filth of the fisher's hut is permanent; the dwelling of the mountain Lap is at least purified by frequent removals to sites not saturated by corruption in its foulest forms.

At Uitzoki the party found the pastoral residence occupied by one of those men who sacrifice on the shrine of Christian duty, not merely the comforts of civilized life, but talents and acquirements of a high order. On accepting his charge he had performed the journey from Tornea in the depth of winter, accompanied by a young wife and a female relation of the latter, fifteen years of age. He had found the parsonage vacated by his predecessor a wretched edifice, distant some fifteen miles from the nearest Lap habitation. After establishing himself and his family in this, he had returned from a pastoral excursion, guided to his home by the light of a conflagration from which its inmates had escaped with difficulty, but with a total loss of everything they possessed. A wretched hut, built for the temporary shelter of the Laps who resorted thither for divine service, afforded the family a shelter for the winter. He had since contrived to build himself another dwelling, in which our party found

found him, after five years' residence, the father of a family, and the chief of a happy household. The latter was destined to be diminished by the visit of our travellers. The susceptible Durmann fell a victim to the attractions and accomplishments, musical especially, of the young lady, and he left Uitzoki, in company with our author, for Enarè, a betrothed man. Their journey was hurried, for Mr. D. was engaged to perform service at the church of Enarè, and love had delayed his departure to the last moment. The second of their three days' journey was one of eight Swedish, or nearly sixty English, miles, performed in wet clothes, and almost without rest or sustenance, for sixteen consecutive hours. In respect of the congregation for whom such sacrifices were encountered they were not ill-bestowed. At Enarè, remarkable evidence came under Mr. Castren's observation of that craving for religious exercises, which would appear to increase as directly in proportion to privation as any sensual appetite. We have heard that, on the occasion of a pastoral visit to St. Kilda, a sermon of seven hours duration has been found not sufficient to satisfy, much less exhaust, its audience. Mr. Castren describes the Enarè Laps as unremittingly occupied for twenty-four hours together with religious exercises, partly in the church and partly in their huts. Some of them knew the New Testament by heart; and during the service, while the Finns present were generally obliged to follow the psalm from the book, not a single Lap was reduced to this necessity. This is the more remarkable, because the introduction of the Lutheran faith and worship—and it may probably be said of Christianity in any shape—is of recent date. Some inroads upon heathenism and Seida, or idol worship, were probably made by Roman Catholic missionaries before the Reformation. The first churches were built in the reign of Charles IX., about the year 1600; but so late as the year 1750 a Report was furnished to the chapter of Abo by a mission of inquiry, which described heathenism as generally prevalent. All honour to the men, such as the pastor of Uitzoki, who have effected this change. The names of the deities formerly worshipped are now all but forgotten—Aija, Akka, and others. The Seidas of stone have been generally overthrown, and those of wood given to the flames; though in some instances the former remain in unfrequented spots, such as certain islands of the Enarè lake, objects of lingering superstitious terror and avoidance, but no longer of worship.

The Lapland summer is short. In early August the grass began to turn yellow, the willow-leaf to fade, and birds of passage were on the move. Though ill recovered from the fatigues of what Mr. Castren calls the 'betrothal promenade,' he commenced

commenced his homeward journey on the 15th of August. It proved, as may be supposed, a pretty close repetition of the labours and difficulties of the former. Their route led them by some Finnish settlements, principally dependent on agriculture for subsistence; and here, in consequence of a succession of unfavourable seasons, they found the wretched inhabitants literally living upon hay. The bark of trees is not an uncommon ingredient of the peasant's loaf in Finland and Scandinavia, and, mixed in equal or less proportion with rye-meal, reconciles itself to the '*dura ilia*' of the North. We have heard that a militia regiment, on annual duty at Stockholm, suffered at first severe illness from the rich diet of the loaf without the bark admixture. The inhabitants of Sombio had long been reduced to the bark without the rye, and supplied the place of the latter with chopped straw. Even the straw had now failed them, and recourse was had to a grass called by the Finn *Westrikko*, by the botanist *Cerastium vulgare*. From Sombio they found great difficulty in procuring a guide for a long day's journey over an extensive swamp. The marsh in question and other adjacent districts abound in serpents, and here, as well as subsequently in parts of Siberia inhabited by tribes of Finnish origin, our author had occasion to observe traces of that superstitious belief in certain powers and attributes of the ophidian race which in many nations has shown itself in the form of serpent-worship. Their guide believed that the serpents live in regulated societies, are subject to a sovereign, and meet in assemblies for purposes of legislation and police, in which sentence is passed on individuals of the human race and other animals who may have killed or injured one of the community. Certain stones, supposed to be the judgment-seats of the reptile *Rhadamanthi*, and various exuviae of the animal, are favourite ingredients of the charm and medicine-chest of the schaman or magician of the heathen Finn.

On Mr. Castren's return from the above expedition, he learned that the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg contemplated the sending an expedition into Siberia. He therefore put himself in communication with Mr. Sogroen, a countryman and a member of the Academy, with a view of procuring his own adjunction to the undertaking, and pursued meanwhile with diligence a preparatory course of study. The project, however, was shortly abandoned, and Mr. Castren betook himself, for assistance in his views, to the Literary Society of Finland. From this body he succeeded in obtaining a scanty supply of roubles, and left Helsingfors in May, 1839, for Russian Karelia, from which he returned in September. The main object of this expedition,

dition, as he described it in his application to the Society, was to collect ballads, legends, and traditions in illustration of Finnish mythology, and especially of the Kalewala, the Edda, Iliad, or Nibelungen of Finland. Of these, by much perseverance in hunting out professional ballad-singers, and other depositories of national lore, he seems to have gathered a considerable harvest. This summer journey, through regions comparatively populous and civilized, was exempt from the severer trials of his former tour, but he found more difficulty in dealing with the inhabitants, many of them being sectarians, who, under the denomination of Raskolnicks, profess to maintain the doctrines of the Greek Church in exceptional purity. As the author's subsequent journey brought him still further into contact with these fanatics, we leave them for the present.

Our author, in his unwearied pursuit of magical lore and metrical traditions, here fell in again with those which contain all the leading particulars of the adventure of Ulysses with the Cyclops, and of William Tell's feat of archery. The latter, however, is told with the variation that the son is the active, and the father the passive, hero of the tale. The father has been taken captive by a band of Finn marauders. His son, a boy of twelve years of age, threatens the party with his bow from a position of safety on the other side of a lake. The captors, dreading his skill, promise the father's liberty on a condition which father and son accept, identical with that of the Swiss tale. 'Raise one hand, and sink the other, for the water will attract the arrow,' is the father's advice. The apple is duly cloven, and the father released. Here also our author again meets with the incident of the jump from the boat, applied as circumstantially to its special Karelian locality as it is by the boatmen of Lucerne to the spot which they designate as the scene of Tell's exploit.

In the year 1841 Mr. Castren undertook a third journey in company with a party at the expense of a learned friend, a Dr. Lönroth. The original scheme of this expedition embraced only parts of Lapland and of the government of Archangel, but this plan was afterwards extended by Mr. Castren to beyond the Oural, and it occupied three years in its execution. The starting point was Kemi, in the neighbourhood of Tornea, and the time of departure—the end of November—was on this occasion chosen with a view to winter and sledge travelling. Carriage roads, however, exist for some distance to the north of Tornea, and the journey of some 240 versts was performed in post-carriages, much impeded by the unusual mildness of the season. From this point it was their intention to cross the mountain ridge into

Russian

Russian Lapmark, and to pursue their linguistic and ethnographical researches in parts of that country hitherto unexplored. The report of Finn traders had described the community of the Lap village Akkala as freer from admixture and intercourse with Russians than any other, and as one which had preserved its language and nationality in exceptional purity. Finn and Lap report concurred in also celebrating it as the principal seat of all that now remains of the practice of sorcery. To this place, for these reasons, our travellers' wishes were in the first instance directed; and, as a party of Akkala traders were expected at Salla, they hoped, by making their acquaintance, to secure their services as guides. This intention, however, was completely foiled by the perfidious devices of the men of Salla, who, for some real or imagined interest of their own, contrived to meet the Akkala party, and not only to fill their minds with apprehensions of the objects of the travellers, but to prevent them from advancing to the village. Mr. Castren and his companion found it advisable to change their plan, and to shape their course direct for Enarè, with the view of thence pursuing, after Christmas, the exploration of Russian Lapland.

They left Salla on the 1st December, and, after a few miles of travel on horseback, betook themselves to the Keris or reindeer sledge, in regular Lapland guise. Sledging is not without its dangers, particularly to the novice, and of these Mr. Castren, in his journey of some 400 versts to Enarè, as well as subsequently, met with his share. For descending the slippery declivities, which are among the most difficult passages of a Lapland journey, the rich man has in reserve a spare animal, who, fastened behind the sledge, resists its forward motion, and acts as a living drag. The traveller who cannot afford this auxiliary has nothing for it but to give his reindeer his head, and trust to chance for the avoidance at full speed of casual obstacles—tree, or stone, or snow drift. The author soon found by experience that the attempt at guidance or restraint only added to the danger.

During his short stay at Enarè and his further journey to Kola he had much opportunity to study the habits and character of the Lap population, and to trace the distinctions between the fisher and the mountain Lap. An amiable trait of the less civilised mountaineer is the warmth of his affection towards wife, children, and dependents. The cordiality of mutual greetings after separation was a frequent and pleasant subject of admiration to Mr. Castren. One husband assured him that during thirty years of wedlock no worse word had passed between himself and his wife than 'loddadsham,' or 'my little bird.' It would be insufficient justice to the Laplander to contrast him in this respect with
many

many tribes of equal or inferior pretensions to civilisation. The records of our own police offices show that the comparison may be drawn from quarters nearer home. The winter life of the man who depends on the reindeer for subsistence is one of perpetual toil and exposure. The 'goatte,' or principal family tent, is seldom during that season the abode of the able-bodied males of the household. They are obliged to keep watch against the eternal enemy the wolf, and to snatch their repose coiled in a snow-drift, or at best in the 'lappu,' an inferior kind of apology for a tent. Even with these exertions and the assistance of well-trained dogs it is impossible to protect herds of perhaps a thousand reindeer, and to drive within reach of protection an animal which strays widely in search of his daily food. The exhaustion of the pasturage of a district is the signal of migration to the entire family, and this is said to occur on an average twice a-month. To support the fatigues of this life the reindeer flesh gives powerful sustenance. During the winter the Lap seldom or never has to perform the office of butcher. The wolf saves him that trouble; but by this he loses some of the best morsels, and, above all, his favourite delicacy—the blood. Mr. Castren makes no mention of apprehension for his own safety, or of danger to travellers in general from the wolf.

At Synjel, on the route to Kola, Mr. Castren first makes acquaintance with the Russian Lap. He is a fisher, and in summer migrates for that pursuit. In winter he takes up a permanent residence, and having less to do with the reindeer than the Enarè fisher Lap has a greater tendency to the Russian fashion of collecting in villages. From the Russian, who is by nature a trader, he has also borrowed an aptitude for commercial transactions. The balance and weights are usually hanging in his hut, and he measures out to the traveller the provisions which he supplies. In respect of religious instruction the Russian Lap of the Greek church is far below his Lutheran neighbour. The belief in magic and witchcraft, and the practice of those accomplishments, are prevalent, and Akkala is the Padua or principal university for these sciences. Our author's failure in his scheme for visiting that seminary prevented him from drinking diabolic lore at the fountain head, but the principal result of his inquiries amounted to this, that the magical power is usually exercised during a kind of mesmeric slumber, which, in the case of the professional magician, can be commanded at pleasure. Medical practice and the recovery of stolen or lost goods are usually the subjects of the magician's operations. The race appears to be of a nervous constitution best described by the French term 'impressionable.' Mr. Castren writes, page 151:—

'I had

'I had often, on my journey through Lapmark, been warned to be cautious in my dealings with the Russian Lap, and especially with the female sex, on account of a strange propensity among them to sudden fits of phrenzy, accompanied by the loss of consciousness and control over their actions. I treated these reports at first as fables of the ordinary kind applied to the people in question. I fell in however one day, in a village of Russian Lapmark, with some Karelians and two Russian traders. These repeated the warning above-mentioned, advising me never to frighten a Lap woman, for in their opinion this was a "*res capitalis*." With reference to this caution one of the Karelians told me what follows. I was once, he said, when a boy, fishing out at sea, when I met with a boat rowed by Laplanders. Among them was a woman with a child at the breast. Upon seeing me in a dress unusual to her, she became so beside herself with fear that she flung the child into the sea.'

Another Karelian related how he was once in a society of Terski Laps:—

'We were talking of indifferent matters when a sound was heard like the blow of a hammer on the outer side of the wall. On the instant all the Laps present tumbled flat on the floor, and after some gesticulations with hands and feet, became stiff and immoveable as corpses. After a while they recovered and behaved as if nothing unusual had happened. To convince me of the truth of this, and other such tales, one of the Russians proposed to show me evidence of the timidity of the Lap women. He began by putting out of the way knives, axes, and any other mischievous implements which happened to be at hand. He then came suddenly behind a woman present and clapped his hands. She sprung up like a fury and scratched, kicked, and pummelled the aggressor to our edification. After this exercise she sunk exhausted on a bench and recovered with difficulty her breath and senses. Having regained the latter she declared herself determined not to be so frightened again. In fact a second experiment only produced a piercing shriek. While she was priding herself on this success the other Russian flung a pocket-book, so that it passed just before her eyes, and ran instantly out of the room. The lady hereupon flew at every one present in succession, flinging one to the ground, dashing another against the wall, beating them, and tearing their hair out by handfuls. I sat in a corner waiting my own turn to come. I saw at last with horror her wild glance fixed on me. She was on the point of printing her nails in my face when two stout men in a fortunate moment seized her, and she sank fainting into their arms. It was the opinion of my companions that my spectacles had specially excited her phrenzy.'

Such a temperament as that indicated in this narrative must obviously be very favourable to a system of sorcery which appears to have much connexion with mesmerism and clairvoyance.

The Lap population of the Russian territory Mr. Castren believes to be rapidly merging its national characteristics in those of

of its masters. The last statistical reports estimate its numbers not higher than 1844 souls. From Enarè 150 versts of sledge travelling brought the party to Kola, on the shores of the White Sea, the most northern city of European Russia, numbering some 1200 inhabitants, and possessed of a large church built by Peter the Great. Mr. Castren here found himself once more in contact with civilisation, at a festival season and in the shape of good men's feasts, sledge parties with pretty women in rich costumes, and other Russian convivialities. It was not for these, however, he travelled, nor may his descriptions of them detain his reviewer. Amid the flesh-pots of Kola he pined for the hut and the raw-fish of the Ostiak and the Samoyede. Advices from St. Petersburg made it necessary for him to shape his course for Archangel, and to abandon his projects for excursions among the Russian Laps. Kandalae, on the western shore of the White Sea, was the first station to be reached. Their journey to this place was made difficult and vexatious by their encounter on the road with a column of the Russ and Karelian tribes who, to the number of 1200, under the name Meermauzen, or men of the sea, annually migrate to the coast, which they reach near Kola, and afterwards scatter north and south for the summer fishing. These parties, by whom our travellers found the wretched shelter of the first station huts crowded, were of the lowest class of hired labourers, their wealthier employers sailing in June to the various fishing stations. The fishery is over in August, but before that time many of the vessels which have procured their cargoes proceed to Vadsø, Hammerfest, and other Norwegian harbours, to exchange their fish for corn, brandy, colonial produce, &c. The encounter with this rude horde was not without amusement and instruction, but the inconvenience was great, and the confusion prevented all study on the road of the niceties of the Russ and Yerski Lap languages. We could scarcely hope to interest our readers with passing notices of these subjects, or with our author's speculations as to the manner in which in former times the fluctuating waves of Finn and Karelian population have come into collision with that of the Slavonic Russian, and how the Lap has been squeezed between both. Such men as Mr. Carsten are the hard workers who collect the rough materials of philology from which the generalizers, the Bopps, and Pritchards, afterwards sift the gold. From such labours the casual reader can derive no profit. Freed at length from this unwelcome hindrance, the travellers pursued their journey under considerable difficulties from weather and deficiency of reindeer. With one young and ill-trained animal Mr. Castren fell into a difficulty in the sense in which it is used

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in Arkansas or California, where it signifies mortal combat, for, after an upset, the animal turned upon him, and he fought for life, but luckily without serious consequences to man or beast. Kandalaes presented no attraction, and the journey was pursued 240 versts further south to Kem. This place presented nothing remarkable, but the religious gloom in which, as a principal seat of the Raskolnick pietists, it is shrouded. Isolation, voluntary martyrdom, and abstinence from all earthly enjoyment, are the characteristics of this sect. Contempt and persecution are the only favours they will accept from the uninitiated. Their scanty theological literature, which exists in an antiquated Slavonic character, has few readers even among the educated, and is little better understood even by the priests than the Zend is by those Parsee doctors of Bombay who found a master and instructor in the Danish scholar Westergaard. For the masses religious exercise is one of pure ceremonial, and this is consequently of the longest. There may be merit in listening to a sermon or in joining in a service for hours together. There must be greater merit in standing for an equal number of hours before an image doing nothing. Even Raskolnick nature sometimes quails before this effort. He stands on for the number of hours required, but occasionally relieves himself by conversation on indifferent subjects with bystanders. The great secret, however, of Raskolnick religion lies in the art and manner of making the sign of the cross. The misguided votary of the faith, which the Emperor Nicholas styles orthodox, crosses himself with the three first fingers. The Starowergh, or strict Raskolnick, conceives that by making the sign with the thumb and the two last fingers he will be admitted to heaven without question. The fact is that the former method is the joint invention of the devil and a certain Russian pseudo-saint, Nikon, who, after corrupting the text of scripture, contrived to enlist the reigning Czar in favour of the diabolical perversion and to establish it in the Greek Church. Many other illustrations of the High Church principles of this singular sect might be adduced, but we consider the above a sufficient specimen of the present state of theology in Kem. In practice the Raskolnick clings with Hindoo tenacity to his system of sectarian isolation. He will not eat or bathe with the unorthodox, and the vessel used by the latter is polluted. Our author found elsewhere on his travels the inconvenience of this tenet, for arriving exhausted at a Raskolnick village he found it impossible to procure a vessel from which he could receive the refreshment the inhabitants were not unwilling on other grounds to furnish. The difficulty was solved by a charitable patriarch of the village council, who

who decided that, though a wooden vessel would be irremediably polluted, one of stone might be afterwards purified by sand and water.

In this unattractive town and society the state of roads and weather compelled the party to abide for a month, and even then it was found impossible to proceed by land, as no summer road exists between Kem and Onega, the midway station towards Archangel. No opportunity presenting itself for a direct passage by sea to Archangel, Mr. Castren was advised to avail himself of a vessel about to sail for the island of Solovetzkoi, the seat of a famous convent, some thirty versts from Kem in the White Sea. After an uninteresting detention of ten days at this place they reached Archangel by a passage of four days, through floating ice, in an open boat.

Mr. Castren had reckoned here upon the assistance to his studies of a Samoyede missionary, the Archimandrite Wenjamin. Archimandrites, however, are human, and Wenjamin's weakness was jealousy, and a conviction that a knowledge of the Samoyede language was too good a thing to be imparted. The churlish dignitary's refusal produced a change of plans, and a separation from Mr. Lönroth. That gentleman gave up his Samoyede projects in disgust, and betook himself to Olonetz, whence he proposed to fall back on another race of interesting barbarians, the Tschudi. Mr. Castren abided stedfastly by his original scheme of exploring the Tundras during the ensuing winter, at which season alone those deserts are penetrable. The interval he proposed to turn to account by a journey among the Terzki Laps, who inhabit the western shores of the White Sea.

With these views, in an evil hour of the 27th June, he embarked in a large corn-laden vessel bound for the Murman coast, with a reasonable prospect of being landed at Ti Ostrowa in some twenty-four hours. He was suffering at this time from illness, severe enough to have detained a less persevering traveller. The stench of Russian sea-stores made the cabin insupportable; on deck the sun was scorching. The choice between these alternatives was not always at Mr. Castren's disposal. Captain and crew were Raskolnicks to a man, and while they were busy with their interminable and senseless devotions in the cabin the solitary heathen passenger was forced to keep watch on deck. This was well enough during a dead calm, which at first occurred, but when it came on to blow the situation became one of responsibility. After a narrow escape of being dashed on the western shore, a shift of wind sent them, in a few hours, across the mouth of the White Sea to the eastern coast. Prayer had been the first resource of the ship's company, and that having failed general drunkenness

drunkenness was the next—stupefaction, not exhilaration, being the object in view. The captain, indeed, was so bent on this result, that, finding his own brandy insufficient for the purpose, he borrowed a bottle of rum from Mr. Castren's scanty store. When the gale and the rum had somewhat evaporated, the ship found herself, in company with some thirty others, in the sheltered roadstead of Simnia Gory. We can hardly be surprised that Mr. Castren here determined to quit such companions, whose society had become more irksome from attempts at his conversion, and to land at all risks, with a view to effecting his return to Archangel. After some difficulty he found one of the crew less drunken than the rest, and by him was sculled ashore, with his effects. After a life and death struggle with fever during some days, exasperated by brutal inhospitality on the part of some fishers, the only inhabitants, he found himself under inspection of two soldiers, who had been sent from the nearest settlement, Kuja, to examine the stranger's luggage and passport. These agents of authority proved his salvation; for finding his passport in order, they conveyed him in their boat to Kuja, where the authorities treated him kindly, and when sufficiently recovered forwarded him on by sea to Archangel. Here, with only fifteen rubles in his pocket, he found some Samoyede beggars still poorer than himself. One of these, for the reward of an occasional glass of brandy, consented to become at once his host, his servant, and his private tutor in the Samoyede language. In the hut and society of this man, in a village some seventeen versts from Archangel, he passed the remainder of the summer. Human thirst for knowledge has seldom, we imagine, been more strongly illustrated. Letters of recommendation from high authorities, lay and ecclesiastical, and supplies of money, at length reached him from St. Petersburg. Towards the end of November, he started with renewed enthusiasm for the Tundras, or deserts of European Russia, which intervene between the White Sea and the Oural. As far as Mesen, 345 versts north of Archangel, the scanty population is Russ and Christian. At Mesen, as at Kola, civilization ceases, and further north the Samoyede retains for the most part, with his primitive habits and language, his heathen faith; having, in fact, borrowed nothing from occasional intercourse with civilized man, but the means and practice of drunkenness. During the author's stay at Mesen, his studies of character were principally conducted in the neighbourhood of a principal suburban tavern, the Elephant and Castle or Horns of that city. The snow around was constantly chequered with dark figures, who, with their faces pressed into it to protect them from the frost, were sleeping away the fumes of alcohol. Ever

and anon some one would stagger out from the building with a coffee-pot in hand, and searching about for some object of affection—wife, husband, or other relation—would turn the face upward, and pour a draught of the nectar, which was not coffee, down the throat. Such are the pleasures of the Samoyede on a visit to the metropolis. Mr. Castren left Mesen on the 22nd December. At Somski, the first station on his route, he had made an appointment with a Tabide or Samoyede magician, of great repute for professional eminence. The sage kept his appointment, but, unfortunately, having been just converted to Christianity, had burnt his drum, like Prospero, and now begged hard to be excused from reverting to forbidden practices. Mr. Castren, though armed with Government recommendations, was too good a Christian to use influence for such a purpose as enforcing a relapse into superstitious rites, and the convert was not unwilling to expound the secrets of his former calling. Of the two main divisions of the science, medicine and soothsaying, the former is most prevalent with the Finn, the latter with the Samoyede. The Tabide is a mere interpreter of the oracles of the Tabetsios, the spirits with whom he puts himself in communication. The process is not, like that of the Akkala professors, mesmeric, but one of active drumming, noise, and gesticulation. The man who conducts it must bring youth and physical energy to the task. The Tabetsio laughs at age and decrepitude. With obstinate Tabetsios the magician, like the priests of Baal, must puncture and slash himself with sharp weapons. The latter practice is less common than it was in the good old times of sorcery; but our author relates that, shortly before his arrival, a Tabide in the process of incantation had insisted upon being shot at with a musket, and, after standing two shots from Samoyede bystanders without injury, had been killed on the spot by a third fired by a Russian. Russian authorities were employed in an investigation into this tragical occurrence when Mr. Castren left Shumshi. The office of Tabide, as in Finland, is hereditary. ‘*Magus nascitur non fit*’ is the general rule; but to this it seems there are exceptions. A drum, a circle, and a costume, are the principal paraphernalia. In the case of a missing reindeer the circle is made of deer horns; in that of a human being it is made of human hair.

The religious belief of the unconverted Samoyede is as usual founded on celestial and atmospheric phenomena. Their Num or God is lord of the sun, the stars, &c.; the rainbow is his mantle, the thunder his voice. Any idea of him as a moral governor which may have been observed among them, Mr. Carsten considers as having been infused by Christian missionaries. Without any distinct belief in future reward or punishment, or even in any future

future state of existence, the Samoyede firmly believes in retribution for crime in this life, that murder will be punished by violent death, robbery by losses of reindeer, &c., and this to a degree which is said to act as a practical preventive of serious crime. Excess in liquor, however, though considered highly sinful, has attractions which few or none resist. In their language the Sunday of the Christian bears a name of which the translation, whether into English or German, becomes a pun. They see that day devoted by their instructors and their converted brethren to intoxication, and call it *Sinday*. Besides the Num or invisible God, and the Tabetsio, or deity visible only to the magician, they have the Habe or household idol, a fetiche of wood or stone, which they dress in coloured rags, consult, and worship. Some stones of larger size, and bearing some rude natural resemblance to the human form, are also, like the Seidas of the Laplander, objects of general reverence. The island of Waygatz is a chief repository of these. For special purposes, such as the ratification of oaths, fetiches are manufactured of earth or snow, but the most effectual security for an oath is that it should be solemnised over the snout of a bear. The sacrifice of a dog or reindeer is necessary when some benefit is demanded of the Tabetsio. On these occasions no woman may be present.

Mr. Castren's next enterprize was the passage of the Tundra to the Russian village Pustosersk, at the mouth of the Petschora, a sledge journey of 700 versts. For this arduous exploit two sledges with four reindeer attached to each were employed; the traveller's sledge, which was covered, being attached to an uncovered one occupied by the guide. The village of Nes, on the north coast, was the first halting-place; and in this remote corner of the world Mr. Castren found a resident angel in the shape of a Christian pastor's wife, a beautiful and accomplished person, who, in the absence of her husband on duty, proved a guardian angel to our traveller, not only harbouring him in comfort and luxury, but procuring him Samoyede instructors, and various opportunities for studying native manners. No wonder that he lingered in such a paradise till the 19th of January. His further course was one of danger as well as difficulty. Not only the storm of the Tundra occasionally brought the sledge to a stand, baffling the guide and paralysing the reindeer; but even this desert is not exempt from the violence of man. The Samoyede, indeed, is harmless, and his active assistance is generally to be won by kind words and brandy; but he himself is exposed to the oppression of Russian traders, who degenerate into robbers, roam these wastes for the plunder of his reindeer, and have little respect for the traveller unaccompanied by some

agent of Russian authority. Through all these perils, resolution and endurance carried our traveller in safety.

From Pustosersk Mr. Castren navigated the Petschora to the base of the Oural, and crossing that frontier range by one of many passes with which that barrier between Europe and Asia is in this latitude deeply indented, reached the Asiatic trading town of Obdorsk, near the mouth of the great Siberian river Ob. Here the volume closes. Here also our limits compel us to conclude a notice which we trust our readers will think not ill bestowed on a most simple and unpretending narrative of toil and danger manfully endured in the cause of science. The author's style is not one either of salient passages and attempts at fine writing, or of dry and prolix detail. Having a large digestion for travels, we should willingly have encountered the diary, of which the published work is evidently a condensation. In its present shape it is probably better suited for readers of less leisure, and those must be difficult to please who can either open it at random, or go through it consecutively without satisfaction. Such men as Mr. Wallin and Mr. Castren do honour to a country which has its claims on the sympathy of Europe. For the convenience of political arrangements, and for the sake of general peace, Finland has undergone a process of absorption in which we apprehend her own wishes and feelings have been little consulted. Should that peace be disturbed, and the foundations of the present system of European polity be shaken by a wanton hand, some countries, and Finland among them, may yet present examples of the instability of a compulsory allegiance, and events may awaken reminiscences which do but slumber under Russian rule. It was not for the diffusion of the doctrines of the orthodox Greek Church, or the establishment of despotism in Europe, that the blue and yellow Finland regiments of Gustavus lay dead in their ranks at Lutzen.

ART. VII.—*Mémoires et Correspondance Politique et Militaire du Roi Joseph; publiés, annotés, et mis en ordre par A. Du Casse, Aide-de-camp de S.A.I. le Prince Jérôme Napoléon.* 2 tomes. Paris, 1853.

THE younger Mirabeau used to say that in any other family he might have passed for a cleverish fellow and a *mauvais sujet*, but that, compared with his brother, the world rated him no higher than a good sort of man and a dunce. This is somewhat the case of Joseph Buonaparte. Whatever good or bad qualities he may have naturally had were alike eclipsed by the

the transcendent talents and crimes of his imperial, and—to him as much as to any one else—*imperious* brother. The world has never seriously considered him in any other light than as the puppet of Napoleon—a mere fly on the wheel of the conqueror's car. The professed object of this work is to correct this general impression, and to vindicate for Joseph a more independent position in history and a higher place in the good opinion of mankind.

The volumes now before us (two out of eight that we are promised) will go, we think, but a short way in that favourable direction. They only show, what nobody doubted, that Joseph had more moderation and more respect for the prejudices as well as for the good sense of mankind than Napoleon, which, after all, is only saying that he was not a madman. This 'moderation' is the most peculiar merit that this work seems intended to celebrate, and certainly, as contrasted with Napoleon's extravagances, we are not prepared to deny it—but we must, on the other hand, temper the eulogy with some practical considerations. In the first place, moderation is an easy, and indeed a selfish quality, when one is overloaded by a tyrant-patron with more favours than can be either conveniently or *safely* carried. Joseph had long before Napoleon assumed the imperial purple—nay, before he set out for Egypt—*feathered his own nest*—first by an advantageous marriage, and subsequently by some not well defined but certainly very lucrative employments. He had purchased estates—two or three—and was living *en grand seigneur* in a fine hotel in Paris and in his princely château of Morfontaine. Even after Napoleon's usurpation, we can readily believe that Joseph's ambition was pretty well satisfied at finding himself—*le pauvre homme!*—the second personage of France, and that he was somewhat uneasy at seeing this splendid position risked by the adventurous and *neck or nothing* policy of the insatiable brother. A great parade is made (i. 13-92) of his having in 1805 declined the crown of Lombardy, which, on his refusal, Napoleon put on his own head; but Joseph confesses that the motive of this 'moderation' was that he preferred being heir-presumptive of France—'*le pauvre homme!*'—which he was required to renounce, and moreover to engage to pay an annual tribute of 30 millions of francs; it may also be surmised that as this was Napoleon's first experiment in *king-making*, Joseph had probably no great faith in the stability of such an elevation. But, even this species of moderation was occasional and transient—we might indeed say verbal—it produced no practical results—for it did not prevent the acceptance by this political *Tartuffe* of the crowns of the Two Sicilies,

Sicilies, and of Spain and the Indies—*le pauvre homme!* He grumbled and trembled, indeed, but submitted. He was by no means without vanity and ambition—indeed, these volumes show him to have had more of both than we had suspected him of. Besides, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*—and although he professed to be, and, no doubt, was often politically alarmed, and, still oftener, *personally offended*, at Napoleon's proceedings, he continued to be his active accomplice in everything that promised to turn to his own personal advantage or aggrandisement; and the humility with which he receives, and the adulation with which he deprecates the Emperor's ire and insults, exhibit him in a more pitiable point of view than if he had affected no such scruples. Even puppet-kings are not to be made *ex quovis ligno*, and though Napoleon constrained all the world—*except ourselves*—to call him 'Sire,' he was but a '*pauvre Sire*' after all.

The editor of these volumes, we see, calls himself *A. Du Casse, Aide-de-camp of H.I.H. Prince Jérôme Napoléon*, but he does not explain how Jerome's aide-de-camp should be possessed of Joseph's papers, or selected to be Joseph's biographer, advocate, and editor. We are, moreover, somewhat surprised that the present government, such jealous gaolers of the press, should have permitted the ostentatious use of Jerome's name in a work which seems to us to be published in no very friendly spirit towards the *branche cadette* now upon the *musnud*. There may be, we suspect, *anguille sous roche*—some jealousy or *tracasserie* between the members of the family; and we cannot read all the extravagant flattery of Joseph and Lucien and *their branches*, with which we have been recently inundated, without recollecting the jealous complaint of *Louis Napoléon*, now Napoleon III., of '*cette tactique qui consiste à faire l'éloge de tous les Bonapartes morts pour calomnier plus efficacement les Bonapartes vivants.*' Wouters, 326.* Indeed we heard, on the first appearance of the work, a rumour that *A. Du Casse* was but a '*prête nom*,' and that the real editor was an old follower of Joseph's not at all in favour with the present Sultan of the Tuileries. This surmise will, we think, be strongly confirmed, and the latent editor pretty clearly indicated by the following circumstances.

* A Brussels bookseller of the name of Wouters, one of the most zealous and mendacious of the partizans of the imperial dynasty, root and branch, has published a bulky history of the Buonaparte family, which is a curious tissue of clumsy and malignant falsehoods—but it has one redeeming point; it affects to give exact and certified copies from the original registers, still extant—as Wouters represents—in Corsica, of the births, baptisms, &c., of the different members of the Buonaparte family. These copies will in the sequel turn out to be of a value, that, we believe, Mr. Wouters, whose zeal is much greater than his judgment, never expected.

The work is composed of three distinct portions: first, the editor's own, which consists in a kind of prefatory narrative, with which he introduces and anticipates each class of documents; secondly, an auto-biography by Joseph himself, bringing his history down to his departure for the seizure of Naples. These occupy about one-third of the first volume: the rest of the work is, and we suppose will, as it proceeds, continue to be, selections and extracts from the confidential correspondence between Napoleon and Joseph, beginning in May, 1795, and to be carried down in future volumes to 1815. While we were yet wondering why these documents—evidently the property of Joseph—should have got into the hands of *Jerome's* aide-de-camp, we were further surprised by receiving from Philadelphia a publication, entitled 'A History of the Last War between the United States and Great Britain, by Charles S. Ingersoll,' under which title the author introduces, most inappropriately and *à propos de bottes*, a panegyrical history—three hundred pages long—of the whole Buonaparte family, and especially of Joseph, with whom, during his sojourn in America, Mr. Charles Ingersoll seems to have been intimate and on some occasions confidentially employed in matters of business. From these opportunities he has collected and published such anecdotes of the Buonapartes, and in such a style and tone, as it is easy to see were derived directly from Joseph or from his immediate society; and as an episode in this narrative he gives us a history of the identical documents now publishing under the name of 'Du Casse.'

As we are not reviewing Mr. Ingersoll's book, we must content ourselves with entering our general protest against it, as being in all its parts one of the grossest masses of *misrepresentation*, to use the gentlest term, that we have almost ever seen. His admiration of all Buonaparte's enormities, and, what is worse, his palliation of his crimes, are but poorly redeemed by a few vague common phrases against his ambition and wilfulness, thrown in here and there, in a tone rather of sorrow than of anger;—not so much censuring the criminal means by which he obtained his power, as regretting the accidental errors by which he lost it. But though our estimate of Mr. Ingersoll's accuracy and logic and even of his moral sense is very low, we admit that his Buonapartist anecdotes are not without their historical value. In some short intervals of purblind candour, or rather, we think, from inadvertence and ignorance of their consequential effect, he gives us several details of the manners, morals, and motives of the Buonapartes which refute not only his own inferences from them, but—which is more important—many of the misrepresentations
with

with which Napoleon himself, and now Joseph, and all their partisans and apologists, have so long been and still are labouring to poison history and to deceive mankind. A critical and historical examination of Mr. Ingersoll's *Buonaparteana* would require, and be well worth, a separate examination; but at present we must follow the scent he has given us of Du Casse's papers, which, it turns out, were very well known to Mr. Ingersoll, and may have supplied him with much of his information. He may perhaps have been permitted to see them while Joseph resided in America; but he tells us that after Joseph's death, *M. Louis Maillard*, for a long period Joseph's confidential secretary and his testamentary executor, sent or carried, 'by stealth,' to America, 'for safe custody,' and delivered into Mr. Ingersoll's care, 'nearly six* hundred unpublished and most confidential letters to his brother Joseph, written with heart in hand, calculated to throw the greatest light on Napoleon's real character,' &c. He then adds, that 'these perfectly unreserved and brotherly confidential letters—several hundreds—in Napoleon's own handwriting, together with other unpublished manuscripts, among them a part of Joseph's Life, dictated by himself, and the republican Marshal Jourdan's Memoirs, written by himself,' were by his (Mr. Ingersoll's) 'instrumentality' put into seven trunks and placed in the vaults of the Mint at Philadelphia—as safer than any private depository from fire, theft, or other accident—where they remained till, conformably to Joseph's will, they became the property of his grandson on his attaining twenty-five years of age the 18th of February, 1849.'—*Ingersoll*, iii. 151.

'It is to be anxiously hoped,' adds Mr. Ingersoll, 'that the young member of his family, to whom the trust of their publication is assigned, may prove equal to the task, above seduction and temptation.'—*Ib.* 419.

Mr. Ingersoll, therefore, knew that the papers were *already* destined, and of course selected and *prepared* for publication. The young member of the family to whom the trust of publication was assigned, is Charles, now called Prince de Musignano, the grandson of Joseph by his eldest daughter and of Lucien by his eldest son, and, if it be true that 'Du Casse' is a *prête nom*, it is presumable that the real editor may be '*M. Maillard*, the testamentary executor,' and one of the oldest and most trusted followers of Joseph. Nor should we be surprised to find that Mr. Ingersoll had been *employed* to give currency to the purport of these papers in America;—we hope, for his sake, that he may have been at least *permitted* to do so—else we cannot but think that his

* Du Casse's advertisement announces eight hundred.

swelling out his own work with these private and confidential communications is what our old English feelings would consider as not very creditable.

Although the documentary portion of the work is evidently selected—not to say *garbled*—for the professed object of glorifying both Napoleon and Joseph, but more especially the latter, it furnishes a mass of documentary evidence, substantially genuine, which is very curious in itself, and of considerable historical, as well as biographical interest. We have already described the three portions of the work. The editor's share—that is his preliminary notices—is, as yet, of little value, except to mark the colour which the advocate of the Buonapartes thinks it advisable to throw over his own documents, before he ventures to allow them to speak for themselves. Joseph's autobiography is much in the same style; it is an elaborate and by no means modest attempt to touch up and varnish his own portrait, but with so little effect that it is much more remarkable for what it does *not* tell than for anything it does. It contains little essential that was not anticipated in the pamphlet of 1833, and, even before that, in his large contribution to a compilation published in 1830, under the title of '*Les Erreurs de Bourrienne*,' in which Joseph was not sparing of his own praises. Indeed, nothing is more meagre of facts and flatter in style than this Autobiography, and it is, in this latter view, a full answer to M. du Casse, Mr. Ingersoll, and all those who represent him as having some literary talent—it has none at all.

But, though thus insignificant in itself, its *réticences* and its inadvertent confessions, its inaccuracies and its untruths, give it a degree of importance, that, as a specimen of the Buonapartean style of dealing with history, requires some detailed observations on our part.

At the very outset occurs an omission, which though rather strange in a biography, would hardly deserve notice, but that it has led to the development of some curious and characteristic circumstances in the family story. Joseph, after a solemn preamble, acquaints us that he was born in 1768—he mentions neither *month* nor *day*—and this same silence is studiously, as it seems, preserved in the biographical sketch of the editor. This omission set us on guessing how so simple and obvious a fact—one of which so many royal and imperial almanacks, of Naples, Spain, and France, must have borne testimony—should have been omitted by both the biographer and the autobiographer. This brought to our recollection the doubt formerly raised, as to the date of Napoleon's own birth; and this again led us to look into the chronology

chronology of the whole family, and the result has been the detection of such an extensive and complicated series of falsifications as we confidently believe were never before attempted—commenced by Napoleon for a single object, originally as innocent—or at least as *venial* as any falsification of a document can be, but subsequently persisted in, though diversified, from year to year, and extended from person to person, with an audacity that seems to us equally perverse and wanton.

As this will occupy more of our space than it may at first sight seem to deserve, we expect to be asked of what consequence it can be whether one or other of the Buonapartes were born a day sooner or a day later, and was a year older or a year younger? We answer at once, *not a fig*, as regards the individuals, but a great deal as to the character and credit of the family. Whatever is worth telling at all is worth telling truly; and since the Buonaparte family have taken—as we shall show—such extraordinary pains to falsify those dates, it is a natural duty of historical inquirers to endeavour to set them right. But we have still a more important object—that of exhibiting the habitual system of deception which distinguished Napoleon from other men as essentially as his talents and successes: and since he has been put so prominently forward, both by himself and his numerous echoes, as the historian of his own life and times, we are bound to take every opportunity of testing his veracity.

Our readers will remember (Q. R., xii., p. 229) that the first and most solemn act of his private life, his marriage contract with Madame Beauharnais, recites the certificate of his birth on ‘the 5th of February, 1768’—whereas when he assumed the Imperial crown, it was stated to have taken place on the ‘15th August, 1769.’ Some doubts still exist even as to this latter date, though it seems authenticated by evidence, *written and printed*, long before the date of his birth could be of any importance to any one—that he was entered at the Royal College of Brienne, and received his first commission in the army as ‘*Napolione de Buonaparte né le 15 Août, 1769.*’* It has, indeed, been suspected that during his *toute-puissance*, he might have tampered with those documents. The instances of kindred acts which we shall produce in the course of our inquiry, must no doubt diminish in some degree our faith even in evidences

* It is singular that there should be also a doubt as to the exact birthday of the Duke of Wellington—abundant evidence fixing it on the 1st May, 1769, one day later than the date in the parish register—under which it was by some accident or carelessness misplaced. In fact, he was born after twelve o’clock in the night between the 30th April and 1st May.

that seem at first sight beyond Buonaparte's reach; but on the whole, we (not, however, without hesitation) conclude that his birthday was, as he finally stated it, the 15th of August, 1769.

But then arises the alternative question, what could have induced him to venture on so gross an imposture as that of the certificate produced at the marriage? This may be, we think, accounted for by two sufficient motives—one political, the other personal. The Directorial Constitution was then in its first vigour. By that constitution the members of the Directory must be 40 years old, and those of the Council of Ancients, at the least 30. Buonaparte was even then entertaining ambitious views, and of course would be glad to diminish, by a year and a half, the interval that separated him from being qualified for those great offices.

The personal reason was perhaps still stronger—certainly so on the part of the bride. She was really six years and a half older than the bridegroom, but by increasing *his* age by *eighteen months*, and diminishing *hers* by *five years*, from the 24th of June, 1763, probably the real date, to the 23rd of June, 1767, the marriage contract declares both the parties to be of the age of 28 years. This was rather a bold jump on the lady's part, for, as her son Eugène was then about 16, this calculation would have made her a mother at 13 years old. But even this did not satisfy her, for when she became Empress she struck off another year and day, and the Almanach Impérial places her birth on the 24th June, 1768, and so it remained to the last.

This affair of the false certificate has been long known, and was in itself so harmless that we should not have thought of reviving it—though it is a prominent incident in Napoleon's life, which all his partizan biographers choose to forget—if the remarkable silence of both Du Casse and Joseph himself, about the birth-day of the latter, had not led us to the detection of some quite unexpected and not unimportant consequences of Napoleon's original forgery.

Our first examination was of course directed to the series of Buonaparte's '*Almanachs Impériaux*'—historical evidences as '*inexorable*' as the Moniteur, and even more official. In that for 1804, in which Joseph first appears as an '*Altesse Impériale*,' and again in 1805, and again in 1806 in the course of which year he became King of Naples—it is stated that he was born on 'the 5th of February, 1768'—the very day, month, and year, which Napoleon had already usurped in the marriage contract for his own birth! This singular coincidence seems at first sight to indicate that Joseph's genuine certificate had been, for the occasion, altered to the name of *Napoleon*, which would certainly

certainly have been the easiest way of accomplishing Napoleon's *then* object; and the safest too, for if the discrepancy should be subsequently detected, it might be passed off as the *clerical error* of the notary, who, it would be said, had *accidentally* substituted the certificate of one brother for that of the other. Such an excuse might have been accepted for so venial a deception, but it turns out that the fiction was bolder and less ingenious. The certificate seems to have been altogether a forgery, and no more Joseph's than Napoleon's. But when, in 1806, Joseph's accession to the crown of Naples made his real birth-day a matter of more importance, the fictitious one of the *5th of February*, which had served Napoleon for eight years, and Joseph for three, must necessarily be discarded: for, however willing Joseph as a mere *Altesse Impériale* might have personally been to adopt Napoleon's forgery, it would have been too ridiculous and dangerous to attempt to impose it upon his Neapolitan subjects. This was no doubt the reason *why* in the next *Almanach Impérial* that followed his accession to Naples the former birth-day of the *5th of February* is discarded, and that which probably is the true one, the *7th of January*, was substituted; and *why* also both Joseph and his biographer have chosen to suppress the *month* and *day* of his birth! But the *year* also is subject to very serious doubt. To be sure Joseph tells us distinctly that he was born in 1768, and that is the date given him in all the Almanachs, but when we recollect that this was also the date of the forged certificate, and how long he himself adopted, and how long the Almanachs repeated the confessed falsehood of the *day* and the *month*, we own that his and their evidence has no weight at all with us. A better authority is the register of his birth and baptism at Corté, given *in extenso* by Wouters, with the date '*7th of January, 1768*;' and this would be conclusive, if that document did not exhibit on its face indubitable evidence of being a fabrication. Of this there are several minor indications, but there is one so gross and so conclusive, that we wonder how it could have escaped either the original forger or his copyist, M. Wouters—the naming the child is thus stated—'*infantem cui impositum fuit nomen JOSEPH-NAPOLEON*' (sic), 'a child to whom was given the name of JOSEPH-NAPOLEON.' Now it is notorious that neither Joseph, nor any of the others, ever assumed the adjunctive name of *Napoleon* till after the 18th February, 1806, when Napoleon gave his name to Joseph and the rest of the family. On that day he writes to Joseph to publish his proclamation dethroning the Bourbon family of Naples.

'*Il faut intituler vos actes Joseph-NAPOLÉON*; il est inutile de mettre Bonaparte.'—ii. 70.

On

On this paragraph, which we copy as it appears in the volume, the editor adds—

‘C’est à partir de ce moment que la famille Bonaparte changea ce nom en celui de Napoléon.’—*ib.*

After this, can we have a doubt of the falsification of the registry that calls him in a *Latin* document, purporting to be of 1768, ‘Joseph-Napoleon?’

But we have abundant evidence, incidental, circumstantial, and from different sources out of the possibility of preconcert, which yet all concur in contradicting the date of 1768, and suggesting that of 1766.

1°. Joseph’s own inadvertent confession, which, low as our estimate may be of his accuracy, is entitled to credit, because it escaped him inadvertently, and during the discussion of a very different matter. Joseph was seriously angry at Louis Napoleon’s Strasbourg expedition, which was in fact a personal insult to him, and he was said to have been equally so at the *tame eagle* attempt on Boulogne. This Louis Napoleon strenuously denied, asserting that his uncle was so far from disapproving the Boulogne affair, that he declared in express terms [*propres termes*],

‘If Louis had apprized me of his intentions, I should—in spite of my *seventy-five* years—have landed by his side on the beach of Boulogne.’—Wouters, 326.

The Boulogne attempt was in August, 1840, and, therefore, if Joseph spoke (as would be the ordinary interpretation of the words) of his *last* birthday, he was born in 1765, or if he referred more loosely to his *next* birthday, he would have been born in 1766, which is the very latest date that can be extracted from the confession thus recorded and endorsed by his nephew.

2°. He himself tells us in the Autobiography (i. 95) that, when he was appointed to a command in the army of Boulogne, April, 1804, ‘J’avais alors près de quarante ans.’ According to his *then* professed age he was but 36 and two months. Two years later, *February*, 1806, he again states that he was near forty, at which age he had, it seems, a mind to stick; but even that would still leave his real birthday in 1766. Thus we have, thrice over, his own circumstantial contradiction of the assertion of the Autobiography—but we have still better evidence than that of so loose a witness.

3°. Lucien, in the first page of his Memoirs, sets out by saying, that in the summer of 1789 ‘he had just entered his fifteenth year, while Joseph, the eldest of the family, was *âgé de 23 ans*.’ (*Mém. du Prince de Canino*, p. 1.) Lucien was born in 1775, and Joseph therefore in 1766. And this is clear of all doubt as to broken parts of a year, because Lucien carefully distinguishes

distinguishes his *entering*, and Joseph's having *accomplished*, their fifteenth and twenty-third years respectively. This dates Joseph's birth in 1766.

3rd. In the continuation of his *Memoirs* Lucien gives us (for a purpose altogether distinct from any question of age) a letter to himself from a very intimate and attached friend—Briot, a deputy in the Council of 500—dated *June* 1804, in which there is this passage: '*You know, my dear Lucien, that Joseph is three years older than the Emperor, who is six years older than you.*' This statement, made accidentally by an indifferent, but thoroughly trustworthy witness, would be of itself conclusive if it stood alone, but we see it exactly falls in with all the preceding testimony that Joseph was born in 1766.

4th. There is no doubt that Joseph was the eldest of thirteen children; and, by tracing back the assigned ages of the eight that eventually survived, we do not see how it is possible to introduce five other births without placing at least *one* antecedent to Napoleon, which again would carry back Joseph to 1766.

We have several other proofs all to the same effect; but we think that the five witnesses we have already produced—Joseph, Louis-Napoleon, Lucien, Briot, and *Nature*—will suffice to establish the fact that Joseph was born at latest on the *7th Jan.* 1766, and that he and his biographer, and Napoleon and his '*Almanachs Impériaux*,' when they stated the year as 1768, *en ont menti comme un bulletin!*

We now arrive at another step in this strange series of falsifications. When Napoleon chose to abstract two years from Joseph's age in the Imperial Almanacks for 1804, 5, and 6, he seems to have thought it would help the deception to extend the process of rejuvenescence to their *mother* also; and accordingly we find, in the Almanack for 1806, the first in which *Madame Mère* appears, that she was born on the 24th August 1750—which would have been consistent with the assigned birth of her eldest child on the 5th February 1768, when she would have been seventeen years and five months, but would have rendered what we believe to be the real date, 7th January 1766, next to impossible. But why, when Joseph's birth was fixed for 1768, the mother's date of '*24th August 1750*' was not adhered to, we cannot guess; but certain it is that in the very next Almanack the *year, month, and day* are all changed, and that her birth is thrown back to the '*13th January 1745*'—five years and six months earlier than the former date. This was probably the true one, for it would be consistent with her marriage early in 1765, at the age of twenty—with the birth of her eldest son, Joseph, early in 1766, and this with his admission (i. 36) as advocate in the

court

court of Bastia in 1788, at the age of twenty-two years six months, and with the statements of all the witnesses we have produced, and with all the probabilities of the case.

There is another instance, which, though it implicates no more than Napoleon's connivance and laxity in such matters, deserves mention. We read, in the '*Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde*,' published in Paris in 1834, the following notice of the birth of the eldest sister, Madame Bacciochi:—

' Marie-Anne Elise obtint de Lucien, dont elle était l'aînée, que l'ordre des dates serait *interverti* en sa faveur, et que dans les "*Almanachs Impériaux*" elle serait *inscrite comme sa cadette*. Elle doit être née en 1773 ou 1774.'

Now this, incredible as it would be if so many similar practices had not preceded it, turns out to be probable almost to certainty under its own special circumstances, for, of the 13 children undoubtedly born to Charles and Letitia Buonaparte, one *must*, and even two *may* have been between Napoleon and Lucien, and one of these was, no doubt, Elise; the extreme vanity and imperious temper of that lady are notorious, and we can well conceive her anxiety, on reaching the critical age of thirty, to avail herself of so favourable an occasion of getting rid of three or four years. This was easily accomplished by a stroke of the pen of the Imperial compiler of the Almanachs—but how was the parish registry in Corsica to be dealt with? We have just seen how it was dealt with in Joseph's case, and, on referring again to Wouters for the registries of Lucien and Elise, we find them equally suspicious. On the present face of the registry it appears that, though Lucien was born 21st May, 1775, he was not baptized till four years after, and that he and Elise, stated to have been born 3rd January, 1777, were *both* baptized on the *same day*, September, 1779, and in the parents' private house.

The *Encyclopédie's* view of Elise's age is corroborated, indeed we might say confirmed, by another of Joseph's inadvertent confessions, for he states (i. 26) that the admission of Napoleon and Elise, the one to Brienne, and the latter to St. Cyr, took place at the same time, that is, 1779, when Napoleon would be ten, but the girl, according to the imperial reckoning, barely *two*. And, finally, Madame Junot, who knew them all from infancy, distinctly states that, in order of birth, Elise came *between* Napoleon and Lucien.

The following case is still more curious, but it shows that Napoleon had not always the same delicate consideration for ladies' feelings that he extended to Elise. We have noticed that the date assigned to Josephine would have made her a mother at
twelve;

twelve, and, therefore, when it became necessary to introduce Eugène's age, as Viceroy of Italy, it was docked of two years, so as to bring his birth within fourteen years of his mother's—highly improbable, but still possible among the Creoles—and so the thing went on for four or five years; but, *in the very year of the divorce*, poor Josephine had the preliminary mortification of seeing her little *supercherie* revived and exposed in the *Almanach Impérial* by the alteration of her son's birthday from '*né en 1782*' to '*né le 3 Sept. 1780*,' while in that and all subsequent Almanachs she figured with her own false, and now ridiculous and disavowed, date. As we know that no trick was too small for Buonaparte when he had a point to carry, this was probably a hint that, from the dread of further question and exposure, might dispose the unhappy Josephine to submit to the *divorce*—else it was wanton cruelty.

Thus then, putting aside all that is conjectural, we have shown from Napoleon's own evidence that an official and documentary falsification of dates was practised—

1° in *his own* case, from whatever the real date was to *5th February*, 1768, and then (as we shall show presently) to the 16th August, and then finally to the 15th August, 1769.

2° in *his wife's* case, from *24th June*, 1763, to the *23rd June*, 1767, and finally to the *24th June*, 1768.

3° in *his mother's*, from *13th January*, 1745, to the *24th August*, 1750, and back again.

5° in *his brother Joseph's*, from whatever was the real date to the *5th February*, and then to the *5th January*, and then to the 7th January, and, as we have shown, from 1766 to 1768.

6° in *his sister's*, from whatever the real date was (probably 1773) to 1777.

7° in *his stepson's*, from whatever the real date was to *blank day*, *blank month* of 1782, and finally to 3rd September, 1780.

So far all this falsification is of no other importance than to exhibit his contempt of truth whenever the most transient object was to be gained, but here is a continuance of the same system applied to matters of more general interest.

Las Cases tells us, from Napoleon's dictation at St. Helena, that—

'Napoleon had never known a birthday before the Concordat. His patron saint was in fact a total stranger to the French—and the day of his feast uncertain everywhere; it was a "*galanterie*" of the Pope that fixed his feast on the 15th of August, the same day as the birth of the Emperor and the *signature of the Concordat*.'—*Las Cases*, i. 132.

It is true that no such saint was known—all the rest is false. In the first place, it is false that the giving the pseudo-saint a feast-day was a '*galanterie*'—a spontaneous piece of flattery from the Pope. This is a libel on poor Pius VII. The feast of the ASSUMPTION—one of the greatest in the Roman Catholic Calendar—is on the 15th of August. It is morally impossible that the Pope, weak and time-serving as he too often was, could have consented, much less volunteered, to intrude the supposititious saint into that festival. The Pope proved by his subsequent resistance, which induced Buonaparte to dethrone and imprison him, that there were lengths of complaisance to which he could not go, and we are satisfied that this desecration of the 'Assumption' would have been one of them. But we find the whole statement contradicted by Buonaparte's own lips, and in his own documents. When he told the story to O'Meara, it was thus:—Laughing at patron-saints, 'Ah,' said he,—

'St. Napoleon ought to be very much obliged to me. Poor fellow! Nobody knew him before. He had not even a day in the calendar. I got him one, and persuaded the Pope to give him the 15th of August, my birthday.'—O'Meara, ii. 246.

We know what style of *persuasion* Buonaparte usually employed, and how little spontaneous the poor Pope's *galanterie* was likely to be. But we need not discuss probabilities when we have indisputable evidence that the supposed fact is itself an invention. The '15th of August' was *not* the day originally chosen for the feast of St. Napoleon. In the Almanach for 1803 we find indeed that Buonaparte had introduced St. Napoleon into his calendar, but the day attributed to the new saint was *not* the 15th of August, nor, of course, the feast of the *Assumption*—but the 16th of August, where he replaces one *St. Roch*, now best known to the world by the portico of his church in the Rue St. Honoré having been the scene of Buonaparte's victory of the 13th Vendémiaire, 1796. Whether there was any *arrière pensée* in thus superseding *St. Roch*, or any design of transferring the church itself to the future patronage of St. Napoleon, we do not venture to guess; but certain it is that it was '*St. Roch*,' and not the '*Assumption*,' that gave way to '*St. Napoleon*.' Again, in next year's calendar, 1804, we find the *Assumption* on the 15th of August, and *St. Napoleon* on the 16th—and again the same in 1805. It was not till the Almanach of 1806 (published about the middle of that year) that St. Napoleon was shifted and promoted to the 15th of August, where the very typographical arrangement is curious:—

'Août	}	ASSOMPTION. S. NAPOLEON.
15. Vendr.		ANNIV. DU CONCORDAT.'

St. Napoleon was, like his votaries, not over-modest, for, after extinguishing St. Roch for three years, he only restores him on condition that he himself shall stand on the *same line* with the Blessed Virgin!

The placing the anniversary of the 'Concordat' on the same day is another falsification, for which, however, we can conjecture a political motive. The Concordat was really signed on the 15th of *July*, 1801; and so anxious was Buonaparte to attach his acts to popular anniversaries, that he had, on the 12th of July, directed Joseph, who was one of the negotiators, to use all possible despatch, 'as he, Napoleon, attaches great importance' (*attache un grand prix*) to its bearing date *the 14th of July* (i. 201). In consequence of this mandate the negotiators sat up all night, but were unable to conclude the affair till the morning of the 15th of July, the real date, which he three years after changed to the *15th of August*. His first anxiety for the 14th of July was, that it was the anniversary of the *taking of the Bastile*, with which event he was, *at that moment*, very desirous of connecting his own accession to power. This affords another instance of the deep schemes for which such apparently trivial devices were employed. At a public celebration of this Bastile anniversary in 1800, Lucien (at that time Napoleon's official organ) pronounced the Government Oration, which concluded thus:—

'The 18 *Brumaire* [9th November, 1799, *Napoleon's usurpation of the Consulate*] has only completed the work of the 14th of *July*: what the latter destroyed can never reappear—what the former has restored can never again be destroyed.'—*Moniteur*, 15th July, 1800.

Next year, 1801, Napoleon took the matter into his own hands, and published an address to the people, in which all that had happened between the 14th of July, 1789, and 18 Brumaire, 1799, was blotted out from the annals of France.

'The 14th of July consecrated all the principles of morality, virtue, and social equality. It reconquered from prejudice the empire of reason, and recovered from authority the power that it had abused, &c. &c. The 14th of July is separated by one long and stormy night, from the 18th of Brumaire, which is, we may say, but the morrow of the former—Glory to the 14th of July—Glory to the 18th of Brumaire!'—*Moniteur*.

There can be no doubt that even at this early date Buonaparte had the throne of France in view, and he probably contemplated the simple reconstruction of the *Kingdom*, such as it existed after the 14th of July and before the outrages of the 6th of October and the anarchical constitution of 1791. This was probably the reason why, in 1801, he attached a '*grand prix*' to the connecting

necting his *Concordat* and his prospective crown with the 14th of July; but when step by step he had attained, not a constitutional kingship, but the Imperial despotism, we hear no more of the '14th of July.'

Long as this chronological disquisition has been, and trifling as any one instance of those complicated tricks may appear, we trust that our readers will see that they are, as a mass, too considerable and too characteristic of the whole Buonaparte family to be omitted from our notice of the new monuments which Du Casse, Ingersoll, and Wouters are so busy in erecting to their fame. Dates are not only the landmarks of history as to events, but often as to motives and objects; and we cannot but express some surprise that such misstatements and mystifications of the chronology of what we may call our own times, should have been so boldly imposed upon the world, and so easily adopted. We do not pretend to have completed the detection, nor indeed to have discovered any more rational object for most of these tricks, than an obstinate endeavour to conceal or colour the original forgery of the certificate of '*the 5th February, 1768*;' but it cannot be supposed that Napoleon took all this complicated trouble for nothing, and future inquirers may perhaps be guided by the data which we for the first time thus bring together, to some more satisfactory explanation of the mystery.

We now proceed with the Autobiography. 'Joseph, the Genealogist,' who does not tell us even the date of his own birth, is nevertheless very conversant with a long line of illustrious ancestors, of whom, however, his great modesty would not have allowed him to say a word if they had not happened, as he judiciously remarks, 'to be at the same time the ancestors of his younger brother' (i. 25); a fact which we the more readily reproduce, because it is the only one in the whole genealogical statement in which there seems to be even a semblance of truth. He thinks it '*a duty to his brother*' to show that the said ancestors had, 'ever since the 11th century, filled, *by the choice of the people*, the highest magistracies in Florence, Parma, Padua, Trevizo, Sarzanne, and Corsica;' and, *in proof* of this, he refers us confidently to *his* documentary evidence—'*pièces justificatives*'—where, however, we find nothing more than a few unconnected and unexplained notes, that certain—or rather very uncertain—Jameses, Johns, Peters, Nicholases, Sebastians, and Gabriels, to the number of eighteen, with the common surname of Bonaparte, are stated to have filled municipal offices in various towns in Italy between the years 1120 and 1760: but there is not a shadow of evidence, nor indeed any direct assertion that any two of these various individuals had any relationship to

each other, or that any of them were 'ancestors' to Napoleon. Nay, the very last entry of the series, which comprises the pretty important period of 112 years, proves that 'the genealogist' did not know very exactly who his own grandfather was :—

'1648. Sebastien Charles, Joseph, Sebastien, Joseph Buonaparte, sont nommés successivement chefs des anciens de la ville d'Ajaccio depuis 1648 jusqu'en 1769.

'Charles *fils de l'un d'eux* né en 1740,' &c.—i. 110.

What dignity the family might derive from having furnished the corporation of Ajaccio with five aldermen in 120 years, and whether the other dozen of Buonapartes, scattered over a period of 500 years, ever existed at all, or were any otherwise related to one another—except, as Madame de Staël wittily said of such pretensions to old names, *du côté de l'alphabet*—may be themes for the flatterers of the new empire, as they were for those of the old, but with, we anticipate, no better success. The 'ancient' but—even if it were ancient—'ignoble blood' of the Jeromes and Gabriels and the other aldermen of Ajaccio could have added no illustration to the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz, though it might be suspected to have broken out a little in the husband of *Madame de Beauharnais*, and the fugitive from Egypt, Moscow, Leipzig, and Waterloo. Napoleon himself affected, in the sardonic and calumnious spirit of all his St. Helena conversations, to sneer at the Emperor of Austria's having, after his marriage with the Arch-Duchess, had a pedigree made for him, showing that the 'house of Buonaparte had been the *ancient sovereigns of Trévisé*.' This, he says, he contemptuously rejected, telling his imperial father-in-law that he was prouder of being the *Rodolph* of his race; and he over and over again boasted to O'Meara that he was one of the '*canaille*.' But all this was at St. Helena, where indeed a well-regulated mind might have abandoned such pretensions; *but he never did*; for though he thus associated himself with the '*canaille*' for the purpose of keeping up a revolutionary spirit against the Governments that had dethroned him, his anxiety to cling to this fabulous ancestry is constantly visible (see and compare *Las Cases*, i. 107, 115; *O'Meara*, i. 296). The complaisant pedigree imputed to the Emperor Francis we totally disbelieve. Where is it? What has become of it? To be sure, *Las Cases* relates that Napoleon had such a contempt for these things—(though he was for ever talking about them)—that he would never look at these family parchments, but handed them all over to 'Joseph the genealogist.' Very well! But we have the genealogy—the best, we must suppose, that Joseph possessed—in the solemn form of a '*pièce justificative*,' and what do

do we find? Simply that it does *not* bear out, in the most remote degree, the account given of it; that it does not even pretend to be a pedigree; that it is no more the result of any heraldic inquiries than 'Malbrouck' or 'la Carmagnole;' and that the solitary mention of the name '*Trévisé*,' the seat of the imaginary sovereignty, is, that 500 years ago one Buonaparte was employed to make peace between that town and a neighbouring one, but it is not even stated to which of them the supposed negotiator belonged:—

'1279. Bonsemlant Buonaparte est nommé plénipotentiaire pour faire la paix entre Trévisé et Padoue.'—i. 10.

Now a person sent as a negotiator would obviously not be the *Sovereign* of the state, so that this passage contradicts the fact for which it is cited. But enough, and more than enough, of these attempts at a fabulous pedigree.

Joseph is equally unlucky in his attempts to exalt the more recent condition of 'the family' into nobility and wealth. It would be useless to enter into a detailed exposure of all the fictions that have been accumulated by vanity, flattery, and fraud on these points; it will suffice to state two admitted facts:—First, that Charles the father was, in the year 1779, '*dans l'indigence*;' and secondly, that it was not till this '*indigence*' became the plea for soliciting eleemosynary education for his children in the royal schools founded in France for the poor noblesse, that he attempted to pass himself off as *noble* by *assuming* the French feudal prefix of *de* before his patronymic, signing his petition for the children's admission '*de Buonaparte*.' This, and some similar and equally futile devices, were only the colourable pretexts under which the influence of M. de Marbœuf, who had been governor in Corsica, and was a declared protector of the family, really procured the admission of the children. M. de Marbœuf was so intimate with the family, that Buonaparte himself confessed to Las Cases (i. 117) that it had created some scandal against Madame Letitia, who was young and handsome, and it was even said that M. de Marbœuf had *special* reasons for taking an interest in *Napoleon*. This imputation he very naturally denies, and there is no reason to disbelieve him; but he admits, at the same time, the obligations that the children had to M. de Marbœuf's kindness and protection, and there is no doubt that it was through his influence that the children were received into the schools, in spite, we may almost say, of the father's factitious certificates of noblesse.

The fact is, that the Buonapartes had neither the rank nor title of nobility, but were at best small gentry—in contradistinction to being neither peasants nor artizans—*gentilâtres*, as the '*Revue Historique*

Historique de la Noblesse describes them: that class which supplied the municipal officers, lawyers, doctors, and clergy of the very primitive and equalized state of Corsican society. In this middle condition of life there was nothing to be ashamed of; it was really much more respectable than Napoleon, in his moments of morbid candour at St. Helena, affected to represent it when he said he sprung from the *canaille*. All that is discreditable is the vanity and obstinacy with which the Buonapartes invented and clung, and still cling, to these idle fables while they pretended to despise them. We have already hinted at some resemblance between Joseph and *Tartuffe*; and when he talks of his 'nobility' and of the acclamations of 'the people as he used to pass through the suburbs of Ajaccio *pour visiter nos terres*' (i. 31), he reminds us still more strongly of that hypocritical pretender—

' Ces *fiefs* qu'à bon titre, au pays on renomme;
Et, tel qu'on le voit, il est bien *gentilhomme* !'

The *fiefs* and the nobility of the Buonapartes were just as real as those of M. *Tartuffe*.

When we arrive at the more personal points of the Autobiography we find that the paucity of dates—the inaccuracy, as we believe, of most of those that are given—and the natural obscurity of the writer's style increased by his elaborate efforts to pervert and mislead, render it exceedingly dull, and nearly worthless for any other historical or even biographical purpose than that of *cross-examining* it, as the lawyers do a reluctant and prevaricating witness, to endeavour to get at the truth by his inadvertencies and contradictions. We have had some specimens of this already on the comparatively trivial point of birthday dates,—here are some on more important matters.

By a marginal date added by the editor we learn that in 1786 Napoleon received his commission as Lieutenant in the regiment of La Fère—which is erroneous—the commission was of the 1st of September, 1785; by another that he visited Corsica on leave of absence in 1787; after which he rejoined his regiment, but *when* is not stated. Two other marginal dates intimate that he was again in Corsica in 1788 and 1789, probably, though not so stated, on leaves of absence; but there is not after the latter date any notice of his regimental life, or any allusion to his being a military man. There is no mention of him in 1790. It seems that he spent the greater part, if not the whole, of 1791 in Corsica; and the mode in which Joseph describes this period is as if he was leading *the life of a civilian*. It may be a startling inference, but, *if we were to abide by Joseph's evidence*, we should be forced to conclude that Napoleon

Napoleon had been from 1789 to 1793 altogether out of the service, as he certainly was, as we shall show, for a portion of that time. We know *aliundè* that his name continued on the printed army-list, but we very much doubt whether there could be found in the whole French armies any other officer who contrived to *shirk* so completely all regimental duty, and who had the ill-luck to get into such a succession of disagreeable scrapes—charges of desertion and even of treason—arrest, imprisonment, suspension, two or three dismissals! Such was the cloudy dawn of that resplendent day destined to end as darkly as it began.

We have before us a pamphlet by M. Libri (first published as an article of '*La Revue des Deux Mondes*'), which gives a short account of a batch of early autograph notes and diaries of Napoleon, which had been confided to Cardinal Fesch. In these is found a correspondence, which proves, 'what,' says M. Libri, 'had been before only vaguely suspected,' that Napoleon was *dismissed the service* in 1791, for having been absent without leave in Corsica, and was early in 1792 soliciting the War-office for his restoration, which, it is added, 'he *shortly* after obtained at the solicitation of several persons.'—(*Lib.* 15.) It was, we presume, at this period that Bourrienne's Memoirs take him up; but his account shows that the affair was not arranged so shortly as M. Libri believes.

'In April, 1792 (says Bourrienne), I arrived in Paris, where I found Buonaparte; our school and college friendship revived undiminished. I was not very well off—he was in absolute poverty (*l'adversité pesait sur lui*). He was often quite destitute. We passed our time like young men of twenty-three do who have nothing to do and very little money. He had even less than I. We made projects and thought of profitable speculations, such as hiring houses and under-letting them to lodgers, but the terms of the owners were too high and we failed everywhere. During all this rather vagabond life (*vie un peu vagabonde*) he was soliciting employment (*du service*) at the War Department and I at the Foreign Office. I was more fortunate on this occasion than he. I was appointed, some days after the 20th of June, Secretary of Legation at Stutgard. I left Paris on the 2nd August—and some time after the 10th Buonaparte went to Corsica, and did not return till 1793.'—*Bourrienne*, i. 52.

This passage of Bourrienne had long puzzled us. Napoleon's commission as captain of artillery is dated 6th February, 1792, and we could not understand how he could have been at that crisis of the war absent from his regiment—how he could be in absolute want—seldom able to pay for his dinner, and forced to pawn his watch (*ib.* 49)—how he could have no resource but a speculation in letting lodgings—how he could have been soliciting employment *à la guerre*—the War-office—if he was already a captain.

captain of artillery? The papers cited by M. Libri solve the riddle, and give additional authority to Bourrienne's anecdotes of this period, which had been very much questioned, and especially in these volumes by Joseph.

There can be no doubt that Napoleon was in Paris on the 20th June and 10th August, 1792, and an eye-witness, '*témoin*,' he says, of both those execrable insurrections. We should not have been surprised to have found the ardent, ambitious, distressed, and discontented young man taking an active part in those movements; and it is not a little suspicious to find him, as he certainly was, on the morning of the 10th August in the Carrousel, in the very focus of the main attack on the château. But we have Bourrienne's evidence that he disapproved of the previous riot of the 20th June; and there is no reason to suppose that he had changed it so suddenly as to have joined in the attack of the 10th August; and his suspicious presence at the scene of action is naturally accounted for by the fact that Bourrienne's brother, Fauvelet, had a kind of broker's shop which looked out on the Carrousel, and from which Napoleon says he was a passive witness of the affair. Joseph's account of the matter, however, is calculated to revive the contrary suspicion. He says that Napoleon, on the evening of that day, wrote to him (then in Corsica) a very full detail of the event. He does not give us the letter *in extenso*; we wish he had; but he *copies* out from it a passage which seems to us to mix Napoleon more personally in the affair than as a mere *témoin*:—

'After the victory of the Marseillais, I saw one of them on the point of killing a *Garde du corps*; I said to him, "*Man of the South*, let us save the poor fellow!"—"Are you of the South?"—"Yes."—"Well then, let us save him!"'—i. 47.

If this had been a part of Joseph's *narrative* for which his memory would be only responsible, we should not have noticed it; but, being given as an *extract* from the written letter, and given with all the typographical marks of *quotation*, it seems worth while to observe that this actual intervention in that awful conflict is essentially different from having been a wholly inactive *témoin* from Fauvelet's window. Nor can we believe that these savage and bloodthirsty '*hommes du midi*' would have been very likely to listen to an unknown young gentleman who should have just stepped out of a shop to preach sentimentality and mercy at such a moment. But there is another more serious flaw in the story. Napoleon is made to say he saved a '*Garde du corps*.' He could not have been ignorant that there was not then, nor had there been for above two years, any such thing

as *Gardes du corps*. After the massacre of the 6th October 1789 that devoted corps had ceased to exist; and, though an ignorant civilian or provincial might have misapplied the term *Garde du corps* to one of the Swiss Guards—the only guards massacred on the 10th of August—such a misnomer was not possible in the case of a captain of artillery, who must have known the one from the other quite as distinctly as an English officer would one of Lord Combermere's Life Guards from one of Lord Foley's Beef-eaters.

But we may spare all conjecture on this particular point, for we have the direct evidence of Buonaparte himself that—whether he wrote or Joseph invented the foregoing paragraph—it is essentially false. Here is his own account, dictated in St. Helena, and given by Las Cases as his *ipsissima verba* :—

‘On that hideous day, the 10th of August, I was at Paris, and lodged in the Rue du Mail, near the Place des Victoires. At the sound of the tocsin and a rumour that they were attacking the Tuileries, I ran to the Carrousel to the house of Fauvelet, Bourrienne's brother, who kept a furniture shop there. . . . From that I could see at my ease all the details of the affair (*la journée*). Before I got to the Carrousel, I had met in the *Rue Croix des Petits Champs* a group of hideous men, parading a human head* on a pike. Seeing me tolerably (*passablement*) dressed, and thinking that I looked like a *monsieur*, they advanced upon me, to make me cry “*Vive la Nation!*” which I made no difficulty in doing, as may be well believed.’—*Las Cases*, v. 129.

This is natural and probable—and his discreet reluctance to have anything to do with these people is obviously inconsistent with his volunteering so soon after to interfere in their proceedings. He then proceeds to say :—

‘When the Palace was stormed and the King had gone to the Assembly, I ventured (*hasardai*) to make my way into the garden. Never since did any of my battles give me the idea of so many corpses as I there saw of the Swiss—whether it was the narrowness of the space or its being the first impression of the kind I had yet felt. I saw women—well-dressed women—committing the most shocking indecencies on those bodies. I visited all the cafés in the neighbourhood. There I found the most extraordinary violence: rage was in every heart and apparent on every face, and, though there was nothing very particular in my dress, or perhaps because my countenance was more composed and calm, I saw that I was looked at with eyes of suspicion and hostility.’—*ib.*

* This was no doubt the head of one of the nine gentlemen massacred early in the morning in the Cour des Feuillans before a shot was fired. Their bodies were carried by the mob to the Place Vendôme, where the heads were cut off and thence paraded through the town stuck on pikes. See Peltier's most interesting ‘*Histoire du Dix Août.*’

Thus

Thus it was not till the affair was over that he “*ventured on*” the scene of massacre, and—far from thinking that his influence could save anybody—he did not feel himself altogether safe:—and, in short, nothing can be more irreconcilable with the theatrical *fanfaronnade* which Joseph ascribes to him. We can only leave the conflicting statements of the two brothers to the judgment of our readers.

We find in M. Libri’s papers evidence of two very curious circumstances that relate to this period; the first is, that it appears that in 1791 Napoleon was in the receipt of a *pension* from Louis XVI. This would sufficiently account for his disapprobation of the ‘20th June’ and ‘10th August.’ Perhaps it may turn out that his absence from his regiment may have arisen from loyalty to the king, and that he was a kind of emigrant and thus entitled to some support from the royalist ministers. The second circumstance, still more curious, may have some connexion with the former; it is that those papers contain his original commission as captain, signed by the King—not dated, as was always supposed, the ‘6th February, 1792,’ but the 30th August, with a note that he was to take rank from the 5th February. This explains why he was, as Bourrienne represents, without employment, on the *pavé* of Paris, during the earlier half of 1792, but it is not so clear how a commission from the *King* should bear date three weeks after the unhappy sovereign had been a close prisoner in the Temple. We can only suppose that Napoleon had interest to get a commission which had been ante-signed in blank filled up in his favour, with a reference for rank to the date of his earlier solicitation. It seems, however, that he did not proceed with this commission to join his regiment: on the contrary, it appears that, instead of joining his regiment, he must have proceeded *direct* from Paris for Corsica, where we find him early in September, and where he remained without any indication of his belonging to the regular army for several months, during which period he was nominated Lieutenant-Colonel of a battalion of National Guards, with which on the 12th of February, 1793, he formed a portion of an expedition against Sardinia, which totally failed; Buonaparte and his corps appear to have been detached on some minor branch of this service, and not to have fired a shot.

Whether, as the Libri papers seem to indicate, Napoleon originally entertained royalist opinions or not, it is certain that up to the deposition of the King the Buonapartes were attached both personally and politically to Paoli, but they now broke with that true patriot, made themselves prominent in the
revolutionary

revolutionary party, and became decided Jacobins, so much to the dissatisfaction of their fellow citizens that in the spring of 1793 there was an actual insurrection of the people against them, followed by a decree of banishment by Paoli's government. Under this proscription the whole family left the island, and sought an asylum as persecuted republicans in the neighbourhood of Marseilles, where they—the mother, Joseph, Napoleon, and seven younger children—had no means whatsoever of existence but *rations* from the public stores, which the Convention granted to exiled indigent patriots.

It is now that, for the first time for three or four years, Joseph gives us a hint that Napoleon was still an officer in the French army, by telling us that he *now* joined at Nice the regiment in which he was captain. But this seems questionable, and the same obscurity about his connexion with the army still continues. Joseph gives no date of this attempt to join the regiment at Nice—but if made, Napoleon seems to have met with some difficulty in being readmitted to a service from which he had been so long absent; for we find in the '*Itinéraire Général de Napoléon*,'—a meagre but useful chronological register of each day's *whereabout* of Napoleon's life—we find, we say, in the *Itinéraire*, under the date of the 26th of May, 1793, that he had no sooner joined his regiment than he left it again—'*après avoir quitté son régiment à Nice, Bonaparte fait un voyage à Paris;*' and in the following month it appears that—'*de retour à son corps Bonaparte est employé dans l'armée du Général Carteaux.*' This journey to Paris Joseph does not mention, but both he and the *Itinéraire* assert that he rejoined the Army of the South. Napoleon himself tells a different story, and not, we think, the true one—that he was sent *direct* from Paris to Toulon. We think there can be no doubt that he joined Carteaux' army before he was employed at Toulon.

But even at Toulon a strange obscurity seems to cover services which we are told were so brilliant. The only mention—except *his own*—we find of his share in that business is the following paragraph of General Dugommier's despatch of the sharp action of the 30th of November, in the third month of the siege:—

'I cannot say too much for the good conduct of those of my brothers in arms *who would fight*. Amongst those who did, and who helped me to rally the runaways to a renewal of the attack, were the citizens Buona Parte commanding the artillery, and Arena and Cervoni Adjutants-General.'—*Moniteur*, 7th December, 1793.

Some curious observations arise out of this extract. First, the confession of the misbehaviour of the French troops on the day
(30th

(30th of November) which, through General O'Hara's rashness, ended so unfortunately for the English—then, the singularity that the only three officers who were distinguished by a better spirit were three *Corsicans*—then, the fatality by which, just seven years later, we find Buonaparte First Consul, and sending Arena, the partner in his first glory, to the scaffold for his share in the affair of the infernal machine (December 1800). Cervoni was killed at Eckmuhl in 1807. It is to be observed also that the praise of Buonaparte was not for the scientific operations of the siege, but for an incidental display of gallantry, the more creditable to him as somewhat out of the sphere of a mere artillery officer.

On the faith of the great talents he has since displayed, we cannot doubt that his artillery services were as distinguished as his gallantry on the field, but we repeat that we have found no other evidence of it but his own. Joseph's account is so short and confused, that he seems to make himself a superior—certainly a *senior* officer to Napoleon. Joseph's story is that he was 'employed as *Chef de bataillon* on the staff at that siege, where he was slightly wounded at the attack of Cape Brun' (i. 55). This *gloriole*, if true, would be but a paltry one in the ex-King; but we believe it to be only another instance of the small tricks by which Napoleon would endeavour to facilitate larger ones. It turns out that in 1804, when Napoleon began to meditate bringing Joseph forward as a more prominent tool, he thought it would serve his designs to give him the *military character* which was the distinguishing mark of the new empire, and he accordingly *forced him* into the army, and conferred on him by a formal *decree* the rank of Colonel of the 4th regiment of the line, then forming part of 'the Army of England,' which is really so curious, such a much ado about nothing, that we must give a specimen of it as Joseph exhibits it, under the title of '*Pièce Justificative* :—

'BREVET DE COLONEL POUR LE CITOYEN BUONAPARTE (JOSEPH).

'DÉTAILS DE SERVICES.

'CAMPAGNES, ACTIONS, BLESSURES.

'Né le 5 (!) Janvier, 1768.

'Campagnes de 1793 et 1794.

Elève d'artillerie en 1783.

Blessé légèrement au siège de

Officier de l'état-major en 1792.

Toulon.'

Adjudant-Général. Chef de

Bataillon en 1793.'

—i. 126.

Then follows the order for his reception as Colonel of the 4th of the line.

This decree, besides being issued as a kind of proclamation to the public, signed and countersigned by the Consul, the Secretary of State, and the Minister of War, was also announced by a special message, similarly signed, to the Conservative Senate, commencing with these words—

'The

'The senator Joseph Buonaparte, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, *having expressed to me his desire to share the perils of the army now encamped on the shores of Boulogne.*'—i. 122.

And this communication was acknowledged by a long and disgustingly servile address (given at full length), presented to the First Consul by a deputation of the Senate; and, finally, the new Colonel's arrival at the head-quarters of the Army of England, namely, the village of Pont de Brique, near Boulogne, is promulgated to the troops, by an order of the day trumpetting the *gratitude* of the army to the government for adding to its ranks 'one of the first personages in the State,' &c. This piece of absurd and abject adulation is signed '*Soult*;' and the whole exhibits a solemn farce, unequalled since Caligula made his *horse a consul*. Well—the whole was built on a fiction, as Joseph himself confesses in another part of his autobiography—where also he tells us what he takes to be the motive of all this absurd manœuvring:—

'The First Consul *would have me belong to the army*. There was a good deal of uneasiness in the public mind about the conspiracies against his life. My fraternal affection for his person, and his reliance on my character and opinions, left him no reluctance to have me for his successor, but he would have me become a military man. I was then near forty; *I had all my life been in the civil service*, except for a few months of our first campaign in Italy [1796]. *I was reluctant to be a colonel.*'—i. 95.

What becomes now of the ostentatious certificate of his having been a *Chef de bataillon*, and of 'the campaigns of 1793 and 1794?' The 'few months' (*weeks* he might have better said) which he quotes as an exception from his civil life were no exception, for he accompanied his brother as a mere civilian. In fact, if the former tale and its '*pièce justificative*' had had any reality, Joseph would have been a senior officer to Napoleon. Joseph tells us in his first story that he was a *Chef de bataillon* at the siege of Toulon. He does not, indeed, pretend to give us the date of this supposed commission, but it must have been some time before he was wounded, as he says, in that rank at *Cape Brun*. Now, the skirmish of Cape Brun was on the 15th Oct., 1793, and it happens oddly enough that Napoleon's own commission as *Chef de bataillon* was dated four days later—the 19th of the same month. But there is another circumstance which confirms Joseph's last statement, and annihilates the first and its '*pièce justificative*.' We have before us the army list in the National Almanack for 1793-4. This almanack was made up to the 6th December, 1793, and published a few days later. In it we find Napoleon in his new rank of *Chef de bataillon*, and we find Joseph
also

also in the same record—but where? as a senior *Chef de bataillon*? as an *Adjutant-general*? Nothing like it, but as a *Commissary clerk* of the very lowest grade—an ‘*adjoint*’ or supernumerary to the last class of the permanent service. What crotchet could have induced Napoleon to make the reluctant Joseph a colonel with such pomp and parade we cannot guess, and perhaps Joseph himself may have never known; for his notion that it was to prepare him for being Napoleon’s successor in the Imperial purple is too absurd to have had any foundation but in his personal vanity.

Napoleon’s services at the siege of Toulon drew upon him the notice and favour of the Conventional Proconsuls that superintended the siege, and procured him the rapid promotion by which a *captain* of about three months’ date became during the siege a *Chef de bataillon*, and at its close, three months later, *Général de brigade*. The sagacious Proconsuls who discovered and favoured those dawning talents Joseph carefully enumerates. They were ‘*Gasparin, Salicetti, Robespierre the younger, Ricord, Thureau, &c.*’ (i. 55). So also at St. Helena, Napoleon, in his long talks of his services at Toulon, acknowledges the favour and patronage of *Gasparin*, whom he even remembered in his will (*Las Cases*, i. 155). But how has it happened that a name the most important and celebrated of all these proconsular patrons has escaped both the brothers? Not an allusion to BARRAS! *Præfulget eo ipso quod non visebatur*: and, on the other hand, in the ostentatious and posthumous gratitude to the obscure *Gasparin*, we discover another of those little artifices, for which Napoleon seems to have, amongst his greater qualities, a peculiar genius. The *Gasparin* legacy is in the same disgraceful codicil that leaves another legacy to the scoundrel that attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington. He ‘leaves 100,000 francs to the sons and grandsons of *Gasparin*, who supported his plans for the siege of Toulon, and who further protected him from the ignorance of the *Etats-Majors*’ of Carteaux and Doppet, ‘who at first commanded at the siege.’ This was a mere pretext: *Gasparin* died (not, it seems, with the army) on the very day (9th or 10th Nov.) on which Doppet took the command, so that *Gasparin* could not have protected him from Doppet and his *Etat-Major*; and if Buonaparte’s gratitude was so great, why was it that during the long years of his *toute-puissance* as General, Consul, Emperor, he never did anything for ‘the sons or grandsons’ of *Gasparin*, and never thought of him or them till he came to make his cynical and calumnious will at St. Helena? No: the sole object was to conceal the real obligation to BARRAS behind the fabulous one to *Gasparin*. The world however knows

but

but too well why any allusion to Buonaparte's early connexion with the profligate Director became in after days so nauseous. Whenever Napoleon mentioned him, it was only with evident reluctance, and to disclaim all obligation. And no wonder—for, although the patronage of Barras at Toulon, and even on the 13th *Vendémiaire*, was creditable to both, it degenerated soon after the last event into a complaisance on the part of Buonaparte so base, that all the stupendous consequences of the command of the army of Italy cannot obliterate the turpitude of the price which was paid for it. Mr. Ingersoll, who thinks that, 'on *his* side of the broad Atlantic, truth may be told, which is impossible amongst European parasites and prejudices,' indicates very broadly, we might say coarsely, the motive of a marriage, of which, as he says, cleverly enough, 'the dower was the Army of Italy, and the first child the battle of Montenotte,' but he feels, or at least expresses, no kind of disapprobation of the terms on which the match was made—neither of Buonaparte's marrying Barras' mistress, nor of the lady's ante-nuptial or post-nuptial levity of conduct, though he brings forward some serious instances of both.

His account, however, of the actual ceremony of the marriage, derived evidently from Joseph, contains some points of curiosity.

'The marriage with the West India widow—humble stepping-stone to prodigious prosperity—according to revolutionary reforms, was a mere civil contract at a *broker's office*, almost without witnesses, with no religious rite, and hardly solemnized at all. One obscure person named Calmelet, on her part, and a young officer, scarcely of age, *Barrois* [Lemarrois], on his, *alone* attended, when, as the *broker* certified, on the 8th of March, 1796, Napoleon and Josephine were married.'—*Ingersoll*, i. 187.

There are some minor errors in this statement which induce us to hope that Mr. Ingersoll has made it from a vague recollection of Joseph's *verbal* communications to him—for, partizan as he is, it seems hardly possible that, if he had the original certificate before his eyes, he could have so grossly misrepresented it in the main points of his statement; but whether the bad faith be Mr. Ingersoll's or Joseph's, the assertion that there were almost *no witnesses* to the marriage, and absolutely *none* but 'Calmelet, an obscure person,' and 'a young aide-de-camp,' is a *calculated falsehood*. There appear on the face of the document as witnesses two other names, not *youths*, not *obscure*, but on the contrary the two most eminent personages at that moment of the whole French republic—One, its first magistrate, the President of the Directory, BARRAS—the other the Hero of the 9th Thermidor, TALLIEN. Our readers know that in the corrupt
and

and dissolute Directorial Court and society, Madame de Beauharnais and Madame Tallien were the presiding influences; and they will easily appreciate why all the biographers, and now both Joseph and Ingersoll, have fraudulently suppressed these two names.

But besides the *notorious* scandal of the transaction, there was a *secret* one, if possible more disgraceful, which rendered the name of *Barras* peculiarly distasteful to the Buonapartes and their partizans. The Army of Italy was not the only dower of the bride. It appears by the *Acte civil* of the marriage that Buonaparte was domiciled '*No — Rue d'Antin*,' and that Madame de Beauharnais was domiciled '*Rue Chantereine*.' This small hotel, Rue Chantereine, has been hitherto always supposed Buonaparte's own; and in the enthusiasm with which he was received on his return from Italy, the City authorities changed the name of the street in which it stands from Rue Chantereine to *Rue de la Victoire*—it turns out that it was Madame de Beauharnais' *before her marriage*. How long had it been hers? How came she by it? Her husband had been guillotined and his property confiscated just 18 months before. Wouters, the most unscrupulous apologist of the whole Imperial race, states, that 'the Beauharnais widow and children were, by *additional* misfortunes, reduced to the most abject poverty (*la plus profonde misère*), and that the boy was forced to work for his bread as apprentice to a joiner.' (Wouters, 164.) How then did this lady, within a few months, escape from *la plus profonde misère* into the enjoyment of that celebrated hotel? The answer is but too obvious, and must have been notorious at the time, for we find, in the publications of the day, a statement to which we never before paid any attention—that, when the newly elected Members of the Directory proceeded to take up their official residence at the palace of the Luxembourg, Citizen Barras removed thither from *the house in the Rue Chantereine, in which he resided with Madame Beauharnais!* How much Buonaparte was ashamed of this part of the transaction, and how anxious he was to keep his marriage unconnected with the command in Italy, is proved by a slight but significant circumstance:—all his early letters from Italy to his wife are addressed '*à la Citoyenne Buonaparte, chez la Citoyenne Beauharnais, Rue Chantereine à Paris*,' as if they were different persons.

This marriage, Joseph confesses, was very unwelcome to him—as we may well suppose, if he had any regard for his brother's character;—but there was also a private reason. Joseph says that after the expulsion of his family from Corsica, and their seeking an eleemosynary asylum in Marseilles, '*Je ne tardai pas à me*

à me marier.' His wife Julie was the fourth daughter of M. Nicholas Clary, a respectable shopkeeper and merchant, at Marseilles. There was one son afterwards a banker in Paris, and five daughters, of whom *Julie* was the fourth; and *Désirée*, wife of Bernadotte, and eventually Queen of Sweden, the youngest. Joseph tells us nothing more of *his* marriage than the three or four words we have quoted; and he leaves us to guess how a 'refugee' just arrived, without name or profession, and no other means of existence than a scanty public allowance, happened to make a match so much beyond his prospects. Mr. Ingersoll tells us that he received with her a fortune of about 80,000 dollars = 16,000*l.*—a sum, large under any circumstances, but to us, we confess, quite incredible, considering that she was the fifth of six children of a father and mother still living; but that it was something considerable for the times and circumstances is, if the correspondence be not falsified, proved by Buonaparte's letters to him. He looks upon him as a man whose fortune is made: he envied, he said, *ce coquin de Joseph*, who had made so good a hit; and he himself was looking to the same result with Made-moiselle *Désirée*.

'She was,' says Mr. Ingersoll, 'much handsomer and more attractive than her elder sister: she was engaged to Napoleon. They had exchanged letters, portraits, and other tokens of love, when the Clarys, to escape the revolution, emigrated from France to Genoa, where Joseph and his wife went with them. Napoleon wrote to Joseph at Genoa to ascertain whether *Désirée's* attachment for him remained unaltered; to which Joseph answered, *disencouraging Napoleon by statements of the royalist and antirevolutionary opinions of Clary, whereupon his engagement with Désirée was put an end to.*'—Ing., iii. 182.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Ingersoll had his information from Joseph, but whether from his mistaking Joseph, or Joseph's deceiving him, it is essentially different from Joseph's own account in the Autobiography:—

'On Napoleon's marriage with the widow of General Beauharnais vanished the hope which my wife and I had entertained for some years past of the marriage of her younger sister with my brother Napoleon. Time and absence produced a different result.'—i. 60.

Our readers will see how irreconcilable both as to facts and motives these two stories are; while the Correspondence, even in the imperfect state in which the editor chooses to give it, contradicts both, and leads us to the truth, which Joseph's regard for Napoleon, and perhaps for *Désirée*, induces him to slur over under the commonplace palliation of 'time and absence.'

The 'emigration' of the Clarys and Joseph to Genoa, and Jo-

seph's proceedings there, are involved in great obscurity, on which the Correspondence throws no light; but it proves that it was neither the royalist opinions of her family, nor Joseph's dissuasion, as Ingersoll says—nor '*time and absence*,' as it suits Joseph to suggest—that broke off Napoleon's match with Désirée. The change was evidently made by the 13th Vendémiaire, and the sudden start which that event gave to the fortunes of Napoleon. Up to that period the courtship was going on, and apparently warmer on the part of Napoleon than of Désirée. Within a month of that event he had written importunately to press for her decision; in the month following we find her mentioned but twice, coldly and in conjunction with her sister—as, '*remember me to Julie and Désirée*.' After that the '*remembrances*' are for Julie alone; Désirée has disappeared! That she had refused, or Joseph dissuaded, is contradicted by his own statement that he had hoped for the match up to the very moment of the marriage with Madame de Beauharnais six months later. We do not say that Napoleon was not at full liberty to change his mind, or that he had not his own sufficient reasons for doing so—they are indeed obvious enough; but we do say that Mr. Ingersoll's and Joseph's accounts of them are palpable deceptions. The matter is of no consequence except as an additional test of the habitual inaccuracy of Joseph and his echoes. If he practises such inconsistencies and subterfuges in details with which he was personally concerned and in which the temptation to distort was so comparatively insignificant, what credit is to be given his vague and unsupported denials, or his evasive palliations, of those more serious charges on the characters of both Napoleon and himself, which he had so strong a personal interest in concealing or disguising?

It is in the same style that he treats the mysterious circumstances of Napoleon's connexion with Robespierre, and his dismissal and imprisonment as a *terrorist* :—

'After the 9th Thermidor, the Representatives of the People who remained with the army of Italy hoped to escape from the suspicion of having been connected with Robespierre the younger, by giving up to the suspicion of the victorious party the commander of the artillery [Napoleon], whose influence over that representative was well known. The *scellés* were put on his papers, but soon removed.'—36.

Only his papers *sealed up*! Napoleon himself endeavoured at St. Helena to slur over this affair, but even there he admitted that he had been '*under arrest for a moment*'—(*Las Cases*, i. 167)—but Bourrienne has preserved the original warrant, dated 6th August, 1794, which proves the affair to have been much more serious. Here are its words :—

'The

'The General of Brigade Buonaparte, commanding in chief the artillery of the army of Italy—having totally lost our confidence by conduct more than suspicious, and above all by his recent journey to Genoa—is temporarily [*provisoirement*] suspended from his functions. The General-in-Chief of the said army will take care that he is arrested and brought [*traduit*] before the Committee of Public Safety at Paris.'—*Bourrienne*, i. 59.

Nay, we find, in the appendix to General Doppet's Memoirs (p. 414), that he was *put in irons*!

The precise motives of the arrest are no where distinctly explained; but the remonstrance (preserved by Bourrienne) which Buonaparte made against it, proves that the real cause was, that his connexion with the Robespierres caused him to be looked on as a *Terrorist*; which we have no doubt he was—for his brother Lucien—employed by his influence as an army store-keeper at St. Maximin, was, even by his own confession (see his *Memoirs*), a violent one;—he called the little town *Marathon*, unchristianized his own name into *Brutus*, and, with an apostate monk, called in their Jacobin jargon *Epaminondas*, committed such excesses, that after the 9th Thermidor he also was sent to gaol, and had, as he himself thought, a narrow escape with his life. Napoleon's arrest had, however, bloody consequences, which we have never seen connected with it. The officer who actually executed it, and who, we suppose, must have put him *in irons*, was the same *Arena* just mentioned: between them grew up a Corsican *vendetta*, of which the daggers of *St. Cloud* and the 'infernal machine' of Rue St. Nicaise, and the scaffolds of the *Place de Grève*, were the successive developments.

Neither Joseph nor Napoleon himself at St. Helena tells us how he got out of this '*terrorist*' scrape; it is most probable that his release was the result of an appeal to Paris, where his patron *Barras* was now all-powerful. He, however, was not restored to his command—and the next we hear of him is, that he was gone to Paris to remonstrate against an injustice, of which Joseph gives us the following account:—

'Aubry, a captain of artillery, now president of the Military Committee of the Convention, chose (*s'était plu*) to remove him from the artillery to the line, with the same rank.'—i. 57.

This is a misrepresentation artfully coloured by the suppression of dates and circumstances. Aubry was not at this time even in the Convention; nor was he appointed of the Military Committee till the 4th of April, eight months later than Buonaparte's arrest. Nor had his measure any special relation to Buonaparte; it was a general scheme for the organization of the army, in which Napoleon was included with some hundred

others. We even believe that it did him a favour, by extricating him from the false position in which we shall see presently he had placed himself.

Joseph, however, proceeds, and in all this he has the concurrence of Napoleon at St. Helena :—

‘ Napoleon was [in Paris] soliciting his restoration to the artillery ; but it is not true that he was at Paris dismissed and unemployed ; he still kept his rank and his full pay ; he was borne on the effective force of the army of La Vendée, and remained on leave at Paris until he should be restored to his proper line [the artillery]. So vanish all the fables told by Bourrienne and other dealers in anecdotes [*historiettes*] of his destitution and penury, in Paris, at this period.’—i. 57.

The ‘ fables ’ are those of Joseph and Napoleon themselves ; Bourrienne and the dealers in anecdotes tell the truth, as we shall show by the light of the very few dates that the parties—all, even Bourrienne himself, apologists for Napoleon in this obscure transaction—afford us. Bourrienne asserts that Napoleon, during his stay in Paris at this period, was *destitute* and in want. Joseph denies it—but is enabled to do so only by another gross equivocation and confusion of dates. Let us examine the case by its documents. It was on the 6th August, 1794—17 Thermidor, as quick as the fall of Robespierre could reach him—that Napoleon was suspended from his command and arrested ; on the 20th August he was *provisoirement* released. We have no precise data as to when or why he appeared in Paris, but it must have been nearly contemporaneous with his release from arrest ; for we find on the 15th September—not a month after his release—the following order of the Committee of Public Safety for his *absolute dismissal* from the service :—

‘ 15 Sept. 1794.—The Committee of Public Safety decrees that General Buonaparte shall be struck off (*rayé*) from the list of general officers, in consequence of his refusal to proceed to the duty [in the army of the West] which has been assigned to him. The Military Committee is directed to see to the execution of this decree. Signed, *Le Tourneur, Merlin, Berlier, Bussy ; Cambacères, President.*’—*Bour.* i. 70.

We repeat that at this time Aubry was not even in the Convention. Here then commences the period to which Bourrienne and the ‘ dealers in anecdotes ’ refer, in which Buonaparte was on the *pavé* of Paris, *dismissed the service*, and in the consequent penury which they describe, and which Joseph thus impudently denies, because he may have been for a few days in Paris before his refusal to join the army of the West had occasioned his absolute dismissal : and it appears that he remained nine months in this anomalous condition ; for we find, by a letter to Joseph

Joseph (i. 130), that it was not till the 24th June that he obtained to be again—

‘employed as *General of Brigade in the army of the West*, but,’ he adds, ‘I am sick, which obliges me to take leave of absence for two or three months; when I have recovered my health I shall see what I will do.’—i. 130.

The sickness, it is evident from the Correspondence, was a pretext: and so the Government seem to have thought—for he was refused the leave of absence, and was forced to make at least a show of obedience by sending his horses to the West. But he had evidently resolved not to go, and he talks vaguely of receiving such *advice*s, in the commercial sense of the term, of Joseph’s proceedings as may decide him whether he will go northward or southward. It is clear that Joseph’s *advice*s from Genoa could have had nothing to do with his military prospects, and he concludes the same letter with the following remarkable expression of vexation and despondency:—

‘As for me—very little attached to life, contemplating it with no great solicitude, feeling myself constantly in that state of mind in which one may feel himself on the eve of a battle, convinced that, when death is always at hand to settle all one’s affairs, it is folly to be uneasy about anything—all my feelings drive me to defy chance and fate [*braver le sort et le destin*]. If this continues, my friend, I shall come to not taking the trouble of getting out of the way if a waggon was about to pass over me. My reason is sometimes astonished at these feelings; but it is the disposition that the moral view [*spectacle moral*] of this country, and the habit of running risk [*l’habitude des hasards*] have produced upon me.’—i. 142.

Can there be stronger proof that he was in the utmost vexation and anxiety, that he had no hope of accomplishing his object whatever it was, and but little expected what ‘*le sort et le destin*’ had in store for him? and there is certainly nothing to justify Joseph’s contradiction of Bourrienne’s and Madame Junot’s account of that portion of time between his dismissal in September, 1794, and his *quasi* restoration in June 1795.

Before we leave this obscure and struggling period of his life, we must in justice add that it seems to have been also the most amiable. The Correspondence with Joseph is obviously *selected* for the mere purpose of producing the most favourable impressions; nothing of Joseph’s is given, and of Napoleon’s only what may show his strong affection for his family, and a zealous anxiety for their welfare. It commences a few months after Joseph’s marriage, and relates chiefly to the profitable investment of considerable sums, which are called, with very suspicious emphasis, ‘*la dot de sa femme*’—his wife’s fortune; but which, there

there is good reason to suspect, were in a much greater degree aided by the results of the ‘(plusieurs) missions of Administration,’ in which Joseph confesses he had been employed in connexion with the army in the South. However that may be, we find, in the very first letter of the correspondence, that Joseph had passed, within a very short period, from a state of indigence to considerable affluence, and was projecting, it seems, other speculations, while Napoleon himself, still unemployed in Paris, was urging him to purchases of landed estates.

‘I went yesterday (22 May, 1795) to look at M. de Montigny’s estate of Ragny. If you have a mind to make a good hit, you should come and buy it for eight millions of assignats [nominally 320,000*l.*], which you might do with 60,000 francs (about 2500*l.*) of your wife’s fortune: ’tis my desire and my advice.’—i. 129.

Then follows a kind disapprobation of some unexplained project or speculation which Joseph was meditating out of France:—

‘One does not find France in foreign countries. Speculations down in the Levant have something of the adventurer (*Courir les Echelles tient un peu de l’aventurier*), or of a man who has his fortune to seek: if you are wise you have nothing to do but to enjoy it. I do not doubt but that you may have this estate for 80,000 francs (3200*l.*) in specie. It was worth 250,000 francs (10,000*l.*) before the revolution.’—*ib.*

What he *exactly* means by *courir les Echelles* we cannot say; ordinarily it would mean a speculative voyage to the ports of the Levant; and perhaps Joseph and his wife’s mercantile connexions may have had some project of that nature; perhaps Joseph may then, as he certainly did soon after, have thought of obtaining a *Consulship in the Levant*, where he and the Clarys might have found an asylum for their persons and property without incurring the penalties of emigration. Certain it is, that about this time they all removed to Genoa, where Joseph remained till he joined Napoleon at the head-quarters of the army of Italy in 1796; but what he was doing at Genoa, or how he escaped the penalties of emigration, neither the Autobiography nor the Correspondence gives us the slightest hint. There is something in this period of Joseph’s life which he and his friends take evident pains to conceal. All that seems certain is, that he was in those ‘missions d’administration’ making large sums of money which he and his brother prudently represented as portions of ‘his wife’s fortune.’ But in the mean while the negociations for estates go on, and still larger sums are ready for the object. On the 19th July, 1795, Napoleon writes—Joseph being now at Genoa—

‘I only wait your letters to decide on the purchase of an estate. Nothing tolerable is to be had under 800,000 or 900,000 francs.’—i. 134.

And

And again, on the 3rd of September—

‘Yesterday the estate that I had intended to buy for you was sold. I had made up my mind to give 1,500,000 francs, but, incredible to say, it ran up to *three millions*.’—i. 146.

Where, then, we ask, could Joseph—a penniless refugee from Corsica in 1793, a refugee to Genoa in June, 1795—even ‘with his wife’s fortune,’ be enabled to bid a million and a half of francs (60,000*l.*) for an estate? How buy in May, 1796, an estate in the department of Marne; and before Napoleon had sailed for Egypt, in May, 1798, the magnificent château and estate of Morfontaine, in the department de l’Oise? How are all these things to be honourably accounted for?

While all this was going on, Napoleon, still on the *paré* of Paris,* was writing the most affectionate letters to Joseph; here is one, written as Joseph was about to set out for Genoa, concerning which we have heard a circumstance that the editor has not related:—

‘Paris, 24th June, 1795.—I shall hasten to execute your wife’s commission. Désirée asks me for my picture: I shall have it done; you will give it to her if she still wishes for it when it arrives; if not, you will keep it for yourself. In whatever circumstances fortune may place you, you know, my dear friend, that you cannot have a better friend—one who is dearer to you, or who desires more sincerely your happiness. Life is but a light dream, which vanishes. If you should go, and that you think it is for any length of time, send me your picture. We have lived so many years together—so closely united—and you know better than anybody how entirely mine [*sic*] is devoted to you. I feel, in writing these lines, an emotion of which I have had few examples in my life; I feel too well that it will be long before we see each other, and I cannot continue my letter.’—i. 132.

This letter—which seems to us as enigmatical and little like real feeling, as it certainly is deficient in style and grammar—Joseph valued so highly that, as we are credibly informed, he caused a facsimile to be made of it, on which are exhibited *the marks of the tears which Napoleon shed over it*. The editor has not ventured to relate this lachrymose sentimentality—in which we confess we have not the slightest faith—but there is no doubt whatsoever that Joseph did exhibit such a facsimile.

There are two further observations to be made on this letter: first, that notwithstanding its desponding tone, it was written the day next but one after he had had the good luck to be replaced after his long suspension as General officer on the active list;

* At this period Madame Junot supposes, with great probability, that he received ‘pecuniary assistance from his excellent brother Joseph.’ Junot, too, his aide-de-camp, whose family were in easy circumstances and made him remittances, helped his less affluent general.—*Mem.* i. 124.

and very little, if at all, before his employment in the topographical office of the Committee of Public Safety had given him, as appears by the Correspondence, both affluence and influence.

At this moment the wheel of Napoleon's fortune began its wonderful revolution, and the correspondence immediately exhibits a very lively desire that his family and his friends should partake his good fortune. To those who were the original authors of that good fortune—the representatives Mariette, Fréron, and Barras—he subsequently exhibited no gratitude, but he was now, and indeed we believe all through life, desirous of serving private and humble friends. He took a paternal care of the education of Louis and Jerome, got Lucien out of some scrapes, and seems to have been equally attentive to the pecuniary comfort of the rest of 'the family.' When he bounded his hopes to a mission to Turkey, as he did up to the 13 *Vendémiaire*, his first thoughts, somewhat arrogantly expressed, were that he would make Joseph a consul, and employ Joseph's two brothers-in-law in his mission. Before he had wiped his sword after that day, we find him dealing out patronage to his private friends with a high and liberal hand. In the night following the victory* he writes to announce it to Joseph (still at Genoa); and four days after, overwhelmed as he was with the urgent business of his new position, he lets him know that he has found time to look after his friends—that he

'has had Chauvet [a third-class commissariat clerk, a friend of the family] made Commissary-in-Chief [over the heads of nearly the whole service]. Lucien accompanies Fréron, who starts to-night for Marseilles. The letter of recommendation [for some object of Joseph's] to the Spanish Embassy will be despatched to-morrow. As soon as the storm is over I shall have Villeneuve [Joseph's brother-in-law, whom Napoleon had a few days before said could not aspire even to be a Captain (i. 153)] made Colonel of Engineers! Ramolino [a Corsican cousin] is appointed Inspector of Military Carriages. I cannot do more than I am doing for everybody. Adieu, my dear friend! I shall forget nothing that can serve you or conduce to the happiness of your life.'—i. 155.

These were the jobs of the first three days, and for Joseph's immediate connexions, and afford us a lively proof of the purity of the republican *régime*! The subsequent letters are full of what he is doing for all the family. He has sent for his uncle Fesch and another Corsican cousin Ormano. When they arrive they are both immediately provided for—'Lucien is appointed Commissary to the Army of the North.' 'I have sent from 50,000

* It is strange enough to find the editor misdating this remarkable epoch in Napoleon's life—the 2nd of October, 1795,—it really was the 5th.

to 60,000 francs to the family—there need be no uneasiness about them—they are abundantly provided for.' (i. 158.)

For Joseph himself he has still larger bounties in store. Joseph had been nibbling at a *Consulship*. Napoleon could not see why he should wish to change his existing position. Nor do we. A few days after the 13 *Vendémiaire*, Napoleon apprizes him that 'he has received 400,000 francs (16,000*l.*) on his account, which he has handed over to Fesch'—so that Joseph's pecuniary affairs must have been abundantly prosperous, but the sudden exaltation of the brother seems to have now inspired him with desires even higher than a Consulship. To some such overture Napoleon answers with great personal affection, but in a tone as if he were already Emperor:—

'If you do not choose to be a Consul, come to Paris—you shall choose the place which you happen to like best.'—i. 159.

'Nothing,' he says in the next letter, 'can equal the desire I have to do everything that can make you happy'—but the imperious spirit soon shows that Joseph must be made happy in *its* way and not *his own*. Napoleon began already (7th February, 1796) to see that he was to have the command in Italy (indeed that day month was the eve of his *marriage*), and he began to calculate that Joseph's presence at Paris might be inconvenient, and his presence at Genoa or Leghorn useful, to his future prospects, and so he writes to him somewhat magisterially,

'You shall be without fail named to the first Consulship that may suit you; in the mean while, remain at Genoa: take a private residence and set up an independent establishment. *My intention is* that you should remain at Genoa—unless you should find some profitable employment at Leghorn.'—i. 159.

Napoleon's '*intention*,' in anticipation of the Italian command, was that *his brother* should appear as a person of distinction; but with a watchful eye to what is called the *main chance*, which the whole family seem to have inherited from their mother—the penurious widow of a spendthrift husband—he takes measures for making the temporary residence at Genoa additionally conducive to Joseph's success in the profitable business—whatever it was—probably supplies for the army at Nice—in which he seems to have engaged.

Salicetti—Napoleon's old enemy—had now reconciled himself to the government and to the General individually, and was employed as Commissioner of the Convention with the army of the South. Napoleon writes to Joseph,—

'Salicetti will be anxious to be useful to you. He is now very well satisfied with my proceeding towards him, and Chauvet, the Commissary-in-Chief, will employ you at Genoa in a way that will render
your

your residence in that [city not onerous to your fortune, nor useless to the service.]—i. 159.

And yet, when he himself attained supreme power, how loud he was against all these kinds of jobbing, which it seems were only allowable when they were to benefit 'the family!' He would allow no one to rob but he and his—

'Nul n'aura *du butin* hors nous et nos amis.'

Here ends what we may call the *fraternal* portion of the correspondence. What follows is of a different character. It relates altogether to public affairs, and is in the style of a master to the most obsequious of servants—of a despot to the most timid of tributaries, but a master of wonderful sagacity, and a despot uniting unlimited power with the most despicable arts. We must postpone our examination of this more important and interesting portion of the work, of which a small part only has yet reached us, till we shall have received the continuation, and perhaps the conclusion, which is promised before our next number shall appear, and in the mean while we shall proceed with the sketch of Joseph's Autobiography, which will carry us on to the period when the Correspondence takes its new character—that is, to Joseph's intrusion into the kingdom of Naples.

As soon as Napoleon took the command of the army of Italy he called Joseph to head-quarters; and when three weeks of rapid victories, crowned with that of Mondovi, enabled him to dictate an armistice to the Sardinian Government, he seized the occasion afforded by his sending his aide-de-camp Junot to present 22 stand of colours to the Directory, of *hooking on* Joseph to the triumph, by despatching him in the same post-chaise with 'the more important mission' of explaining the motives of the armistice. This fraternal job—the first *public* one done for Joseph—would be hardly worth notice, but for two characteristic circumstances. The following note, whether Joseph's own, or only his editor's, is a specimen of the puerile vanity which pervades all of the work that is personal to himself:—

'M. Thiers, in his History, says that it was Murat that brought the colours; and he seems to avoid mentioning the name of Joseph, who, however, was the person charged with the more important mission.'

We doubt that he had any such mission—if he had, it was only as a cloak to facilitate a little scheme of his own, for we have the private letter from Napoleon to Madame Buonaparte, which Joseph (who had never yet seen her, the *Armida* whose wand, or rather hand, had produced such wonderful transformations) took

took with him on this occasion as an introduction to the *powerful* friendship of his new sister-in-law:—

‘*Ma douce Amie,*

‘*Carru, 24 April, 1796.*

‘My brother will deliver you this letter; I have the liveliest friendship for him; I hope he will obtain yours—he deserves it. . . . I write to BARRAS to have him appointed Consul in some port in Italy. His wish is to live with his little wife at a distance from the whirl of the busy world and of public affairs. I recommend him to you. . . . Junot takes 22 colours to Paris. You must return with him—remember that!’—Tom. i., 420.

That the future king of so many kingdoms should have entertained views so moderate, and yet should have been unsuccessful, may surprise those who have been so long accustomed to see and hear of the boundless power of Buonaparte; but we must recollect that he was *now* only in his dawn—but just above the horizon—that it was only six weeks since his marriage, and but twenty, literally *twenty*, days since he had taken the command of his army. So that it is less surprising to find that Joseph did not obtain the Consulship than that he was able to employ his sojourn at Paris in *buying an estate in the neighbourhood*.* (i. 62.) But the journey raised him to notoriety. It procured him, he says, an enthusiastic reception from all the populations he passed through, and in Paris the most flattering distinctions—one of these was of a singular nature. The Director Carnot gave him a congratulatory banquet, at the close of which, before all the guests,

‘he *unbuttoned his waistcoat*, and showed us the portrait of Napoleon which he wore next his heart, exclaiming, “Tell your brother that he is *there*, because I foresee that he will be the saviour of his country, and that he may know that he has in the Directory none but friends and admirers.”’—i. 63.

To those who recollect the austere and inflexible Carnot’s anterior and subsequent history, this anecdote will appear additionally droll; but we must say that, if it be true, ‘*le vrai n’est pas toujours vraisemblable*.’ Joseph tells us, that on his return to the army he escorted Madame Buonaparte to head-quarters, but he does *not* tell us, what it seems he told to Mr. Ingersoll, that she was also

‘escorted by Barras’s secretary, Charles Bottot, a young officer of whom during Buonaparte’s absence in Egypt he was induced to become furiously jealous.’—Ingersoll, i. 189.

* The compilation called ‘*Erreurs de Bourrienne*,’ to which Joseph was an avowed contributor, states that at this very visit to Paris, when we see that he solicited and could not obtain an Italian consulship, he was offered and *modestly refused* the embassy to Turin. The Autobiography does not venture to reproduce this *rodomontade*.

But

But long before the expedition to Egypt, and indeed very soon after the lady's arrival at Milan, she began to give, as another Joseph says, 'the worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.'

Joseph was now attached to an expedition sent by Napoleon to Corsica to re-establish the French power in that island. He dwells on the friendly spirit with which he was received by his countrymen, and is proud of having recovered possession of the family residence in Ajaccio, the only property, it seems, that the Buonapartes had in the island.

After some months' absence on this duty he was appointed (March 1797) Minister to the court of Parma, and soon after (May 1797) Ambassador to Rome, whither he was accompanied by his wife and her sister Désirée, and General Duphot, who was a suitor to the latter, and was to have been married to her in a few days, when an event occurred which deranged their plans and terminated Joseph's embassy. In the last days of December 1797 the partisans of the French, headed by some French inhabitants, attempted a revolution in Rome. The attempt was as wild and foolish as it was criminal, and easily repulsed by the Pope's troops in the streets; upon which the insurgents, all decked in tricoloured cockades, sought—not merely an asylum, but a military post, in the Ambassador's palace, whither they were pursued; Joseph and Duphot now advanced for the purpose, as they pretended, of defending the '*jurisdiction*' of the ambassadorial residence; but, not content with receiving and endeavouring to protect the insurgents, '*the brave Duphot,*' says Joseph, '*accustomed to victory, dashed forward into the town,*' followed by Joseph and others of the French embassy, and was killed by a shot from one of the soldiers. Joseph and his other followers were now too glad to make their escape by a back way to the palace, where he found the insurgents holding out in one wing of the building—the troops having possessed themselves of the other—and the courts and porch 'deluged with blood like a field of battle, and covered with killed and wounded.' It is evident that in this affair the French party were altogether the aggressors, and Joseph's conduct, even as stated in his own long apologetical letter, flagrantly culpable. He confesses that, early on the morning before the insurrection, three individuals, all it seems French, and one a French artist specially recommended to him by the Government at Paris, waited on him, apprised him of the *intended insurrection*, and stated

'they wished for my advice to know whether the French Government would protect their revolution when accomplished; I answered, that, as an impartial spectator of the event, I should give my government a faithful account of what should happen.'—i. 175.

But

But he kept their secret, and, as might be expected, when the revolt broke out next morning, it was under the French cockade and the same leaders who had visited Joseph the preceding morning, and the first rallying point was the French embassy—of which they possessed themselves, and which was only invaded by the police and the troops in pursuit of them; and the number of killed and wounded of both parties within the precincts of the palace proves the military use that the insurgents made of the position. We need add nothing to this simple statement, except that, when Joseph complains that the Roman Government did not send troops to protect his residence, he chooses to forget that he had not apprized them of the danger, that he had at least connived at the insurrection, and that, when it broke out, the Government could do nothing better, and in fact nothing else, for his safety and that of the city, than endeavouring to put it down, which is all that Joseph has to complain of. Conduct so treacherous, so contrary to the laws of nations, so incompatible with the internal safety of states, rendered Joseph's position in Rome politically untenable and personally dangerous, so he made a hasty retreat to Florence and subsequently to France, with, as he says, the private approbation of his conduct by his government, but not quite, it seems, with that of his brother:—

‘I found, on my return to Paris, my brother Napoleon much annoyed (*contrarié*) at the result of my embassy, and forced to conclude that *diplomacy* is a very uncertain science, &c. &c.’—i. 68.

Our readers may be surprised at Joseph's or Napoleon's venturing to palliate this scandalous affair as a *diplomatic* failure; it seems, as Joseph tells his story, to have no more to do with *diplomacy* than with pharmacy—but the word is not without a meaning. We find in the Correspondence a letter of confidential instructions from Napoleon to Joseph with regard to Rome and Naples, which explains the bad faith of Joseph's statement, and the reason why Napoleon was ‘*contrarié*’ by the failure of a deep-laid scheme of treachery and violence. The whole correspondence from Joseph's arrival at Rome reveals Napoleon's arrogant resolution to take every underhand as well as openly-insulting means to drive the papal government to extremities, but the point we particularly refer to is a passage in a long letter of the 29th September, when the Pope was supposed to be dangerously ill:—

‘If the Pope should be dead, do all you possibly can to prevent the nomination of another, and to bring about a revolution.’—i. 168.

He then desires him, in case the revolution should be got up, to declare ‘the Roman people under the protection of the French Republic;’ and he instructs him how to deal with the opposition that might be expected from Naples; but he adds, ‘if the Pope

is dead, and that there has been no movement in Rome, then that he should oppose the nomination of Cardinal Albani,' &c. (i. 16.) This is all the Correspondence gives; but who can doubt that it—besides what may have been suppressed (as much evidently has been)—gives the key to Joseph's countenance and protection of the Insurrection of the 28th December? But Napoleon wanted a Roman insurrection, and Joseph had made only a French one.

Joseph consoles himself for this failure by stating that the Directory not only expressed the strongest approval of his conduct, but also offered him as a mark of approbation the mission to Berlin. He tells us that he preferred remaining in Paris, as representative of one of the departments of Corsica in the Council of Five Hundred. This probably agreed with his own self-indulgent tastes and with Napoleon's policy; for we are told that he set up a '*grand train de maison*'—a large establishment and style of living—in Paris, where, as well as at Morfontaine, he laid himself out to receive and conciliate all the most influential personages of the day.

His history from this period to the '18 Brumaire' occupies but two or three pages, and tells nothing of any importance or novelty; and even for some time after the Consulate he seems to have contented himself with continuing to play the *Amphitryon*, in which character he gravely claims the merit of having 'done the State some service.'

'At this epoch of our history I flatter myself that I rendered some service. Napoleon wished extremely to know the state of public opinion, and, having the greatest reliance on my fraternal affection, he thought that, having accepted no official part in his government, I was the best person to enlighten him on this point. I accordingly saw a great deal of company, both in Paris and in the country, and, free from all details of business, I employed myself in an accurate observation and study of the views and wishes of the various classes of society. How often have I not been consulted on what such or such a person, or such or such a class at Paris, Lyons, or Marseilles, would think of such or such a measure of legislation or government!'—i. 82.

To this close imitation of '*P.P., Clerk of this parish*,' he adds,—

'So much was this the case that the *English police* at this period designated me as *l'Influent*.'—i. 82.

We wish for our own sakes he had told us where we could find the *English* word by which our '*Police*' designated him. But in truth it would be better for Joseph's personal character to leave him in his long-established reputation of having been no worse than a tool. As such he was employed in the negotiation

negotiation of the Concordat and of the treaty of Amiens. We—who know that Napoleon prescribed, even to Talleyrand, how he should look, in what tone he should speak, and in what part of the room he should stand in an interview with Lord Whitworth (see *Quart. Rev.*, vol. xxviii. p. 255)—are not surprised that he should have availed himself of the occasion of bringing forward the name of *Buonaparte* in connexion with the two great objects of his then policy, the re-establishment of religion and the peace with England—and this he might safely do, as the negotiations were to be conducted within reach of his personal directions. That he had as real an affection for Joseph as his nature was capable of cannot be doubted; but it is equally certain that he had a contempt for his abilities, which seems, even to us, somewhat excessive; and we are therefore warranted in concluding that it was Joseph's name, and not his talents, that procured him the diplomatic employments as well as the higher elevations which he is so desirous of ascribing to his personal merit.

We now arrive at the most important point, not only of the Autobiography, but, we may say, of Napoleon's life—the murder of the Duke d'Enghien; and, if the rest of the work appear trite and jejune, there are some points in Joseph's account of this most foul assassination that will astonish our readers:—

'The catastrophe of the Duke d'Enghien demands from me some details *too HONOURABLE to the memory of Napoleon* to be passed over in silence. On the arrival of the Duke d'Enghien at Vincennes I was à *ma terre de Morfontaine*. I was summoned to Malmaison; I had hardly arrived in the court-yard when Josephine came to meet me, in great trouble [*toute émue*], to announce the event of the day.'—i. 97.

We will not dwell on some impossibilities as to some dates and distances which this statement presents. The Duke d'Enghien did not arrive at Vincennes till *half-past five in the evening* of the 20th March, 1804. Morfontaine and Malmaison are about 36 miles apart. There was therefore a physical impossibility that the events related by Joseph could have happened *after* the arrival of the Prince. But let us for a moment suppose that Joseph's memory or veracity has failed him on the subordinate points, as they have done on so many others, and that, in fact, Napoleon had summoned him *early* on the morning of the 20th in the expectation of hearing of the Prince's arrival in the course of the day—how was it that Josephine should meet him in the court-yard to tell him '*the event of the day*,'—an event that had not yet happened, and that, when it did happen, several hours later, was kept a most profound secret? But we pass that also as a mere inaccuracy of expression. Joseph proceeds—

'Napoleon

‘Napoleon had consulted Cambacères and Berthier, who were both favourable to the prisoner; but Josephine said that she was afraid of the contrary influence of Talleyrand, who had been for some time walking in the park with the Consul. “Your brother,” she said, “has been often asking for you. Make haste to interrupt this long conversation—that lame fellow frightens me!” When I arrived at the door of the salon, my brother dismissed Talleyrand and called me in. He expressed his astonishment at the extreme contradiction of opinion between the last two persons he had seen, and asked me mine.’—*ib.*

Joseph says he advised mercy, and recalled to Napoleon’s recollection the kindness which the Prince de Condé had shown the school of artillery at Autun when Joseph was there in 1783; and he recited some *verses* that had been addressed to that Prince on the occasion. The result of this worse than puerile way of treating so awful, so appalling a question was, that at the close of the stanza—

‘a tear escaped from the eyelid of Napoleon; and he told me, with a nervous movement that with him always accompanied a generous thought, “*His pardon is in my heart—since I can pardon him. But that is not enough for me—the grandson of the Great Condé MUST SERVE IN OUR ARMIES. I feel myself strong enough for THAT.*”—*ib.*

This, for history, is much the most important point of Joseph’s narrative. Our readers know that Napoleon himself at St. Helena and all his former apologists have accused the young Prince of the baseness of having written a letter to Napoleon ‘*soliciting to be allowed to serve as his aide-de-camp,*’ and that this letter would have secured his pardon, but that Talleyrand had delayed its delivery to ensure the catastrophe. This falsehood was long ago disproved (Q. R. xxi. p. 566) by reasoning as strong as any negative evidence could be; but here we have the origin of the calumny. The idea was Buonaparte’s own—announced to Joseph, *before there had been any personal communication whatsoever with the Prince*, as the price at which only his life would be spared. Whether the insulting proposition was made to him in the short interval between his arrival and his death, is not and probably never can be known; if it was, it was rejected—Napoleon found that he was not ‘*strong enough for that*’—the murder of the Duke’s person was consummated—that of his character failed!

But there is another and most important inference to be drawn from all that is credible of Joseph’s story, of which he seems quite unconscious. All that he says about these various intercessions for ‘*pardon*’—all Napoleon’s dispositions ‘*de faire grace*’—nay, the ‘*tear that escaped his eyelid*’—all these circumstances would be applicable only to the case of a prisoner already condemned and an object of *grace*—mercy, but here they are applied

applied to a person, not only not condemned—not tried, but not yet legally accused—not arraigned—not examined—not identified—not even arrived within the jurisdiction in which he was to be tried! The grave, we know, was dug at Vincennes, before the sentence was pronounced—the sentence, we see, had been passed at Malmaison, before there was either charge, court, or culprit.

Joseph proceeds to say that he returned to dinner at Morfontaine (on which we shall have a word to say presently), in the belief that the Prince was to be spared, but that on returning to Malmaison next day he found Napoleon enraged (*furieux*) against the Count Real (his Minister of Secret Police), who influenced, Napoleon said, by his originally Jacobinical principles, had caused the prisoner to be executed even before Napoleon had heard of his condemnation. It is true enough that the execution took place before Napoleon could hear of the sentence, but that was only because of the nefarious resolution that execution should follow the sentence so rapidly as to leave no interval. Joseph says that he also at first blamed Real, but that, meeting him afterwards in America, Real exculpated himself by what Joseph produces as a sufficient apology for both Napoleon and his minister:—

‘Count Real was the Counsellor of State charged with the police of Paris, including Vincennes; it was to him that the despatch, announcing the sentence of the Prince, arrived during the night. The clerk of the police, who was sitting up in the ante-room of his bedroom, had already twice waked him up for matters of little importance, which had vexed (*impatiente*) M. Real. This third despatch was placed upon his chimney, and did not meet his eye till very late in the day; having opened it, he hastened to Malmaison, where, however, he was anticipated by an officer of *Gendarmerie*, who had brought intelligence both of the sentence and its execution, the commission [court-martial] having concluded, that since the Government was silent there was no hope of mercy. *I will not expatiate on the regrets, the impatience, the indignation of Napoleon.*’—i. 101.

Now, if every word of this were true, as it assuredly is not—it would make no difference whatsoever in the case; for Real, the Minister of Civil Police, had officially nothing whatever to do with the affair, which was altogether military: court—charge—trial—sentence—execution—all were under martial law, or rather affected to be; for even the lax rules of that law were scandalously disregarded, and the whole proceeding from first to last was, as M. Dupin justly characterizes it, ‘*a monument alike of ignorance and infamy.*’ We can have no partiality for Real—the tool of Danton—the first *Public Accuser* of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and subsequently the colleague of those

monsters *Chaumette* and *Hébert* as joint *Procureurs de la Commune* of Paris during the Reign of Terror, but we cannot understand what should have induced him not merely to accept, but even voluntarily to assume, as Joseph describes, any responsibility in a crime in which it seems that he could have had no direct concern. We therefore have no hesitation in saying that we totally disbelieve Joseph's personal assertion that he had this story from Real himself. We have many cogent reasons for this disbelief—one will suffice, that Napoleon, in the various versions, meant as exculpatory, that he gave of the matter, never, that we recollect, thought of making Real a scapegoat, or ever alleged the delay of *any* letter but the fabulous one alleged to have been written by the Duke.

Joseph winds up his long, incoherent, contradictory, and utterly futile apology for this enormous crime, by a phrase which, even from the pen of a Buonaparte, surprised us:—

‘NAPOLEON NEVER SHONE WITH A MORE BRILLIANT GLORY THAN ON THIS SAD AND CALAMITOUS OCCASION.’—i. 100.

But we have not done with Joseph's own share in this terrible affair. He adds a peculiarity that enables us to convict him of the most deliberate falsehood. We have seen that, having been summoned and consulted by Napoleon on the day of the Prince's incarceration at Vincennes, he returned to dinner at Morfontaine, where he had a large party, including some distinguished names of the old noblesse; and, with the invidious object of exhibiting such guests as making light of the danger of the unhappy Prince, he gives us the following narrative:—

‘I returned to Morfontaine: my guests were already at table; I sat down by the side of Madame de Staël, who had M. Matthieu de Montmorency on her left. On my assuring Madame de Staël of the intention of the First Consul to pardon (*faire grace*) a descendant of the great Condé, she replied with this woman's phrase (*propos de femme*), “Ah! so much the better, else we should lose the company of our friend Matthieu.” (*Ah! tant mieux; s'il en était autrement nous ne verrions plus ici Matthieu.*) M. de C.... B..., who had not emigrated, said to me, on the contrary, “What, then, shall the Bourbons be allowed to make such conspiracies with impunity? The First Consul is much mistaken if he thinks that the *noblesse* who have not emigrated, and particularly the *noblesse historique*, take any great interest in the Bourbons: see how they treated Biron and my own ancestor (*aïeul*), and so many others.” And then, calling with a loud voice to the Comte de Clermont-Tonnerre, who was one of my guests, “Tonnerre, Tonnerre!” he cited him as a witness to the truth of his assertion.’—i. 98.

We will not take the trouble of explaining to our readers the peculiar malignity with which Madame de Staël and M. de Montmorency

morency are mixed up in the cruel frivolity and indifference exhibited on this occasion; but it is more important to expose the fraud with which Joseph endeavours to represent two of the ancient historical noblesse of France as approving—the one *loudly*, the other *tacitly*—this atrocity. And it is certainly very singular that the two names he introduces should have been those of two of the most remarkable and most deplored victims of the earlier revolution. We presume that M. C . . . B . . . means *M. Cossé-Brisac*, a name honoured by the loyalty and gallantry of the venerable Duke of Cossé-Brisac, massacred at Versailles in the fatal days of September. He left no son—but a distant relation, calling himself at first *Citoyen* and afterwards *Comte de Cossé-Brisac*, had degraded ‘a name illustrious till it was his,’ by his servility to the Buonapartes, and by descending even so low as to accept an office in the household of *Madame Mère*; if this was the person meant by ‘M. C . . . B . . .,’ we cannot be surprised at the sentiments Joseph attributes to him. In the same way *his* Monsieur de *Clermont-Tonnerre*, a cousin, we know not how near, of that amiable and able Count de Clermont-Tonnerre, massacred on the 10th of August—who was not ashamed to attach himself in a very inferior rank to the *service of Joseph himself*. These are the specimens of the old historic noblesse whom Joseph cites as countenancing the murder of the Duke d’Enghien!

We must now beg our readers to observe the minute accuracy of Joseph’s recollection of the whole scene: he remembers who sat on Madame de Staël’s right and left—the ‘woman’s sneer’ with which she pointed out the *only inconvenience* that she could apprehend from the murder of the Duke d’Enghien; nay, he recollects the tone of voice and the style of address in which M. de C . . . B . . . appealed to M. de Clermont-Tonnerre. But mark the fact—Madame de Staël was not then in France. She had been exiled some months before, by a violence as despotic, though not so bloody, as the murder of the Duke d’Enghien. It was at Berlin, whither she was obliged to fly for refuge, that she first heard of this terrible atrocity; and she herself, in her work of ‘*Dix Années d’Exile*,’ tells us how she heard it. The 19th chapter of that work is headed ‘MURDER OF THE DUKE D’ENGHIEN.’ And it proceeds:—

‘I resided at Berlin, on the Quay of the river Spree. My apartment was on the ground-floor. One morning at eight o’clock my servants woke me to say that Prince Louis Ferdinand was on horseback at my window and wished to speak to me. Very much astonished at so early a visit, I hastened to get up, and went to the window. He seemed much agitated. “Do you know,” said he, “that the Duke d’Enghien has been carried off from the territory of Baden, brought before a
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military commission, and shot within twenty-four hours after his arrival at Paris?" [in fact, within twelve hours]. I confess that my hatred of Buonaparte, strong as it was, did not go to the extent of making me believe in the possibility of such a crime. "As you doubt what I tell you," replied the Prince, "I will send you the *Moniteur*, where you will read it all."—*Œuvres de Staël*, vol. i. p. 98.

There our limits oblige us for the present to leave worthy King Joseph and his veracious Autobiography. Before our next number we hope to receive the rest of the volumes, and to be able to pursue to its conclusion our examination of this curious work, which becomes more important as we escape from the equivocations of the Buonapartes, to the less fallacious documentary evidence of their acts.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East: an Historical Summary*. 3rd ed., continued down to the present time. London. 1854.

2. *Lettres sur la Turquie; ou Tableau Statistique, Religieux, Politique, Administratif, Militaire, et Commercial de l'Empire Ottoman depuis le Khatti-Cherif de Gul Khané (1839) jusqu'à nos jours*. Par M. A. Ubicini. 1854.

3. *La Question d'Orient devant l'Europe. Documents Officiels, Manifestes, Notes, Firmans, Circulaires, etc., depuis l'Origine du Différend; annotés et précédés d'une Exposition de la Question des Lieux-Saints*. Par M. A. Ubicini. 1854.

SINCE the settlement of the great conflicting political interests of Europe by the Treaty of Vienna, and the consequent establishment of the balance of power, statesmen have looked to the East as the most probable source of the next general war. The reasons are evident enough. In the first place, Turkey, from circumstances into which it is scarcely necessary here to enter, was not consulted in the political combinations contemplated by the Treaty of Vienna, and was not admitted into the so-called European family: in the second, the anomalous condition of that empire, its increasing weakness, its liability to foreign influences, and the antagonistic nature of its component parts, rendered its rapid decline almost inevitable. Still the immediate occurrences which were to bring about its dissolution remained a matter of doubt. The war with Mohammed Ali Pasha, and the death of the Viceroy of Egypt, were at one time looked upon as events which would hasten, if they did not actually cause, the fall of the Ottoman Empire. The corruption of the government itself, the embarrassed state of the finances, the

the introduction of reforms inconsistent with Mussulman dominion over a Christian population, vastly exceeding in the most important provinces the dominant race,—were confidently brought forward as inevitable precursors of a final crisis. Those, however, who had studied this all-important question, and who had endeavoured with a knowledge of the true condition of the Turkish Empire to trace the various sources of its weakness and decline, had long looked upon the relations between Russia and the Porte, and the influence claimed and exercised by the Czar upon the subjects of the Sultan professing the Greek religion, as the real danger which must sooner or later threaten the very existence of Turkey. The moment has at length come when these fears have been realized; and unless success—scarcely to be hoped for—attend the last efforts of the four Powers in favour of peace, we are on the eve of a war which may lead to changes of the utmost importance in the political condition of Europe, and may even seal the fate of the Ottoman Empire.

Such being the case, three questions, upon which it is desirable that we should have the fullest and most satisfactory information, naturally suggest themselves. 1. What are the causes which have led to the present difficulties, and are the interests at stake sufficient in themselves to warrant our supporting the Turks in resisting the demands of Russia even to the extent of war? 2. Are the resources of Turkey such as to allow her, even with our aid, to offer a successful resistance to her powerful neighbour? And, 3. Supposing Russia to be defeated, and the independence of Turkey guaranteed, what hopes have we that the Ottoman Empire will preserve sufficient strength to maintain that independence, or under what new conditions can a powerful state be raised up in her stead? We will endeavour to answer these questions with strict impartiality, referring our readers to those documents which have been published officially,* and to such independent information as, we have every reason to believe, may be most fully relied on.

1. It is scarcely necessary at this time to inquire into the origin of the disputed claims of France and Russia to certain privileges connected with what are commonly called the Holy Places. However much the just demands of Russia may have been disregarded—whatever may have been the bad faith of the Porte—we will shortly show that they have *now* nothing whatever to do with the matter. Russia herself has placed the controversy

* We shall quote from the State Papers published by the French Government and its official organ the 'Moniteur,' and collected by M. Ubicini. Our own Government has hitherto, with one exception, refused to communicate any of these documents to the public.

upon a different basis. But still, in order that our readers may have a complete view of the whole subject, we will, as concisely as possible, narrate the events which preceded, and may have afforded a pretence for, the present difficulties.

So far back as the year 1535, Francis I. obtained from the Ottoman Sultan Soliman a capitulation or treaty, conceding to France, amongst other privileges, the right of Catholics, or 'Franks,' residing in Jerusalem, to certain sanctuaries. These sanctuaries were not described, and different writers have endeavoured to classify and determine them. The capitulation of 1535 was renewed and confirmed by a further treaty in the year 1740, in which the claims of France to the same Holy Places were again recognised, and an additional power given to her to repair such of them as might have fallen into decay on an application through her ambassador. Still the sanctuaries were not specified, an omission which gave rise to endless disputes between the Roman Catholics and the Greeks, who also possessed sanctuaries and had a share in those claimed by France. The Greeks succeeded in obtaining, at various periods, firmans from the Porte, and decrees from the local tribunals, conferring upon them the possession of sacred spots held by the Franks or Latins (as those professing the Roman Catholic faith are called), and contradictory or inconsistent firmans were as continually granted to their opponents. The scandalous state of things to which these dissensions gave rise is well known to travellers in Palestine. When, as happens periodically, the feast of Easter was celebrated simultaneously by both sects, and when pilgrims from all parts of the East were gathered together in Jerusalem, the most bloody contests took place on the very spot which tradition had assigned as the sepulchre of the Saviour. So fatal were these disgraceful conflicts that the Turkish authorities were compelled to interfere, and in order to prevent bloodshed the entrance to the Temple was guarded by Mussulman troops during the celebration of Christian worship.

In 1847 an event occurred which, if possible, exasperated still further the religious animosities of the two sects, and led to the direct interference of the French Government. In a sanctuary claimed by the Latins, a silver star suspended in the air marked the spot of the Saviour's birth. On the 1st of November it was secretly removed, and the Greeks were accused of this act of sacrilege. Complaint was made to the French embassy, and gave rise to a reopening of the whole question concerning the Holy Places. M. de Lavalette was unfortunately at that time the French representative at Constantinople. He was known to be a man of an intriguing and ambitious temper-

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rament, anxious to bring himself into notice by engaging in a diplomatic struggle with the Porte, and to increase his reputation by successfully advocating the claims of the Roman Catholics in the East.

His first step was to ask formally of the Porte whether it recognised the treaty of 1740?—a question to which only an affirmative answer could be returned. He then demanded that, in order to settle definitely the nature and number of the sanctuaries claimed by France, a mixed commission should be appointed to inquire into the respective rights of the Greeks and Latins. It was composed of Emin Effendi, an officer of high rank in the service of the Porte; M. Botta, the French consul at Jerusalem; M. Schœffer, the interpreter to the French embassy; and M. Aristarki, the grand logothete of the Greek patriarchate. The selection was not unfair; for though there were two Frenchmen in the commission, and but one Greek, the latter, by his high position, his great influence amongst his co-religionists, his long connexion with Russia, and his intimate knowledge of the matters in dispute, was fully competent to put forward and defend the rights of his party.

Eight sanctuaries were claimed by France; but whilst the commissioners were discussing the evidence upon which her pretensions were founded, the Emperor Nicholas took the extraordinary step of addressing an autograph letter to the Sultan, accusing his Ministers of bad faith, and demanding the strict maintenance of the religious privileges of the Greeks in Jerusalem.

The Porte, alarmed at the direct interference of the Emperor, and fearing to offend so formidable a neighbour, dissolved the mixed commission, and appointed a new one composed entirely of Ulemas, or doctors of the Mussulman law. And here, on the part of the Porte, commenced that course of double-dealing and shuffling which her fear of quarrelling with Russia on the one hand, and with France on the other, unfortunately led her to adopt. It would be profitless to describe the various phases through which the question passed. Suffice it to say that the commission, by its report, confirmed some of the claims of France; and that shortly after, to satisfy the Emperor of Russia, it issued a firman in favour of the Greeks, which was believed by France to be inconsistent with that already accorded to herself. M. de Lavallette was sent back to Turkey to demand the revocation of this document, and appeared, as it is well known, in a somewhat menacing attitude, having entered the Dardanelles contrary to treaty in a ninety-gun war steamer—the *Charlemagne*.* The ex-

* Each embassy is prohibited by treaty from having more than one ship of war in attendance at Constantinople, and the *Charlemagne* was a supernumerary.

planations of the Porte were, however, accepted, and the firman remained in force. Fresh difficulties nevertheless arose on its public promulgation in Jerusalem, and especially as to the delivering of a key to the Church of Bethlehem to the Latins, who wished to make the building a thoroughfare to a sanctuary of their own in connexion with the main edifice, which is in the possession of their rivals. The French Government addressed fresh representations of a menacing character to the Porte, and the Russian mission as vigorously insisted upon the privileges of the Greeks. At length a compromise, to a certain extent satisfactory to France, was agreed upon. The Porte itself consented to replace the missing star, and the key of the Church of Bethlehem was conceded to the Latins. The French Government, wearied with the dispute to which a question, in itself so trivial, had given rise, and anxious to bring about a final settlement, recalled M. de Lavalette, to whose violent and injudicious proceedings the difficulties which had arisen were justly ascribed.

In the mean while the affairs of Bosnia, the war in Montenegro, the alleged ill treatment of the Catholic Christians in the western provinces of Turkey in Europe, and other causes, had furnished a pretext for the interference of Austria. Count Leiningen was sent to Constantinople with a series of categorical demands, delivered in the form of an ultimatum, and accompanied by a threat of ulterior consequences in case of a refusal. This mode of proceeding was as objectionable as the demands themselves were, on the whole, unwarrantable. As the Porte, under the threat of war, conceded them, it is now of little consequence to discuss them; and Leiningen's mission is only mentioned to show that the interference of France in behalf of the Christians of the East was probably not the only cause of the appearance of Prince Menschikoff. Austria arrogated to herself the protection of the inhabitants of the provinces bordering upon her own dominions who professed the Roman Catholic faith, and these for the most part not strangers, or seceders from various sects, like those at Jerusalem, but constituting a considerable portion of the very population itself, and that population a Slavonian race, over which Russia has long considered herself to have exclusive rights. However much the mission of Prince Leiningen may have been lost sight of in subsequent proceedings, there is no doubt that these pretensions of Austria to interfere on behalf of a part of the population of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and of the tribes of Montenegro, were the cause of great jealousy and alarm to Russia. To the arbitrary and violent conduct of Austria in this matter, as much as to the mission of M. de Lavalette, may perhaps be attributed the embassy of Prince Menschikoff.

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There were other reasons which, if not immediately, certainly remotely, induced the Emperor of Russia to make a great effort to recover, and establish on the surest and most extensive basis, his influence over the subjects of the Porte professing the Greek faith, viz. the spread of Roman Catholic, and of liberal or Protestant opinions among the Christians of Turkey, and the increasing prosperity of the Greeks themselves. We shall enlarge hereafter upon these subjects.

It is not to be denied that the Porte, by its want of straightforwardness and its vacillation, had given real cause of offence to Russia. Putting aside the legality and justice of her claims, Russia had a right to insist that the Porte, having once entertained, and indeed, to a certain extent, admitted them, should act towards her with good faith. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the government of the Sultan was exposed to the pressure of two great Powers, who in their turn threatened it with consequences almost fatal to its very existence in case it did not comply with their imperative demands, which were at direct variance with each other. While the quarrel in fact was entirely between Russia and France, the Porte unfortunately had to bear all the consequences.* If any Christian Power were to enjoy certain privileges at Jerusalem, and to possess certain sanctuaries, it signified little to Turkey whether the Latins or the Greeks were the favoured sect. She would willingly have excluded both of them from Jerusalem; as it was, she could scarcely determine which had the better right to particular spots, which was the most orthodox, which the most pious. Consequently she had recourse to the usual resources of Oriental diplomacy; she played off one party against the other, hoping to gain time, and trusting to events to settle disputes, in which she was in no manner directly interested, in any way in which she would not herself be the sufferer.

Had the Emperor of Russia in this stage of the question dispatched an ordinary mission to Constantinople to demand a guarantee for *the privileges in dispute*—had he insisted that, after the want of good faith displayed by the Porte, the question of the Holy Places should be put upon such a footing that conflicting claims should never again arise and no uncertainty prevail as to the precise rights of the Greek Church—there can be little doubt that, however objectionable such a step might have been in principle, however dangerous in its ultimate results, the Porte must have acceded to his demands, and would not have been supported, in case of a refusal, by its allies. No better proof of

* M. Drouyn de Lhuys has very honourably admitted the difficult position of the Porte in his circular of the 25th June.

this can be adduced than the selection made by the French Government of a successor to M. de Lavalette. M. de Lacour was known for his conciliatory manners and moderate opinions. He had represented the interests of France at the court of Vienna during a critical period, in a manner so satisfactory to the Austrian government, that his political tendencies were not viewed without suspicion in his native country. It was known that M. de Lavalette, on his return to France, had met with little favour, and that the Emperor had openly expressed his disapprobation of the policy which had led him into the difficulties connected with the Holy Places. The instructions given to M. de Lacour were in keeping with this declaration. His conduct during his mission appears to have been in every respect true to their spirit, and he acted cordially with the British ambassador in endeavouring to smooth the way to a settlement of the disputes with Russia. Many of the claims of France were quietly withdrawn—objections, which might fairly have been raised against those put forward by Russia, were left un urged—and the French Government was accused by the clergy and a large party in France of betraying the interests of the Church, and omitting to insist upon its just rights.

The Emperor of Russia selected Prince Menschikoff—a nobleman of the highest rank, a minister, the organ of a very influential national party, and a general who had distinguished himself in the wars between Russia and the Porte—as his ambassador-extraordinary to proceed to Constantinople. Thus from the very commencement it was evident that this was no common mission, and that its objects were of such vital importance that the Emperor was prepared to run almost any risks rather than fail in obtaining them. For some time previous extraordinary military and naval preparations were being made in the south of Russia—corps-d'armées were ready to march—the fleet was manned and victualled for sea. That these preparations were known to the French Government, and it may consequently be presumed to our own, is now proved by the statement to this effect contained in the last circular of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, officially published in the '*Moniteur*.' It is indeed a matter of surprise that such indications of a coming storm should have been overlooked by the British Government, and that no efforts whatever were made at that time to meet or to avert it.

On Menschikoff's arrival at Constantinople (28th February), his conduct at once proved the character of his mission. It has been urged in extenuation that it was not authorised by his Government. But the insufficiency of the excuse must be evident

dent to any one acquainted with the relations which exist between the Emperor and his agents, even if his proceedings had not afterwards been fully approved by his Imperial Master. (See Nesselrode's Circular of May 31.) The ambassador was accompanied by a general officer, an admiral, and a very numerous suite. On his arrival every effort was made to get up a demonstration on the part of the Greeks of Constantinople—the subjects be it remembered of the Sultan—and at his disembarkation a large concourse of people were collected together through the exertions of the Russian mission. Not satisfied with this first step so offensive to the Porte, he followed it up by paying his visit of ceremony to the Grand Vizier in plain clothes, and by rudely turning from the door of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, upon whom, according to usage, he should also have called. In consequence of this insult Fuad Effendi resigned his office, and was succeeded by Rifat Pasha. Shortly afterwards the general and admiral who had accompanied the Prince were sent on special missions to Egypt and Athens, and rumours began to prevail that efforts were being made on all sides to excite rebellion among the Greek and Slavonian subjects of the Porte.

The first communication made by Menschikoff consisted of a note addressed to the Porte on the 16th of March, in which the Ministers of the Sultan are accused of having acted in direct violation of the firmans issued in favour of the Greeks, of having wounded the religious convictions of the Emperor, and of having been wanting in due respect to his person. It concluded by declaring that the Prince was instructed to demand not only the redress of these grievances, but also the conclusion of an arrangement which would put an end to the dissatisfaction of the Greek subjects of the Sultan, and would give them for the future certain and inviolable guarantees:—

‘Le Prince est chargé de demander non seulement le redressement de ces griefs, mais encore la conclusion d’un arrangement qui mette fin au mécontentement des sujets Grecs du Sultan, et leur donne, pour l’avenir, de sûres et inviolables garanties.’

This communication it appears was accompanied by a threat, that any mention of the treaty or arrangement to be concluded between Russia and the Porte to the representatives of France and England would be considered an act of hostility to the Emperor. The Porte, however, hinted the contents of the note to the representatives of its allies, expressing its alarm as to the nature of the secret treaty demanded. This intimation, as is well known, induced Colonel Rose, her Majesty’s chargé d’affaires, to summon the British fleet to the Dardanelles.

The British Government has been condemned for not sending
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the fleet to Besika Bay at this stage of the proceedings. Undoubtedly the naval preparations which were in progress at Sebastopol, and the extraordinary nature of Prince Menschikoff's mission, fully warranted any precautionary measure that could be taken. But at the same time the fears of the Porte were liable to the suspicion of so much exaggeration, and the statements concerning the treaty appear to have been so vague, owing to the ambiguity of the Russian note, that there were scarcely grounds for taking a step which might have been construed into an act of hostility, and have rendered still more embarrassing the relations between Russia and the Porte.

At the beginning of April Lord Stratford and M. de Lacour arrived at Constantinople. On the 19th Prince Menschikoff, by a note addressed to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and couched in arrogant terms, utterly unusual in such diplomatic communications, categorically stated the demands he was instructed to urge upon the Porte.

They were: 1. a firman concerning the key of the Church of Bethlehem, the silver star, and the possession of certain sanctuaries; 2. an order for the repair of the dome and other parts of the Holy Sepulchre; and 3. 'a *Sened* or convention guaranteeing the strict status quo of the privileges of the *Catholic Greco-Russian* faith, of the Eastern Church, and of the sanctuaries which are in the possession of that *faith*, exclusively or in participation with other sects at Jerusalem.'

Upon the communication of this note, negotiations, in which the British representative took a prominent, though not official share, as a mediating party, were actively carried on with the Porte. Certain firmans were agreed to, conceding the *precise* demands of Russia, with the exception of the *convention*, upon which it was generally believed the Russian Government would no longer insist, and which was couched in such vague and general terms that it scarcely appeared to form part of the declared object of Prince Menschikoff's mission. The firmans were officially communicated to the Russian ambassador on the morning of the 5th of May; and up to a late hour of that day no suspicion whatever appears to have been entertained that any further demands were to be enforced—more particularly in a peremptory manner, or in the form of an ultimatum. Indeed it would appear that at St. Petersburg the question was considered to be settled, and it was declared to be so by Count Nesselrode himself, not only to the French ambassador, *on the 10th of May*, as stated in M. Drouyn de Lhuys' circular of the 15th July, but, we have reason to believe, to the other members of the diplomatic body. It is quite clear that this expression
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of satisfaction was founded upon the *terms of the firmans*, the drafts of which had been forwarded to St. Petersburg, and must have been deemed satisfactory; for the form of the *convention* had not been even discussed.

In the evening, however, of the 5th of May Menschikoff presented a note to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, which, although followed by other communications, and notwithstanding the assertion of Count Nesselrode, could be considered at the time in no other light than as an ultimatum. In this document he declared his acceptance of the firmans, but demanded the immediate conclusion of a *sened*, or convention—a solemn engagement as it is termed—having the force of a treaty. He gave the Porte at the same time until the following Tuesday, the 10th of May, for its answer, with the menace that any further delay would be considered ‘*comme un manque de procédés envers son gouvernement, ce qui lui imposerait les plus pénibles obligations.*’ Accompanying this note was a draft of the convention which the Porte was required to accept, without being even suffered to make it a matter of negotiation—a proceeding no less arbitrary and unusual than the language in which this document addressed by Prince Menschikoff to an independent power was couched.

The contents of the note were communicated to the British Ambassador on the same evening, while the members of the Embassy were at a ball given by one of the principal Greek merchants of Pera. The sudden withdrawal of the Embassy from this entertainment, and the departure in the course of the night of the war steamers attached to the British and French mission, produced the most alarming rumours, and were the first indication of the critical character which the relations between Russia and the Porte had suddenly assumed.

As the communication of Prince Menschikoff, regarding a convention, had hitherto been of so vague a nature that the pretensions of Russia could not be correctly known, it is of great importance that we should turn to the demands upon which the Porte principally founded its refusal to enter into the proposed arrangement. The first and second articles of the document were couched in the following terms:—

‘1. Il ne sera apporté aucun changement aux droits, privilèges, et immunités dont ont joui, ou sont en possession *ab antiquo*, les églises, les institutions pieuses, et le clergé orthodoxe dans les états de la Sublime Porte Ottomane, qui se plaît à les leur assurer à tout jamais, sur le base du *statu quo* strict existant aujourd’hui.

‘2. Les droits et avantages concédés par le Gouvernement Ottoman, qui le seront à l’avenir aux autres cultes Chrétiens, par traités, conventions,

tions, ou dispositions particulières, seront considérés comme appartenant aussi au culte orthodoxe.'

Now it will be observed that in neither of these articles is any reference whatever made to the matter hitherto under discussion between Russia and the Porte, viz. the Holy Places. The name of Jerusalem does not even occur in them. The first declares that no change whatever shall be made *in the rights, privileges, and immunities* which have been enjoyed or possessed *ab antiquo* by the Church, the pious institutions, and the clergy of the orthodox faith in the Ottoman states; the second provides that all the rights and advantages conceded by the Porte to other Christian sects, by treaty, convention, or *special grant*, shall be considered as also belonging to the Orthodox Church. The terms of the proposed *sened*, contained in Prince Menschikoff's note of the 19th of April, are utterly irreconcilable with those of the articles cited. An instrument having the force of a treaty is now demanded, which shall affect *all* the rights and privileges of the Greek Church; and advantages, which might be granted by the Sultan as a special favour to a few members of a sect residing as strangers in his dominions, are claimed for the greater part of the population of Turkey in Europe. This demand is not confined to religious, but extends, as we shall show hereafter, to *political* privileges. It is evident that the Sultan could not enter into such a convention as this without renouncing his independence and transferring the allegiance of a large portion of his subjects to Russia, and accordingly Rifat Pasha, in a temperate note, dated the 10th of May, declared the impossibility of acceding to Prince Menschikoff's proposals.

In consequence of this refusal the Prince addressed a second note to the Porte, reiterating his demands, and prolonging the time for an answer to the 14th of May.

The Ministers of the Sultan, although still determined to reject the ultimatum, endeavoured once more to bring the question to an amicable termination, and invited Prince Menschikoff to a conference. At the time appointed the Ambassador passed in his steamer before the house of the Grand Vizier, where the Ministers were waiting to receive him, and, without stopping, proceeded at once to the palace of the Sultan, and demanded an immediate audience. It was in vain that the attendants of his Majesty represented to him that the day was Friday, upon which business is not transacted, and that, owing to the recent death of his mother, his Majesty could not leave his apartments. Menschikoff insisted, and, after waiting for three hours, was at length received in the Imperial apartments. Notwithstanding the violent proceeding of the Ambassador, the Sultan remained firm, and referred him

him to his Ministers. After the interview, which is said to have been suddenly cut short by the drawing of a curtain before the Sultan, his Majesty sent for the Grand Vizier and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who, justly offended by the indecent and violent conduct of the Russian Ambassador, at once resigned their offices.

The new Ministry—of which Mustafa Naili Pasha, a man skilled in political functions, of a highly honourable character, and much beloved by Christians and Mussulmans, was the head, and the well-known Reshid Pasha the Minister of Foreign Affairs—summoned a council of all the great dignitaries of the empire, in and out of office, to deliberate upon the rejection or acceptance of the Russian note. Although men of every party were included in this extraordinary assembly—those who were believed to be partizans of Russia, if not something more, as well as those who were supposed to be subject to other influences—it determined, almost without a dissenting voice, that the proposals of Prince Menschikoff should be rejected. Even the three or four who did not acquiesce in this decision appear only to have stood aloof because they were incapacitated by age and infirmities from taking part in the deliberations.

Nevertheless, a further delay of five days was requested by the Ottoman Ministers, in the hopes that some satisfactory arrangement might be devised. In a note no less characterized by its overbearing and insulting tone than his previous communication, Prince Menschikoff replied that he could only see in this request a fresh excuse for delay; that he consequently considered his mission as ended, and should immediately leave Constantinople; adding that the refusal to guarantee the rights of the Greco-Russian* orthodox faith would compel the Imperial Government to seek that guarantee in its own power (*dans son propre pouvoir*).

On the 21st of May Prince Menschikoff left Constantinople, but, before embarking, he addressed a final note to Reshid Pasha, in answer to a last attempt made by the Porte to satisfy his demands. This document is so important, and so completely sets at rest any doubts that might exist as to the meaning and extent of the claims put forward by Russia, that we reproduce it entire:—

* The use of the word *Greco-Russian* in the communications of Prince Menschikoff is especially to be remarked. We believe it to be quite new, and implied of itself *political* claims utterly inconsistent with the independence of the Porte. It is obvious that it is totally inapplicable to the Christians of Turkey professing the Greek faith. The word 'Greek,' from long usage, has become the name of a faith and sect, like the word *Roman Catholic*; it conveys no political signification, whereas the term 'Russian' undoubtedly does. The French might with equal right call the Catholic Church the Catholic-French Church.

‘ Au moment de quitter Constantinople le soussigné, &c., a appris que la Sublime Porte manifestait l'intention de proclamer une garantie pour l'exercice des droits spirituels dont se trouve investi le clergé de l'Eglise d'Orient, ce qui, de fait, rendrait douteux le maintien des autres privilèges dont il jouit.

‘ Quel que puisse être le motif de cette détermination, le soussigné se trouve dans l'obligation de faire connaître à son Excellence le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères qu'une déclaration ou tel autre acte qui tendrait, *tout en maintenant l'intégrité des droits purement spirituels de l'Eglise Orthodoxe d'Orient, à invalider les autres droits, privilèges, et immunités accordés au culte orthodoxe et à son clergé depuis les temps les plus anciens*, et dont ils jouissent encore actuellement, serait considérée par le Cabinet Impérial comme un acte hostile à la Russie et à sa religion.’

We might, indeed, have spared our readers the recital of all the events which occurred before the presentation of this note, so completely does it justify any resistance that the Porte may have made to the demands of Russia, and prove the obligation under which the nations interested in the balance of power in Europe, and pledged to maintain the independence of Turkey, are to support her in her refusal to accede to the pretensions of her ambitious neighbour. In this important document Prince Menschikoff removes the veil from all that was dubious before; there is no ambiguity nor vagueness: Russia declares that it is not alone the *spiritual* privileges of the Greek clergy that she is determined to assert, but all the *other* rights, privileges, and immunities of those *professing the orthodox faith, and of their clergy*, dating from the most ancient times: that is to say, all the *political* privileges they may have enjoyed perhaps even before the very existence of the Russian empire, certainly before any treaty or any political connexion existed between it and Turkey.

It is obvious that, if such a claim as this were conceded, those who are the objects of it would become little less than the actual subjects of the Emperor of Russia, who would have a right of interference in all their affairs; and that the greater portion of the inhabitants of Turkey in Europe would soon be induced to renounce their allegiance to the Sultan altogether.

Before his departure from Constantinople, Prince Menschikoff had so far modified his demands as to consent to accept a note, signed by the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs, instead of a bilateral engagement. But this document, on the other hand, was worse in substance than the proposed convention, for it was more explicit as to the extent of the claims of Russia. Indeed it will be perceived that in this last, as in every successive communication, the Porte was called upon to make more important concessions

concessions and to subscribe to harder terms. It not only ensures for those professing the Greek faith the enjoyment of their own ancient rights and privileges, and of those granted to other sects, but insists upon their *also participating in all the advantages which may hereafter be conferred, even by special favour, UPON THE FOREIGN LEGATIONS ACCREDITED to the Sublime Porte* (participeront aux avantages accordés aux autres rites Chrétiens ainsi qu'aux légations étrangères accréditées près de la Sublime Porte par convention ou dispositions particulières.—Nesselrode's Circular of 11th June). The meaning of this demand and its practical importance will be hereafter explained. The new proposition was, of course, rejected.

On the 31st of May—and this date should be borne in mind—Count Nesselrode made another effort to intimidate the Porte, and to induce it to accede to these demands. He addressed an autograph letter to Reshid Pasha, in which he formally declared that in a *few weeks the Russian troops would receive orders to cross the Ottoman frontier*, not to make war, but to obtain a material guarantee as a security for the rights claimed by the Emperor. The Turkish Minister was therefore called upon to sign without delay, and without *any change whatever* (sans variantes), the note delivered by Prince Menschikoff before his departure.

The Porte, in reply, announced the promulgation of an imperial Hatti Sheriff, or ordinance, confirming the privileges, rights, and immunities *which the clergy and the churches of the Greek faith* had enjoyed *ab antiquo*; asserted that the declaration that Russian troops should cross the frontier was incompatible with the Emperor's assurances of peace; and offered to send an ambassador to St. Petersburg to renew the negotiations, and to endeavour to bring about a satisfactory arrangement.

No answer to a document of so violent and arbitrary a character as that signed by Count Nesselrode could be more temperate than that returned by the Porte. It could not accept a declaration—inconsistent with the rights of every independent government, and utterly at variance with the law of nations, and with the very basis of the conditions which regulate the relations of states—that an invasion and hostile occupation of territory by the troops of a neighbouring power were not to be regarded as a cause of war. It again drew the distinction between the religious and political rights of those professing the Greek faith—a distinction which Russia herself had made in all her early communications, and to which she ostensibly professed to adhere.

The relations between Russia and Turkey had now ceased, and to all intents and purposes were succeeded by a state of war. In order to justify the proceedings of the Emperor, Count Nes-

Nesselrode addressed, on the 11th of June, a circular to the agents of his Government, to be communicated to the Courts to which they were respectively accredited. This document was the first of a series which, we will venture to affirm, is unequalled in any collection of State-papers the world can produce. We are utterly at a loss to understand how a statesman of the established reputation of Count Nesselrode—one who, whatever may have been his political opinions and conduct, has always been looked upon as a man of honour and integrity—could affix his name to statements which bore on their very face the impress of most palpable falsehood, and which furnished materials for their own exposure. Never were assertions so rashly made—never was the common sense of Europe so grossly insulted. The document before us is full of deliberate untruths and of the most extraordinary contradictions. It pretends to set in a true light the history of the negotiations carried on by Prince Menshikov, and the cause of his abrupt departure from Constantinople, which, it asserts, had been misrepresented. It declares that his mission had *no* other object than the arrangement of the affair of the Holy Places; and in specifying the two demands made by the ambassador, it completely alters the sense of the second, as communicated to the Porte, by making it refer exclusively to the first. The words are ‘corroborer cet arrangement’—*i. e.* concerning the Holy Places—‘par un acte authentique qui pût nous servir à la fois de réparation pour le passé, de garantie pour l’avenir.’ And the same is again declared explicitly in a subsequent paragraph. It asserts that the objects contemplated by the proposed *sened* were already attained *as far as the religious protection was concerned* (a somewhat remarkable expression after what precedes) by the treaty of Kainardji, and that no new advantages were demanded.*

On the 27th June appeared, in the Official Gazette of St. Petersburg, the celebrated manifesto of the Emperor Nicholas, announcing to his subjects that the Russian troops had entered the Danubian Principalities, and declaring that, if the Porte still persisted in her obstinate and blind opposition to his just demands, he should call God to his aid, and, leaving to Him to decide upon the question in dispute, and relying on his all-powerful arm, should march to the defence of the orthodox faith. This manifesto was followed by a second circular from Count Nesselrode (2nd July), which contained the astounding

* This circular was answered, and its contradictions and inconsistencies ably pointed out, by M. Drouyn de Lhuys in a communication dated the 25th June, and immediately afterwards published in the official organ of the French Government.

assertion that the occupation of the Danubian Principalities had been decided upon *because* the allied fleets had proceeded to the anchorage of Constantinople (*dans les parages de Constantinople*)—an assertion at once contradicted by Count Nesselrode's note of the 31st May, to which we have already called the attention of our readers. The Governments of France and England at once indignantly exposed the glaring falsehood. 'It is impossible to express the astonishment and regret,' wrote the Earl of Clarendon to Sir Hamilton Seymour on the 16th July, 'with which her Majesty's Government have read in this despatch the declaration that the Principalities have been invaded and occupied in consequence of England and France having disregarded the recommendations of the Russian Government and having sent their fleets to the waters of Turkey.' And his Lordship then proceeds to point out, by a comparison of dates, that not only is the assertion untrue, but that it was impossible that one event could in any way depend upon the other. Both France and England emphatically denied in addition 'that any resemblance existed between the position of the combined fleets in Besika Bay and that of the Russian armies in the Principalities.' In the one case there was a direct and hostile violation of the territories of a neighbouring state—in the other, the fleets of the friendly Powers cast anchor in an open bay; their presence in which 'violated no treaty nor territory, nor infringed any international law.'

This second circular admits, in direct contradiction to that of the 11th June, that the demands of Prince Menschikoff involved other matters besides those connected with the Holy Places (*indépendamment des dispositions plus particulières aux Saints Lieux*); but reiterates that no privileges are claimed to which Russia by treaty is not already entitled.

The French fleet, as early as the 20th of March, had left the Port of Toulon and had proceeded to Athens. At that time, we have reason to believe, the French Government, anticipating the gravest results from the menacing attitude assumed by Russia was prepared to co-operate with England in energetic measures, and would have sent her fleet beyond the waters of Greece. Her distance from the theatre of the important events then threatening the peace of the East may have warranted the despatch of her ships of war to a friendly port in the immediate neighbourhood. Any stronger measures at that period may have been premature. It was not until hostilities might be said to have actually commenced by the passage of the Pruth that the allied fleets proceeded to Besika Bay.

And now comes the question whether this demonstration was

sufficient, and whether it was not the duty of the British Government to send the fleet at once to Constantinople, and not to rest satisfied with the half-measure of anchoring in Besika Bay. We know not what private and unavowed considerations may have prevailed with her Majesty's Ministers; but it appears to us that the obvious and truly wise course would have been to have declared formally and emphatically to Russia, as soon as we had been informed of the note addressed by Count Nesselrode on the 31st of May to Reshid Pasha, that the entry of the Russian troops into the Principalities would be considered a *casus belli*, and would at once be followed by the presence of the combined fleets in the Bosphorus. Had this declaration been energetically made, we deem it almost certain, and appeal to the subsequent conduct of the Emperor in support of our conviction, that the Russian troops would not have crossed the frontier, and that peace would have been insured. It was of the utmost importance to Russia that the occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia should not be considered a *casus belli*. So long as the Porte and her allies did not declare it to be so, the Dardanelles were closed by treaty against the vessels of war of foreign powers, and the Emperor was able to issue manifestoes to his subjects, in which he announced that Turkey had forfeited the sympathy and support of her allies (Manifesto of the 31st of October). He hoped, moreover, to establish a precedent which would in the end have secured him the undisputed possession of these important provinces. In England, unfortunately, the conduct of the Ministry tended to encourage the Czar in the belief that there existed no serious intention on our part to afford the Sultan any effective assistance in resisting his demands, and the Porte itself was brought to despair of any real aid from those allies upon which it mainly depended in opposing pretensions so fatal to its independence.

A further effort was made by the four great Powers to prevent an open rupture between Russia and the Porte. The latter was induced to permit the uninterrupted occupation of the Principalities, and to suspend all hostilities, until a conference, assembled at Vienna, could devise a compromise which might be acceptable to both parties. The Ottoman Government showed the greatest forbearance, notwithstanding the provocation it had received—a provocation heightened by the most insulting proclamations issued by the Russian generals within the Sultan's dominions, in which his Mussulman subjects were designated as pagans to be exterminated. A note was prepared by the representatives of the four Powers, and submitted to the Porte for its acceptance. In drawing up this document two fatal errors were

were committed: in the first place, Turkey, whose rights and interests were at stake, was not consulted; in the second, the acceptance of Russia was obtained before even the note appears to have been communicated to the Porte. The result might have been foreseen. Certain passages were objected to by the Turkish Government, and amendments proposed, which were at once admitted to be reasonable and just; but the Powers were pledged, by the course they had pursued, to force the acceptance of the document as presented by them. Various schemes were suggested to induce the Porte to withdraw the modifications, and to leave the interpretation of the note to its allies. In fact, the document was carelessly drawn up, and would lead one to believe that the parties to the conference were ignorant of the real questions at issue. It would seem that, under the threat of the withdrawal of their further sympathy and support, the four Powers were about to compel the Porte to sign the original note, when a despatch from Count Nesselrode saved them from committing an act of the greatest injustice, and pregnant with the most dangerous consequences.

It is unnecessary to reproduce here the precise terms of the Vienna note, and the modifications suggested by the Porte. We need only observe that the chief objection, and the one to which Russia attached the greatest importance, related to the clause which declared that 'those professing the Greek faith should participate in the advantages conceded to other Christian sects by convention or special grants' (*aux avantages concédés aux autres rites Chrétiens par convention ou dispositions particulières*). The Porte naturally objected that by this concession a large portion of the Sultan's subjects would be placed upon the same footing as any small favoured community of strangers dwelling within his dominions. That such was the meaning of the Russian Government Count Nesselrode's despatch unhesitatingly avowed. And it is of great importance to mark the words used by the Russian Minister: 'The Ottoman Government,' he declares, 'will only undertake to allow the orthodox Church to participate in the advantages accorded to other Christian communities *also subjects of the Porte*; but if these communities, whether Catholic or professing any other faith, did not consist of Turkish subjects—such being the case with respect to nearly all the Latin convents, hospices, seminaries, and bishoprics in Turkey—and it pleased the Sultan to confer upon them any fresh religious advantages and privileges, then, according to the modifications inserted in the note, the orthodox (or Greek) communities, being subjects of the Porte, would have no right to claim the same favours, and Russia no right to interfere on their behalf.' (Despatch to Baron de Meyendorff, Sept. 7.)

Whilst

Whilst rejecting the modifications proposed by the Porte, and thus openly declaring his intentions, the Emperor, through his Minister, had the assurance to call upon the four Powers to abandon their ally, and to leave to Russia alone the task of compelling her to accept the note as originally prepared!

The rejection of the Turkish modifications by the Emperor was followed by a formal declaration of war on the part of Turkey. Omar Pasha, at the head of one army, crossed the Danube and obtained considerable advantages over the Russian forces stationed in the Principalities. In Asia the war was commenced with vigour, and was at first crowned with a success, which appears, however, to have been but of short duration. The Emperor, by a last manifesto, dated the 31st of October, declared that 'the principal Powers of Europe had in vain sought by their exhortations to shake the blind obstinacy of the Ottoman Government! that the Porte, enrolling in the ranks of its army revolutionists from all countries, had commenced hostilities on the Danube! and that, Russia having been provoked to war, it only remained for her to place her confidence in God, and to fight in defence of the Orthodox faith.' He appealed to his faithful subjects to join in the fervent prayers which he addressed to the Most High, that His hand should deign to bless his arms in a holy and righteous cause, which at all times had found ardent defenders in his pious ancestors. This proclamation, though it might be well calculated to impose upon his deluded subjects, must be numbered among the most dishonest statements upon record—equally contrary to truth and common sense—and is rendered doubly flagrant by the quotation from the Psalms with which it concludes: '*In te, Domine, speravi: non confundar in æternum.*'

This proclamation was followed by more active hostilities—the arrival of the allied fleets at Constantinople, the untoward catastrophe of Sinope, the entry of the fleets into the Black Sea, and the last efforts of the allied Powers to put an end to the war by submitting the final terms of the Porte, by way of an ultimatum, for the acceptance of Russia. The whole question has been summed up, and the determination of the French Government to proceed to extremities in case of the refusal of the Emperor to accede to the proposed compromise has been declared, in an able circular, addressed by M. Drouyn de Lhuys to the various diplomatic agents of France—the last state-paper which has been issued on this important subject.

Such, then, is the history of the transactions which have led to the present critical state of our relations with Russia, and to almost inevitable war. We have entered somewhat fully, though

at

at the same time as concisely as possible, into the question, in order that our readers may have a complete insight into the subject-matter in dispute, and may fairly appreciate the efforts which have been made to preserve the peace of Europe, and the unwarrantable pretensions which have compelled us at length to adopt measures that can scarcely be considered in any other light, whatever may be their immediate consequences, than as direct hostilities against Russia. On examining the various documents which have been issued by the belligerent, as well as by the mediating, Powers, and on calmly considering their conduct throughout these important transactions, the most prejudiced reader will scarcely be able to deny that Russia has shown unexampled arrogance, the Porte extraordinary moderation, and England and France an almost culpable forbearance.

Let us now examine what the demands of Russia really involve. They may be reduced to these two points:—1. A confirmation of all the rights, privileges, and immunities enjoyed from the earliest times by those professing the Greek faith and their clergy; and 2. The concession of all privileges which may hereafter be conferred by the Porte, either by treaty or by special favour, on any community, subjects of the Sultan, or foreigners. It must be borne in mind, while considering the first demand, that Russia, although challenged to do so, has not been able to adduce a single instance of an infraction, either of a treaty or of a firman, or any act of persecution or oppression towards the Greek Church or its followers, on the part of the Ottoman Government, excepting such as may be referred to the disputed questions relating to the Holy Places, which even Russia admits were satisfactorily settled by the Hatti Sheriffs delivered to Prince Menschikoff. Moreover, Count Nesselrode himself repeatedly asserts that all the rights and privileges claimed by Russia are fully guaranteed by the treaties of Kainardji and Adrianople; and that, whatever may be the objections entertained by the Porte, the Emperor does, *ipso facto*, enjoy a protectorate over the subjects of the Sultan professing the Greek faith, extending even to ‘*a secular influence*.’ (Circulars of 11th June and 2nd July.) It may, therefore, be asked, if these privileges are secured by treaty, are, *ipso facto*, enjoyed by Russia, and have not been infringed by the Porte, what necessity is there for any fresh guarantee, or any new engagement? The answer is simple enough. We deny that what Russia claims is secured by treaty; although, by taking advantage of her position, and of the unfortunate indifference hitherto displayed by the rest of Europe, she has undoubtedly succeeded in enforcing, to a certain extent, her pretensions

sions with respect to the Greek Church and its followers. She now seeks to confirm, by formal engagement, that which as yet can only be looked upon in the light of an encroachment. By the treaty of Kainardji (7th Art.) the Porte promised to protect the *Christian* (not the Greek) religion and its churches, and permitted the Russian Minister to make certain representations in favour of a specified Greek church and its attendants. The treaty of Adrianople merely confirms the articles of the previous treaty. No mention whatever is made of the *Greek* or any special community. But admitting that, justified by the interference of France on behalf of the Latins, warranted it must be remembered by treaty, Russia naturally made use of her influence to protect those who professed the same creed as herself, how far would her claim, as now put forward, be inconsistent with the *political* rights of the Porte? If the *religious* privileges of the Greek clergy were alone concerned—if perfect freedom of worship and of conscience were alone demanded—Russia would ask little more than has been conceded to France. But, unfortunately, the general privileges, rights, and immunities of the Greek Church extend far beyond those which relate to religious worship. The Greek clergy, in fact, are almost the political, as well as spiritual, heads of their flocks. After the Turkish conquest, what the eccentric author of ‘the Spirit of the East’ has termed ‘the Turkish Municipal System,’ was, in some degree, enjoyed by the Christian subjects of the Porte; that is to say,—the conquerors, after having assessed a certain sum on the Christian villages or communities, were willing to leave its collection as a matter of convenience in the hands of the local chiefs. As long as the tribute was punctually paid, the Turkish authorities cared very little how it was raised, or how the affairs of the community were administered; they were willing that all matters in dispute between Christians, in which Mussulmans were not concerned, should be settled by the heads of the respective sects. The collecting of the taxes, and the administering of justice, were ostensibly exercised by the clergy and the officers of the community elected by the popular voice; but the whole power virtually rested in the hands of the clergy, and the Greek bishops became the real political chiefs of their flock. They exercised, indeed, a criminal as well as a civil jurisdiction; for, although they could not inflict capital punishment, yet by imprisonment, and even torture, they could procure the death of their victims. The terrible threat of excommunication was always ready in case of disobedience; and the influence of the Greek clergy, backed by bribes, was always sufficient to ensure the support of the Turkish authorities in carrying out any arbitrary measures.

No

No class of men could perhaps be found more notorious for the utter immorality of their lives, their venality, and their ignorance, than the bishops and clergy of the Greek Church in Turkey. We might cite a hundred instances in which, *through the representation of British Consuls*, submitted to the Porte by the British Ambassador, Greek bishops have been removed or disgraced for the most flagrant oppression and violence. We defy the warmest defenders of Russia to produce a single instance in which any such real protection has been afforded by that country to the Greek Church. In fact, we doubt whether one case can be pointed out in which the Russian Mission has interfered in behalf of a suffering Greek community, unless a direct political object was in view, or unless the political power of the bishop was questioned. The traveller in Turkey will frequently hear far louder complaints on the part of the Christians against their bishops and priests than against their Mussulman rulers.

The political power thus exercised by the bishops was liable, as we have shown, to the greatest abuses. The Porte, since the publication of the celebrated Hatti Sheriff of Gulhané, has endeavoured gradually to restrict it. By the admission of Christian bishops and heads of communities into the Provincial Councils, the administration of justice in purely Christian cases has been withdrawn, to a considerable extent, from the clerical tribunals. Although hitherto the declared intentions of the Porte cannot be said to have been carried out, and these mixed councils have not afforded very impartial justice, yet the principle has been established. In another very important respect the powers of the bishops have been curtailed. They can no longer punish those who may abandon their faith. It is well known that of late years Protestant doctrines have from various causes made considerable progress in the East, and that even whole Greek communities have left their Church—this has been especially the case in Syria. Until the Sultan issued his firman in favour of the Protestants, and admitted them to the privileges of one of the recognised sects of the empire, the Greek clergy, supported in this case by the Russian mission and its agents, and especially by the Consul-General in Syria, M. Basilides, omitted no act of violence and injustice to compel those who had left the Greek Church to return to their own religious community. We could cite numerous cases of imprisonment, confiscation, and even torture. Although persons who have actually quitted the Church can now no longer be persecuted, yet their friends and those who may be suspected of similar designs are still within the reach of the bishops. The sentence of excommunication, more terrible and more easily put into execution in the Greek Church than

than in any other, can be issued against them, and its victims reduced to utter ruin.

Russia has long viewed with the greatest alarm this progress of heterodox opinions, now encouraged by the gradual curtailment of the political powers of the Greek clergy; and her real motives in urging the objectionable conditions in the proposed treaty are sufficiently transparent. If she could induce the Porte to recognise, by any formal engagement, all the privileges, rights, and immunities enjoyed *ab antiquo* by those professing the orthodox faith and their clergy, she would have it in her power to insist upon the restriction of all the political rights of which they have been gradually and most justly deprived. In fact, the Greek bishops and priests would again become the actual political heads of two-thirds of the population of Turkey in Europe, and of very considerable communities in Asia Minor and Syria, with this additional danger—that their political power would be guaranteed by the Emperor of Russia, and preserved with all the abuses which the reforms promulgated by the Porte, and urged upon it by England and France as the only means of conciliating its Christian subjects, and of preserving its existence as an empire, are intended to remove. It is obvious that such claims as these could not for a moment be admitted, and that we are as much called upon to resist them for the sake of the balance of power in Europe, and of civilisation, as Turkey is obliged to do for the preservation of her very existence.

The second claim of Russia refers to the privileges which may be granted by treaty or special favour to any religious community, whether consisting of Turkish subjects or of strangers. It is clear that such a demand could not be conceded without giving the Czar the right of insisting upon the extension to many millions of the Sultan's subjects, of the same privileges which might be granted to any small society temporarily sojourning in Turkey. In fact, it would be opening up every treaty and capitulation which might confer a special privilege upon a chapel or the members of a foreign embassy. It would be a precisely parallel case if we demanded from Austria the same religious and political rights for all her Protestant subjects as she by special favour confers upon those of the Greek faith who may be connected with the Russian Mission at Vienna. It would be a waste of words to point out the utter unreasonableness of such a claim.

Having thus shown that England had but one course to pursue in the question which has arisen between Russia and the Porte, we will now proceed to inquire into the second part of our subject; the resources of Turkey in the event of a war.

2. In treating of the resources of Turkey we are surrounded by difficulties owing to the want of well-established facts, for as yet the Turkish Government has neglected nearly all statistical inquiries, and even such annual returns as might throw some light upon the question have never been communicated to the world. The very amount of her population is a matter of doubt. According to the latest writer on the subject it amounts to nearly thirty-five millions and a half; and without including the Danubian Principalities, Syria, Egypt, and the Barbary States, to about twenty-seven millions. M. Ubicini, however, admits that it has been variously estimated from seven to twenty-two millions. (*Ubicini, Lettres*, p. 21.) The Turkish Government has no distinct information whatever upon the subject, and no means of obtaining it. A census for regulating the conscription was a few years ago commenced, but it included only males of a certain age of the Mahommedan religion; and many important nomad tribes, together with all the Arabs of the Desert and Arabia Proper, were omitted altogether. The male Christian population above a certain age could be ascertained without much difficulty by means of the receipts annually issued for the capitation tax. We may roughly estimate the Mussulmans of Turkey in Europe as being somewhat less than half the Christians, whilst the Christians of Asia amount to scarcely one-fourth of the Mahommedans. In estimating the population of Turkey with reference to its military strength, it must always be borne in mind that the Christian subjects of the Sultan, and all those who pay the *Kharaj* or capitation tax, are not permitted to serve in the imperial armies, and that the greater part of the wandering tribes of Asia, such as the Kurds, Turcomans, and Arabs, have hitherto evaded the conscription altogether, and are only available as furnishing irregular troops, when under the immediate pressure of the Government.

The present organization of the Turkish army may be attributed to Riza Pasha, who has recently been named to the command of the Ottoman fleet. However objectionable and dangerous may have been the political conduct of this statesman, it must be admitted that he showed a remarkable activity and intelligence in placing upon a substantial and effective basis the previously ill-disciplined troops of the Sultan. Through his exertions the conscription was carried out on a far more equal and extensive scale, the drawing by lot being substituted for the previous irregular levies, discipline was enforced, and the wants and comforts of the men secured in a manner scarcely equalled in any European state. Spacious barracks were erected in Constantinople and in the principal cities of the empire; military schools were

were founded; foreign officers were engaged to introduce such modern improvements as had been adopted in European armies; the pay of the officers was increased, and the rations of the men scrupulously attended to. Another important alteration was the limiting of military enrolment to five years and the establishment of a *rediff* or reserve, into which are incorporated those released from active service, and which, being periodically called out, becomes a second army. To Riza Pasha must undoubtedly be assigned the credit of having raised the Turkish army from the deplorable state to which it had been reduced by the disastrous wars with Mohammed Ali Pasha to that efficiency which, as recent events have proved, has rendered it not altogether unequal to cope with the veteran troops of one of the most powerful nations of Europe. Unfortunately Riza's views for the re-establishment of the old Ottoman empire, and the re-acquisition of those provinces which it had either lost or over which it had gradually lost its authority, were of too ambitious a nature, and threatened to bring fresh difficulties upon a state which had need of peace, and a good understanding with its neighbours, to maintain its very existence. After a long struggle, in which he was supported by the powerful influence of the Sultan's mother, he was dismissed, through foreign influence, from the command of the army, and remained in disgrace until recent events called him again to office.

The troops which he had organised were, however, speedily required for active service. Rebellions broke out both in the European and Asiatic provinces of the empire. The Albanians resisted the introduction of the Tanzimat, or reformed system, and refused to supply recruits for the army. A force greatly inferior to them in numbers was sent against them, under the command of Omar Pasha, whose name has since become so well known, and they were beaten in three pitched battles in the neighbourhood of Uscup. To the same general was subsequently confided an expedition against the celebrated Kurdish chief, Beder Khan Bey, which was attended by equally successful results, although, as in Albania, it was carried on against vastly superior numbers, and in a district, from its mountainous character, almost inaccessible to the operations of a regular army. The *Nizam*, as the new troops are called, thus proved their efficiency against the undisciplined though warlike tribes which had previously owned only a nominal allegiance to the Sultan. There is no doubt that the Turkish Government was at length in a position to provide for the internal peace and tranquillity of its own dominions.

We must refer our readers to M. Ubcini (*Lettre XIX.*) for full

full details of the organisation of the Turkish army. That writer estimates the regular troops at 148,680 men, and the *rediff*, or reserve, at the same number; the contingents or auxiliaries, to be furnished by Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania, and Egypt, at about 120,000 men; but upon these, or at least upon a large portion of them, from various reasons, very little reliance can be placed. We have then the irregulars amounting to 87,000, giving a total of about 500,000 men; of these, however, M. Ubcini states that only 220,000 could be brought into the field: and we fear that even this number is over estimated.

No one who has witnessed a Turkish campaign can withhold his testimony to the excellent qualities of the Turkish soldier. He is brave, hardy, patient, and docile. He will content himself with the humblest fare, and will cheerfully submit to any privations. Under good officers he would be equal to any undertaking; but in this most important feature the Turkish army unfortunately is altogether deficient. With one or two exceptions there is scarcely an officer in the service fit to command, we will not say a division, but a regiment. Efforts have been made to educate officers both at home and abroad, but as yet the number supplied—even if the officers individually be equal to the duties required of them—is far from being adequate to the organisation of a single perfect regiment. Abde Pasha, who has recently shown his incompetency in Asia Minor, and appears to have endangered one of the divisions of the Turkish army, was educated at Vienna, and was looked upon as one of the best of the Sultan's generals. His successor, Kurd Mohammed Pasha, is a man of undoubted courage and daring, but utterly unskilled in European warfare. He has chiefly been employed in Turkish Arabia, and to him the Sultan owed the capture of Kerbela, after a severe resistance, in 1842. Indeed, the only man who is probably equal to carry on a campaign against European troops is Omar Pasha, who is an Austrian Croat by birth, although he acquired his military education almost entirely in Turkey, in whose service he has now been from his youth.

The *rediffs*, or reserve, appear to have answered to the appeal of the Sultan, and have been hurrying to the capital from all parts of the empire to shed their blood in defence of their sovereign and his religion. The troops on the Danube have performed their duty, and have shown themselves equal to cope with those hitherto brought against them by the Russian commanders. But, unfortunately, the utmost efforts of the Turkish Government have been made to collect this army together; the reserves themselves have been exhausted; and we doubt whether much remains behind. The application of the
conscription

conscription to Mussulmans only has produced most fatal results. It is difficult to describe the horror felt by the Turkish population to forced service in the army. It has been the cause of the utter ruin of hundreds of villages; it has turned cultivated plains into deserts, and has indirectly checked, to an extent almost incredible, the increase of the Mohammedan population. On the other hand, exemption from the conscription has tended, to an equal extent, to strengthen and increase the Christians.

The irregular cavalry, once the most formidable portion of the Turkish armies, is now no longer a match for the Cossack. The neglect of this important branch of national defence has always appeared to us one of the most fatal errors committed by the Ottoman Government. The regular cavalry, which has been organised to supply its place, forms the weakest and most inefficient portion of the Turkish troops. With the change of system in the tenure of land, and the destruction of all the hereditary fiefs, commenced by Sultan Mahmoud and carried out under the reigning sovereign, the sources from which the State was furnished with its irregular cavalry no longer exist. Formerly the land was chiefly held by military tenure, and the owners—the Spahis, as they were generally called—were compelled to serve the Sultan in war. An admirable breed of horses was kept up; the Spahis delighted in warlike amusements, so congenial to the national character, and were skilful in the management of their horses and their arms. When the Ottoman Sultan warred with the infidels they rallied round him on all sides, and formed a body of daring warriors, who carried terror into the heart of Europe. They are now replaced by the miserable companies of Bashi Bozuks, collected together by a few chiefs, who are in the service of the Government, and who receive a certain number of *teskerés*, or orders, for the pay and supplies of so many men, make their own bargains, cheat the Government, and bring together such only as are too miserable, infirm, or idle to seek any other occupation. The breed of horses has visibly deteriorated within the last few years, and the men are generally so ill-armed and mounted that they are almost unfit for regular service. The Albanian irregulars, who fight on foot, are brave and skilful marksmen, but are of little use except behind walls or in mountain warfare.

The only portion of the Turkish army upon which reliance can be placed are the imperial guards, the regular troops of the line, and the artillery. The latter, organised and partly commanded by Prussian officers, is on all hands admitted to be highly effective, and to bear comparison with the best artillery in Europe. In the recent battles on the Danube it appears to have

have sustained its reputation, and from its steadiness and skill to have mainly contributed to the success of the Turkish arms.

From what we have stated it will be perceived that, however willing we are to admit the improvement that has been made in the Turkish army, and the efficiency of some of its branches, we are nevertheless of opinion that it would not be able to contend without assistance against the vast armies which Russia could bring into the field, and that a serious reverse would lead to disastrous results. The Turkish commanders have commenced, as they generally have commenced in similar wars, with partial success. It is perhaps to be regretted that Omar Pasha was not permitted to open the campaign in September last, when acting upon the information he had then received as to the real numbers of the Russians in the Principalities—information which subsequently proved to be substantially correct—he would probably have gained still greater advantages over his enemies. It may be even more to be deplored that the allies of Turkey have withheld their effective assistance when the successes of the Turks might have been followed up, and have thus exposed her to the risk of losing the results of her first victories.

Now that the allied fleets are in the Bosphorus and Black Sea, we need say little on the subject of the Turkish navy. As mere floating batteries the vessels are admitted to be efficient. The gunnery, under the instruction of Captain Borlace, an officer of the British navy of acknowledged merit, has been of late greatly improved. But the ships are inadequately manned; the crews are almost unused to evolutions in an open sea, and, with one or two exceptions, the officers are utterly incompetent. The disaster of Sinope has materially crippled the Turkish navy, and, in the event of a peace being concluded with Russia, this diminution of its strength must greatly affect the future security of the capital.

It remains for us to say one word on the state of the Turkish finances.* In inquiring into this subject two important considerations should be kept in view—first, that the empire has hitherto

* We must again refer our readers to M. Ubicini (*Lettres*, 12-15) for full details on this subject. They will find in the Letters of that gentleman a sufficiently accurate and impartial account of the revenues of the Turkish Empire, the mode of their collection and administration, the sources from which they are obtained, and their estimated amount. D'Ohsson's well-known work on the Turkish Empire contains the best information as to the tenure of land previous to the modifications introduced by recent measures; and in a pamphlet (*De la Réforme en Turquie, au point de vue financier et administratif*), largely quoted by M. Ubicini, will probably be found the fullest account of the actual condition of the finances of Turkey. It is the production of M. Cor, a gentleman who for many years filled the important post of first dragoman to the French Embassy at Constantinople, and whose attainments and experience constitute him a highly trustworthy authority on such subjects.

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been unincumbered by a debt; and, secondly, that the resources of the country may be said to be almost unexplored. Of late years the revenues have been greatly embarrassed, chiefly on account of their inadequate collection, the enormous expenses attendant upon the organisation of the army, the sacrifices made to replace the old coinage by a new, and the state of trade. We have no hesitation in asserting that, were there no other causes to lead us to doubt the stability of the Turkish empire, we should have little apprehension on the score of its financial difficulties. The national resources are so vast and so readily available that the commonest foresight, prudence, and economy would shortly restore its finances to a highly flourishing and healthy state. Notwithstanding the loss of confidence which the conduct of the Turkish Government, in repudiating its engagements last year, was calculated to produce, its credit is still sufficiently recognised to warrant a confident appeal to the European money-markets for a loan. Although, undoubtedly, on the occasion alluded to the Porte showed a want of prudence, and even of straightforwardness, yet there was no design either to defraud its creditors or to elude its engagements. It refused to ratify terms which had been entered into by Prince Callimaki, its agent at Paris, without its authority, which were contrary to the religious and political institutions of the state, and which were so palpably disadvantageous that the suspicion of unfair dealing could scarcely be avoided.

M. Ubicini (p. 352) has suggested various changes and improvements in the revenue, which might with advantage be adopted by the Turkish Government. Many others might be pointed out, but none of more importance than those connected with the encouragement of trade, and of the investment of foreign capital, as well as the employment of native industry, in developing the vast natural resources of Turkey, which are probably unequalled. We shall, however, recur to this subject in considering the future prospects of the Turkish empire, which it more intimately affects. We will merely express our belief that, although the revenues of the empire are undoubtedly in a state of embarrassment, considerably increased of late by the vast efforts and sacrifices which have already been made to carry on the war, yet with the aid of a loan, or by a judicious management of the existing finances, any very serious difficulties may be avoided, and the action of the Government remain uncrippled.

In estimating the resources of Turkey, and its means of resistance to Russia, we must not overlook one consideration of pre-eminent importance—the attitude that will be assumed by the Christian population in the event of the continuance of the war.

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We must, in the first place, observe that, as far as any active or direct assistance is concerned, none can be expected of the Christian subjects of the Sultan. They are not admitted to serve in the army, and are only partially employed in the navy. They are, with the exception of a few tribes inhabiting one or two semi-independent districts, unused to arms, and by no means of a warlike disposition. Even were they inclined to aid the Porte they would be of little actual use, unless in the case of a foreign invasion and occupation, when an adverse population would, of course, impede the operations of an army by withholding and intercepting supplies.

When considering the relations of the Turkish Government to the Christians, we must take care to distinguish between the different sects and nationalities; and we shall, therefore, shortly allude to the inhabitants of each of the most important provinces of the empire. To commence, therefore, with the Danubian Principalities, we will remind our readers that Russia by treaty enjoys a right of interference in their internal affairs, which she has exercised virtually to the exclusion of the Porte, and which has enabled her to assume almost the entire administration of their government. Her armies have at various periods occupied their territory. In 1848 she entered them in direct violation of treaty, changed the form of government, which had been recently proclaimed under the sanction of the Porte, and drove out all those who had been concerned in its establishment, and who formed the most educated, enlightened, and wealthy portion of the nation. Each successive occupation has been more disastrous to the inhabitants. Their property has been seized, their houses invaded, and they themselves compelled to serve the invaders. There is no national sympathy between the Moldo-Wallachians and the Russian nation. They belong to distinct races, speaking totally different languages. The sufferings and injustice to which these provinces have been exposed from those who pretend to be their protectors have taught them to look with dread upon a Russian occupation; and persons acquainted with this fact foretold long ago that they could be readily brought to oppose the invaders. Recent events have proved the correctness of these anticipations. The severest and most bloody measures have scarcely sufficed to keep down the peasantry; and we now learn that they have risen in various districts, and have killed or expelled the Russian troops and authorities. In the event of a retreat of the Turks, and an attempt on the part of the Russians to cross the Danube, this feeling might be turned to the utmost account in embarrassing the operations of the Russian army, especially if the communications by sea between Odessa and

the Turkish coast—upon which Russia mainly depended during the last war—were completely cut off.

We now come to the Christians of Bulgaria, forming the principal population of that great district to the south of the Danube. Although the descendants of Tartar tribes, they have so completely amalgamated with the Slavonians, speaking the same language, professing the same faith, and adopting the same manners, that for all political purposes they may now be considered a Slave race. Upon them, therefore, Russia might hope to rely for sympathy and support. During the last war with Turkey the Bulgarians afforded effective aid to the invaders; but it is very doubtful whether they could be depended upon on a second occasion. The promises made to them by the Russian Government were not fulfilled; they suffered more from the invaders than they had ever endured from the Turks; and their chiefs have openly expressed their resolution not to impede the operations of the Turkish armies.

There is still less to be feared from the Servians: they have a strong feeling of nationality, which might lead them, for purposes of their own, to withhold any effective aid from Turkey, notwithstanding their obligations to furnish a contingent, and they might even take advantage of circumstances to establish more completely their own independence, and to carry out the views which their chiefs have long entertained for the extension of their influence and of their territory. But Russia has interfered too much in their affairs, and her conduct has been too repugnant to the feelings of the most enlightened and liberal party in Servia, to secure for her any very powerful or devoted allies in that quarter. There is undoubtedly a Russian party in Servia, and Russian intrigue has tended to weaken the Government and to divide its councils; but this province will probably preserve as strict a neutrality as she can, and will afford but little assistance to the invader.

In Bosnia the Mussulman population is so much stronger and more powerful than the Christian, and is so differently circumstanced from the Turkish landholders in the other provinces of Turkey in Europe, being descended from the original Christian owners of the soil, that the Porte need apprehend little danger in this part of the empire. It must be remembered that the recent Turkish military expeditions into Bosnia have not been sent against the Christians, but against the Mohammedans who refused to accept the Tanzimat, or new system of administration, which curtailed their privileges and afforded greater protection to the Christians, who were previously little better than serfs attached to the soil of the great Mussulman landlords.

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The few Catholic tribes on the confines of Bosnia and Albania, such as the Miridite, would probably furnish a contingent to the Turkish Government, as they did in the wars with the Albanians. From the Albanians themselves the Turks have nothing to apprehend, if proper means be taken to conciliate their hereditary chiefs.

The Christians of Thessaly, a small part of Macedonia, and the southern districts of Albania, are allied in blood, language, and religion, to the inhabitants of the modern kingdom of Greece. They have of late years been especially subjected to the intrigues of foreign agents, even to those of the neighbouring state, and have been supposed to be more than once on the eve of rebellion. The Porte might naturally feel considerable uneasiness with regard to this portion of her subjects, and we confess to have entertained similar fears. But, from information on which we place every reliance, we learn that both in Macedonia and Thessaly all the efforts of Russian and Hellenic emissaries to stir up the Christian population have hitherto been unavailing, and that there is at present no hostile feeling against the Porte. The Turkish Government, however, appears to be prepared for emergencies, and we are assured that in Thessaly it has a reserve of 60,000 irregulars, ready to be called together on the shortest notice, and more than equal to maintain the tranquillity of the province. This large force is, of course, chiefly held in readiness with reference to the steps that may be taken by the Hellenic Government, which by its conduct has exposed itself to the just suspicions of the Porte and its allies. But whatever may be the sympathy between the Greeks of Turkey and those of Greece, we will venture to affirm that there is very little between them and the Russians.

The Christians of Turkey in Asia are numerically greatly inferior to the Mussulmans, and have little sympathy or connexion with Russia. The only Christian race of any importance or extent in Asia Minor (we need scarcely take Syria into consideration) are the Armenians. During the last war, the Russian army received some, though not any very effective aid from them; and after its termination, many who inhabited districts in the vicinity of the Russian frontiers were induced to migrate into Georgia. Since that period the Russian Government has meddled so arbitrarily in the affairs of the Armenian Church, which it has endeavoured to force into direct subservience to the will of the Czar, and the Armenians themselves have been so little satisfied with the treatment they have received from their new masters, that a strong feeling of discontent has arisen. Such as could escape from Georgia have

returned to Turkey, and whole villages would follow their example if they could evade the vigilance of the Russian border authorities.

In Europe, Turkey alone and unaided could do little outside her own frontiers to embarrass the Russian Government—what might be effected by her allies is another question which our limits will not permit us now to discuss ; but in Asia the case is different. The warlike tribes of Circassia and Georgia have long either waged a furious war against Russia or have borne with impatience the yoke imposed upon them. They are of the same religion as the Turks, and have other bonds of sympathy with them. Their principal leader has especially distinguished himself by his heroic resistance to the invaders of his country, and by victories and successes which, were they not verified by the acknowledged failure of all attempts to subdue him, would appear utterly incredible. For nearly twenty years has Shiamil maintained this unequal contest. Every season has ended in a defeat of the Russians ; and we are credibly assured that last year alone a short campaign cost Russia 22,000 men.

Shiamil is not a Circassian chief, but the head of a very powerful tribe inhabiting the neighbouring province of Daghistan. The Circassians themselves have for some years been left unmolested by Russia, which has been satisfied with the possession of one or two isolated forts on the coast, and with maintaining during the summer season a very ineffectual maritime blockade ; but the hatred which these hardy mountaineers have long borne to their invaders has not been extinguished. Once furnished with powder and other means of attack, they would rise to a man, and by a repetition of acts of daring and courage scarcely to be surpassed, would drive the Russians from the few fortified positions they hold on the Black Sea. Their great chief, Zefir Bey, has at length returned to them. This remarkable man left Circassia nearly fifteen years ago to seek succour from the Turkish Government in the struggle which his country was then carrying on against her enemies. Before his departure he made his countrymen swear a solemn oath that they would never accede to terms of peace, but wage an implacable war against Russia, until he should again appear amongst them. Finding that succour, either from the Porte or any European Power, was for the time hopeless, the brave old man preferred to live in misery and want at Adrianople to releasing the Circassians from their oath by returning to his native land.*

* We strongly recommend to such of our readers as may desire to have a faithful and graphic account of the warlike tribes of Circassia a work by Mr. Longworth, entitled 'A Year in Circassia.'

We have little doubt that, if the allied fleets by their presence in the Black Sea enable the Turks to throw supplies and men into Circassia and the neighbouring provinces, and if we by an energetic policy compel Persia to preserve a strict neutrality, the whole of the warlike tribes of the Caucasus will rise and will aid Turkey in obtaining successes which may be of no less importance to her than to our own interests in Central Asia.

It will be seen from what precedes that, whilst fully admitting the general inefficiency of her army, the uncertain relations between her Mohammedan and Christian populations, and the present embarrassed state of her finances, we are still of opinion that with proper assistance Turkey will be able to resist the attempts of her ambitious neighbour. It has been equally the fashion to underrate and overrate the strength and resources of the Ottoman empire. There are those who declare them to be already completely exhausted, whilst others maintain that Turkey alone could successfully maintain the unequal struggle into which she has entered with Russia. We subscribe to neither of these opinions; the result of a war must depend entirely upon the share that France and England may take in it. Its speedy termination must rest mainly upon the efficacy and vigour of our first operations. Let proper energy be shown—let no opportunities be lost—let us act with a due knowledge of the condition of the Turkish empire and its varied populations, and we need have no fears or doubts as to the result.

3. We now come to the third branch of our subject, viz. the possibility of maintaining the independence of Turkey as the empire is now constituted, or of raising a powerful state in her stead. Of the three questions we are considering it is the most delicate to discuss in the present stage of the negotiations, and the most difficult to answer. There are, however, facts which enable us to arrive at some conclusions, and to controvert certain fallacies which have been industriously put forward of late.

It has been constantly urged that it is ridiculous to use the term 'independence' with reference to a state which must depend for its existence upon the support it receives from abroad, and which, on the first approach of danger, must have recourse to its allies. However weak, from various causes, the Ottoman empire may actually be, we confess that the objection appears to us utterly untenable. If it apply in this instance, it must surely do so in the case of every power less strong than its neighbour: to Belgium, Sweden, Denmark. Even the most powerful states have made defensive alliances to preserve them from foreign aggression. It has been the misfortune of Turkey that she has
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been exposed to the designs of an unscrupulous and ambitious neighbour, against whom she cannot contend single-handed, and it is no forfeiture of her independence as a nation to apply for aid to those who are most interested in protecting her. In the present contest, in order to weaken the claims she has upon our sympathy, to induce the British nation to withdraw its assistance from an old ally, and to disguise the real objects and ends of Russia, Turkey has been unjustly accused of wanting to hurry this country into a war, of raising futile objections to reasonable demands, and of neglecting the counsels of her allies. It is, however, impossible for any impartial person to deny that, whatever may be the vices and follies of the Ottoman Government, it has, under the present difficulties at least, shown extraordinary moderation and a deference to the advice of England and France which has been infinitely more prejudicial to her interests than to those of Russia, and has exposed her to very severe losses and sacrifices.

But there are causes of far greater danger to the existence of the Ottoman empire than its reliance upon external aid. We will put aside the consideration—although undoubtedly one which will weigh with many persons who reflect upon the question—that it is inconsistent with the spirit and civilization of the age that a Mohammedan Government should rule over a Christian population, numerically far superior to those of its own faith, and should possess some of the fairest provinces of Europe. As an abstract political proposition the objection is invalid, or, if valid, it would equally apply to other cases, in which we are more intimately interested. The real sources of danger to Ottoman dominion, apart from foreign aggression, are to be found in the rapid decrease of the Turkish race, the consequent weakness of the element of Turkish rule, and the increasing knowledge, wealth, and prosperity of the Christians.

It appears to be a physical fact, in proof of which instances might be adduced from the earliest known history of the world, that a pure Tartar or Mongol race cannot exist when brought into equal competition with an indogermanic race, and that as soon as it ceases to be the dominant and conquering tribe it surely and rapidly decays. This is remarkably illustrated in the Turkish empire. As long as the Turks were engaged in foreign wars and conquest, as long as they held undisputed sway over the Christians, they were vigorous and formidable. So soon as they were confined within their own frontiers and were no longer able to wage an aggressive war against their neighbours, so soon as they were compelled by the interference of the Christian powers to respect the Christians, their strength and prosperity daily

daily declined. It has been continually declared that the reforms introduced by Sultan Mahmoud, and completed by the reigning Sultan, have not been carried out, and the condition of the Turkish population has been pointed to in proof of this assertion; but the very instances cited prove the contrary. Formerly the Christians were entirely at the mercy of their Mohammedan rulers. If a Pasha, or a Bey, or even a Turkish landholder, was in want of money, he naturally turned to the Christian merchant or cultivator—imprisonment, the bastinado, or the torture soon extorted what he required. But now that the rights of the Christian subjects of the Sultan are recognised, and their lives and property respected, the Mussulman can no longer have recourse to such means for supplying his wants. We do not mean to deny that in distant provinces of the empire acts of injustice and oppression are not too frequently committed, but they are exceptions, and must not be laid to the charge of the Government. The result is, that the Greeks, and Armenians, and other industrious Christian races, have rapidly increased in wealth. The Turk does not attempt to compete with them in trade—a Turkish merchant is almost unknown—and scarcely in agriculture. Without the means, therefore, of living, afforded by his own industry, he is obliged to borrow from his Christian neighbour—to mortgage his land, and to pawn his goods. If the Christians of those parts of Turkey in which there is a mixed population were to call in their debts, there would scarcely remain a Pasha or a Turkish gentleman who would not be ruined, or a Mohammedan village which would not pass into the hands of the Armenians, Greeks, or Slaves.

One of the grievances of the Christians urged by their European protectors is, that they are compelled to pay a capitation tax, and are not permitted to serve in the armies of the state. This tax is undoubtedly a mark of inferiority offensive to a subject race, and the exemption from military service is in theory no less so. But it is forgotten that, whilst the conscription has more than decimated the Mussulman population of Turkey, the Christians, by paying a tax so light as scarcely to be any burden whatever,* have been spared all the miseries of forced military service, and have thus increased in numbers and wealth in the same proportion as the Mohammedans have decreased in both. Let any Christian be asked whether he would be grateful to the

* The amount of the Kharaj paid yearly by the first class or most wealthy Christians scarcely exceeds 10s.; by the second class, 5s.; and by the poorest, 2s. 6d. Priests, women, children under a certain age, the indigent, and the infirm, are exempted from the tax altogether, whilst, in addition, a very considerable number of persons, by various excuses, contrive to evade it.

sympathising foreign representative who would prevail upon the Porte to substitute the conscription for the kharaj, and we do not doubt the reply. At the same time we do not deny that, by being inured to arms, and placed upon the same footing as the Turk, the moral standard of the Christians would be improved and raised, and that, if properly managed, they might prove the source of additional strength to the empire, although it cannot be concealed that they would more probably, in the end, become one of the causes of its destruction.

The very liberty and privileges secured by the Tanzimat to the Christians have in more ways than one contributed to the present weakened condition of Turkey, and to many of those evils and crimes which have been laid to her charge. We might cite a thousand examples, but one will suffice. Mohammed Pasha, who has committed various atrocities against the Christians in a government far removed from the capital, is disgraced by the Sultan, on the representation of the ambassador of a foreign power,—his titles are taken away, and he is banished to a remote island in the *Ægean*. Unfortunately he is indebted to his Armenian banker, who is, at the same time, the banker of the grand vizier, or of some powerful personage about the Court. This usurer, who has been receiving twenty-four per cent., and who has been supplying the Pasha with mouth-pieces for his pipes, arms, snuff-boxes, shawls, and furs, at about ten times the market value, cannot afford to lose his money and so good a customer. He cares about as little for his fellow Christians—their sufferings, the oppression they have endured, or may endure—as an ox feels for a fellow-ox who is going to the slaughterhouse. He seeks his powerful creditor, and threatens to exact his debts unless the disgraced governor be replaced in a position which may enable him to raise money and pay his banker. The influence thus brought to bear is too powerful to be resisted. Mohammed Pasha is suddenly restored to his rank, and receives a new government, to which he hastens with the determination to wreak his vengeance upon those who contributed towards his previous disgrace, and to squeeze the Christians to get money to pay his debts.

Any one who has taken the trouble of inquiring for himself into the condition of the Rayahs, and has not been satisfied with the garbled information of Constantinople dragomen, or of designing Greek merchants, will know that their degraded state, of which it is the fashion so loudly to complain, is as frequently the result of the evil passions and dishonesty of the Christians themselves, as of the oppression and injustice of their Mohammedan rulers. Reasons may be found to palliate and explain
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this fact: we merely state it. Nothing can be more unfounded than to attribute the present demoralised condition of the Christians entirely to Turkish domination, and to speak of the flourishing state of the Byzantine Empire before the Turkish conquest. History positively contradicts the assertion. The most superficial acquaintance with the state of the Eastern Empire at the time of its fall will suffice to show the utter weakness and degradation to which it was reduced, and the Turks might perhaps with more justice attribute their own demoralization, and consequent decay, to the vices which they acquired by contact with the conquered races.

However this may be, these facts remain, that the Mussulman population, except in Bosnia, where, be it remembered, the Mohammedan landholders are of Slave and not of Tartar origin, are rapidly dying out, and the Christians as rapidly increasing in numbers and prosperity. The result is inevitable. The stronger and more wealthy race must in the end succeed to the weaker and poorer. It is only a question of time and means.

Russia, counting upon the increasing weakness of the Ottoman empire, and upon the inevitable results which have been pointed out, has looked upon herself as its successor in the possession of those fertile provinces and magnificent outlets for commerce, which would render her the richest and most powerful empire of the globe. It has been urged in proof of the disinterestedness of her conduct towards Turkey that she might have extended her conquests long ago to Constantinople, and that that capital has already been within her grasp, had she chosen to seize it. But her policy has been much wiser and more sure. She has worked to render the downfall of the Turkish Government inevitable, and its transfer to any independent power impossible. Had she openly seized the capital she must have braved all Europe: by following a more crafty policy she hopes to frustrate any attempt that might be made to arrest her. She has watched with alarm the increasing prosperity and intelligence of the Christian population, and the spread amongst them of liberal opinions, whether in matters of religion or of politics, which a continually enlarging communication with Europe by commerce and travel has naturally produced. She is now making a final effort to put an end for ever to a state of things so fatal to her views, and to bring the greater part of the Christian subjects of the Porte under her immediate control. Recent events have unmasked her designs even to those who most defended her. It is to be hoped that Europe will no longer remain blind or indifferent to a policy so dangerous to civilization and liberty.

On the other hand, the Greeks, relying upon the same facts
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and causes, and justly proud of their own intelligence, activity, and wealth, aim at being the successors of the Turks. The Cross is to replace the Crescent on the dome of St. Sophia's, and a Greek Empire is again to rise in the East. In this country these visions have been received and advocated by those who have not had the means, or the opportunity of inquiring into their reasonableness and practicability. But what is the true state of the case? Of course the Turkish dominions in Asia and Africa must be put out of the question in considering this new Empire—the Greek race forming in them far too small a portion of the population to be taken into consideration. With regard to Thessaly, we admit that there would be no practical objection against adding it to the kingdom of Greece. There remain the provinces of Macedonia, Albania, Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Thrace, with the capital. Now what proportion do the Greeks bear in them to the Mussulmans and to other Christian sects? According to M. Ubicini's tables of population (*Lettres*, p. 22), there are in Turkey in Europe only 1,000,000 of Greeks to 2,116,000 Mohammedans and 6,600,000 Slaves and Armenians, and 1,500,000 Albanians, partly Christians and partly Mohammedans.* This includes Thessaly, which contains the greater part of the Greek population; excluding, therefore, that province, we may estimate the Greeks of Turkey in Europe at the very highest at from 500,000 to 600,000, whilst there are about 10,000,000 of other races. Let us turn to the capital, of which an accurate census was taken in 1844. We have 130,000 Greeks to 475,000 Mohammedans, 205,000 orthodox Armenians, and about 60,000 of other sects. Now, in the face of these numbers, and it is important that this question should be met by facts, can any one talk of a Greek empire with its seat at Constantinople? Could any attempt at setting up a Greek dominion, over races so numerically superior, end in anything but confusion even worse than that which now exists, and in the impossibility of establishing a strong independent power in Turkey to act as a check upon the schemes of Russia—the great end of all political combinations in the East of Europe?

It would not be difficult to point out how the Slave races, on the other hand, might eventually furnish the materials for such an empire. But our article has already exceeded our limits. We will confine ourselves to indicating what, under actual circumstances, we believe to be the true policy of England and

* We have omitted any mention of the inhabitants of Wallachia and Moldavia, and of the Roumain population of Rumelia, as well as of the Jews and Gipsies—amounting to nearly 4,300,000.

France in the present momentous question. We are of opinion then that the only solution is the maintenance of the Ottoman Government for some years to come in the possession of its European provinces, securing at the same time for its Christian subjects that complete tolerance for their religious faith, and enjoyment of their political rights, which the Porte theoretically professes to accord. At the same time England and France must be prepared to assist the Porte in her resistance to the intolerable interference of Russia, which, it could be easily shown, is as hostile to the development of the resources of the empire* as it is to the true liberty of the Christians themselves. Such a course would, we believe, be more conducive to the true interests of civilisation and Christianity, as well as to those of Europe, than any other which could be devised. Suppose the restraint which the Porte exercises over the various Christian sects to be withdrawn, the whole of the empire would shortly be the theatre of even more scandalous scenes than those which the sanctity of a spot most holy to the followers of Christ has not been able to check. The Turkish Government, whether from a spirit of toleration or indifference it is scarcely necessary here to inquire, is willing to admit all religious sects to the same privileges—one is not more favoured than the other. Of how many European powers can as much be said? The result is, that a spirit of religious inquiry has sprung up, that the Bible is fast spreading through the land, and that a sincere and pure religion is rapidly taking the place of ancient prejudices and debasing corruptions.

The conclusions are no less important if we regard the political condition and material wealth of the Christians. We have heard much of the extension of Greek commerce; of Greek houses established throughout Europe, and extending their agencies to the remotest quarters of the globe; of the whole carrying trade of the Levant passing into their hands. Few, if any, however, of the heads of these great commercial houses are from the kingdom of Greece proper; they are for the most part Turkish-born subjects, and owe their rise and prosperity to this circumstance. It may be urged that, although born and esta-

* Both Russia and Austria have always opposed any schemes for real improvement devised by the Porte. We may cite as an instance the fact that last year, when the Turkish Ministers were about to enter into an agreement with an eminent firm in this country for the construction of a railway through its European provinces, which would have been of the utmost importance to the prosperity of the country, the Austrian Representative announced to them that his Government would view with the greatest displeasure such an undertaking in the hands of Englishmen—the Porte knew well what this threat implied. The opposition of Russia to the construction of roads in the East of Asia Minor is well known.

blished in Turkey, they enjoy foreign, generally Russian, protection. This is no doubt the case; but what State in the world, except Turkey, would tolerate such a violation of its legitimate rights? It is an every-day occurrence that an Armenian or Greek banker or merchant goes from Constantinople to Odessa in a steamer, never even leaves the quarantine, returns with a Russian passport, and as a Russian subject repudiates his debts, refuses to pay even the ordinary local taxes, enjoys all the privileges of a foreign resident in Turkey, defies the Government, and encourages the Sultan's subjects to throw off their allegiance in a similar fashion. England, and to a certain extent France, have endeavoured to put an end to these gross abuses of international relations. But still the cities and ports of the Levant are swarming with destitute Ionians and Maltese, who, under the shadow of the British connexion, commit almost with impunity every crime. The rights of protection, conferred by capitulations upon foreign powers, have done as much to embarrass the Turkish Government, to impede the carrying out of its reforms, and to prevent the development of its resources by the employment of foreign capital and industry, as probably any other cause that could be pointed out.

The Christians of Turkey are admitted by all writers upon that country, to be daily increasing in wealth and intelligence. Let them continue as they have commenced—let them be preserved from dissensions amongst themselves, and from those struggles and conflicts which the conferring of political power upon half-barbarous races, not yet ready to receive it, must inevitably produce—and in a few years, we may hope to see in Turkey in Europe the materials for forming an empire sufficiently civilized and powerful to take its place with the great nations of Europe, and to solve one of the most difficult political problems of modern days.

As we have already observed, we have no fear lest the Porte should not be able to maintain itself for the present. The resources of the empire are so enormous, and so ready at hand, that they can at any time be made available. By encouraging the cultivation and export of grain, Turkey could eventually draw into her own provinces a large share of the corn trade now carried on with the southern ports of Russia; and by opening roads, canals, and railways, and creating other means of communication, of which she is now utterly deficient, the varied and valuable produce of her European and Asiatic provinces would find a ready market. Foreign capital would soon flow into the empire; and when the relations between the Porte and her allies were fully recognised and understood, the objections to the employment

ment of foreign industry would be speedily removed. It would be impossible to name any country in which the sources of wealth are more evident, and their development more easy.

We have thus, we trust, placed before our readers, as concisely as the vastness and importance of the subject will admit, a general view of the condition and prospects of the Ottoman empire, and of its present critical relations with regard to the rest of Europe. We have shown the magnitude of the stake at issue, and the obligations which we are under, as much for our own sake as for that of European liberty and civilisation at large, to support Turkey in her resistance to the aggressive policy of Russia. This is no party question. No country can be more averse from a war than our own; the interests of humanity and our material interests are equally opposed to it. Peace, as we have already remarked, may even have been jeopardised by the very anxiety to preserve it. At any rate, we have the satisfaction of reflecting, and the means of proving to the world, that forbearance had been carried to the utmost before we engaged in the tremendous conflict, now, we fear, too imminent. But if the die be cast, and the Emperor of Russia be determined to hazard everything in maintaining and pushing those great schemes, which form the traditional policy of his house, and upon the successful accomplishment of which the very tenure of his throne may depend, England has but one course to pursue. She must arm herself for the contest with that energy and determination which will prove that she is resolved to carry it successfully through. Cordially united with France, and engaged in a righteous contest, we have little to dread from a Power which has added to the other elements of its weakness by the injustice of its cause. But there must be no half-measures. The whole resources of these two great countries must at once be brought to bear; Englishmen of all parties must for the time forget their differences in this one great national object; and let us bear in mind, that the better the beginning the speedier the end.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Sterne Inédit ; Le Koran.* Traduit per Alfred Hédouin, édition accompagnée de Notes. Paris, 1853.

THE *Koran*, which is the affected title of a pretended autobiography of Sterne, was first published in English in 1775. M. Hédouin says he has proved in the *Revue de Paris* that a complete translation of the work has never appeared in France till now ; it would have been more to the purpose if he could have proved that the original was the production of Sterne. Though it has recently been treated as genuine in two continental periodicals of authority—the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*—no man of letters in England would hesitate to pronounce it a transparent forgery. The work is divided into three parts, of which the first is not only written in imitation of Tristram Shandy, but chiefly consists of the development of hints which are dropped in the parent fiction, or in the meagre account of his life, which Sterne drew up for the information of his daughter. The mannerism and licentiousness of the model are faithfully copied ; the wit, the pathos, the eloquence, the delineations of character were beyond the mimicry of a bookseller's journeyman. The second and third parts are made up of the avowed sayings of eminent men and of miscellaneous opinions, professed to be original, but many of them plagiarised from familiar sources. Such, however, is the force of imagination, when under the influence of a name, that M. Hédouin discovers in this spurious production all the lineaments of the reputed parent. Some years since a learned Frenchman, M. Salverte, mistook Tristram Shandy itself for an authentic biography, and in his elaborate treatise '*Sur les noms d'hommes, de peuples, et de lieux,*' quoted *Shandy*, of *Shandy Hall*, among the examples of persons who had derived their names from a place.

In one respect M. Hédouin adopts an original view of his author. He ranks him among the bold thinkers—Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau—who waged war in the eighteenth century against tyranny and intolerance ; with this difference, that what, he says, especially characterised Sterne, was his *religious* sentiment !

sentiment! M. Hédouin has nothing to allege in support of a paradox which is equally refuted by the life and writings of a man who, though a great, and, in many respects a benignant genius, was, we are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge, a disgrace to his cloth. Mr. Thackeray, in the hasty sketch which he has given of him in his lectures, has remembered on the other hand little else than his profligacy, and has passed too lightly over the mental gifts which alone entitled him to a place in the gallery of 'English Humorists.'

Nothing is related of the family of Sterne's mother, except that her step-father, Mr. Nuttle, was of Irish extraction. That one or both of her own parents were of the same nation is in the highest degree probable from the Hibernian disposition that predominated in the character of her celebrated son. Roger, his father, who was the grandson of Roger Sterne, Archbishop of York, entered the army during Marlborough's campaigns. Of this army Mr. Nuttle was a sutler, and Lieutenant Sterne, having got into debt to him, propitiated his creditor by marrying the step-daughter, who was a widow. Laurence was their second child. He was born at Clonmel, the residence of the Nuttles, November 24th, 1713, a few days after his parents had arrived there from Dunkirk in consequence of the peace of Utrecht. The regiment of the lieutenant, whose commission was his fortune, was now disbanded, and until it was again re-established ten months later, he was compelled to quarter himself and his family upon his mother, who, as the daughter and heiress of Sir Roger Jaques, possessed the seat of Elvington, near York. Unfortunately those who wore the King's colours had incessantly to traverse the King's highway. From Elvington the Lieutenant was ordered to Dublin. From thence in a month he was sent to Exeter, and in another twelvemonth back again to Dublin. Here the hopeful soldier, who was transplanted every season, expected to take root. He furnished a large house, spent a vast deal of money in a short space of time, and had then to break up his establishment, which would doubtless otherwise have broken him, to join the Vigo expedition in the Isle of Wight. On his return his life was the same perpetual march as before, and in this removal from place to place his family were exposed to many dangers and hardships. These they shared with hundreds of the inglorious dead. The material circumstance is, that till he was ten years old, the author of *Tristram Shandy* lived a soldier's life—that his earliest world was the barrack yard, his earliest knowledge feats of arms, and that his earliest steps were made to the sound of fife and drum. The self-sown seed dropped by chance, and abandoned to nature, long overlooked, or only seen to be despised,
often

often produces the noblest growth. The heroes of Blenheim, Ramilies, and Malplaquet, who entranced the little boy with their enthusiastic tales, could never have suspected that they were training a genius who would rival in letters the renown of Marlborough in arms.

When little Laurence was in his eighth year he fell under the water-wheel of a mill while it was going, and was taken out unhurt. The event occurred at Wicklow, and the country people flocked by hundreds to look at him—a truly Irish act—as if there could be anything to see in a child, whose sole peculiarity was to have had a narrow escape. In the autumn of 1723, or the spring of 1724, when the Lieutenant and his regiment were quartered at Carrickfergus, Laurence was removed from the tutorship of Marlborough's veterans, and sent to school at Halifax. In the brief memoir of himself, which is the principal authority for his life, he omits to state where he spent his vacations; but the opportunity to revisit his old companions and haunts at all events ceased in 1727, for his father was aiding that year in the defence of Gibraltar, and never returned to England. He quarrelled about a goose with a Captain Phillips, was run through the body, had a struggle for life, was sent to Jamaica with an impaired constitution, took the yellow fever, lost his senses, lingered on a harmless and complacent idiot for a couple of months, and then sat down quietly in an arm-chair and breathed his last in 1731. 'He was,' says Sterne, 'a little smart man, active to the last degree in all exercises, most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure. He was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design, and so innocent in his own intentions that he suspected no one, so that you might have cheated him ten times a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose.' Nobody can doubt after this from what original Uncle Toby was drawn.

Sterne remained eight years at the Halifax school. He says that the master was able, and has furnished a proof that he was sagacious. The ceiling of the school-room had been newly white-washed, and Sterne emblazoned his name in capital letters on the tempting tablet. He was severely flogged by the usher for defacing the work; the superior however resented the punishment, declaring that the name was that of a genius, and should never be erased. It might have been expected that Sterne, in requital, would have recorded with the anecdote the name of the master who had done him such homage.

Sterne states that his cousin, the heir of Elvington, became a father to him, and sent him in 1733 to Jesus College, Cambridge.

There he formed a friendship, which lasted his life, with Hall Stevenson, the infamous author of *Crazy Tales*, and other doggrel ribaldry. The alliance seems to have been cemented by degrading sympathies, and chiefly by a propensity to laugh at topics which would have raised a blush with saner minds. A worthy companion would have done his utmost to persuade the author of *Tristram Shandy* to strain out the impurities from his rich flavoured humour, but Stevenson incited him to stir up the lees.

On leaving Cambridge in 1736, Sterne entered into orders, and his uncle Jaques Sterne, a pluralist with two prebendaries and two rectories, got him presented to the living of Sutton in Yorkshire. At York he fell in love with his future wife, who thought their joint-stocks insufficient for their comfort, and declined a present engagement. In the meanwhile she went to reside with a sister in Staffordshire. Four of the letters he addressed to her in her absence have been preserved, and, though they are artificial, rhapsodical compositions, they are strongly marked with the peculiarities of his maturer style. The lady returned to York, and nearly died of a consumption. 'My dear Lawrey,' she said to him one evening when he was sitting by her side, with an almost broken heart, 'I can never be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live; but I have left you every shilling of my fortune.' On her recovery she consented to make two lovers unhappy, and they were married in 1741. Whatever else may have tried their patience, they were not exposed to the misery which Mrs. Sterne apprehended of straitened circumstances. A friend of her own performed a promise he had made her of presenting her husband, if she married a Yorkshire clergyman, to the living of Stillington, which was luckily in the neighbourhood of Sterne's previous preferment, and his pluralist uncle about the same time had interest to get him appointed a prebendary of York. 'I thank God,' he wrote in 1760, 'though I don't abound, that I have enough for a clean shirt every day and a mutton chop; and my contentment with this has thus far, and I hope ever will, put me above stooping an inch for it.' Sterne was prodigal of money, and it was no contemptible income which purchased him shirts, chops, and contentment.

From the love epistles of his youth up to the eve of the publication of *Tristram Shandy*—a period of twenty years—not a single fragment of Sterne's correspondence appears to have been kept by any one of his connexions, which is much the same as to say that none of them suspected his genius, or anticipated that he would ever make a noise in the world. Throughout this long period he resided at Sutton, where his amusements, he tells us,

were

were books, painting, fiddling, and shooting. His duties we may assume, without much want of charity, were confined to reading prayers and preaching on Sundays.

At the ripe age of forty-five he commenced *Tristram Shandy*. He had previously printed a couple of sermons—one preached for a charity-school in 1747, the other at York assizes in 1750—and he is supposed to have written politics in the Whig interest at the instigation of his uncle. They quarrelled, however, at last, because, as Sterne asserts in his *Memoirs*, he refused to pen party paragraphs in the newspapers, an employment he thought beneath him. An earlier account, which he gives in a letter while *Tristram* was in progress, presents his conduct in a different light. He there states that he was tired of employing his brains for other people's advantage; 'a foolish sacrifice,' he added, 'which I have made for some years to an ungrateful person.' Hence it would appear that he exerted his pen for years in his uncle's service, and only desisted because he had failed to reap the advantages he expected. Whatever was the nature of these occasional productions, they were not such as Sterne was ambitious to own after his reputation was established. Like many other authors he was long in discovering the real bent of his genius, and detected it suddenly at last. Even then he was ignorant of the full compass of his powers. He had produced at the outset a single tender scene, but, in spite of the pathos of the death of Yorick, it was upon his humour alone that he laid any stress, and it was not until he had got into the third instalment of his work that he learnt that he was possessed of a second string to his bow.

In January, 1760, the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were published, and had a signal success. 'At present,' wrote Horace Walpole in April, 'nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance; it is a kind of novel, called "*The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*," the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backward. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humour is for ever attempted and missed.' The fastidious critic who thought *Tristram Shandy* vapid, could discover a vast deal of original wit in the flat and feeble verses of Stevenson, and protested that he should not have been so sick of authors if they had all possessed the parts and good sense of this licentious rhymester. It was generally the geese that were Walpole's swans. Love is not more blind to defects than envy is to merit, and all the geniuses of the age, who did not belong to his set,

set, were regularly enrolled in the Dunciad of Strawberry Hill.* Great, indeed, must have been the triumph which was acknowledged by this drawing-room Diogenes to be complete. 'The town,' says Gray in a letter of the same month, 'are reading the King of Prussia's poetry. Tristram Shandy is still a greater object of admiration; the man as well as the book. One is invited to dinner, where he dines, a fortnight beforehand.' According to the testimony of Walpole the effect of so much popularity and attention was to turn quite topsy-turvy a head which was a little turned before.

Sterne said that he wrote not 'to be fed but to be famous.' His gains nevertheless were unusually large. He received 700*l.* for a second edition of his first two diminutive volumes, and for the copyright of two more which were not yet begun. Just then Lord Falconberg presented him with the living of Coxwold, and it was inferred that it was a testimony of the patron's estimation of Tristram Shandy. The imputation of bestowing so incongruous a reward was undeserved, for Sterne states in a letter that the preferment was a return for some service he had rendered. Another report which gained general belief was that Warburton, in the fervour of his admiration, had sent him a purse full of gold. Shortly afterwards it was asserted that Sterne had formed a design of satirising the author of the 'Divine Legation' under the guise of tutor to Tristram, and that the Bishop in alarm had paid the money to be spared the ridicule. The story in all its parts was a fiction, and Sterne wrote a letter to Garrick, which was evidently intended to be shown to Warburton, in which he expressed with affected extravagance great concern at the calumny, and great admiration of the Bishop. The Bishop replied that he was pleased to find that he had no reason to change his opinion of so original a writer, that he prided himself on having warmly recommended Tristram Shandy to all the best company in town, that he had been accused in a grave assembly as a particular patroniser of the work, and had pleaded guilty to the charge, and that if his enemies had been joined by the author he believed the latter would have been grieved to find himself associated with 'a crew of the most egregious blockheads that ever abused the blessing of pen and ink.' Walpole relates that Warburton especially eulogised the book to his episcopal brethren, and told them that Sterne was the English Rabelais. The Bishops, adds Horace, had never heard of such a writer. It is an obvious retort to this contemptuous pleasantry that it is just as well to be

* This portion of Walpole's character is well described in a chapter entitled 'Walpole's World of Letters' in Mr. Charles Knight's entertaining little work, 'Once upon a Time,' which is full of various knowledge, agreeably told.

ignorant of works of genius as to read them, as Walpole did Tristram Shandy, and be insensible to their merits.

Warburton soon saw cause to withdraw his countenance. In a reputed letter of Sterne, but which is of doubtful authenticity, it is related that he remarked to a brother clergyman, who had read Tristram Shandy in manuscript, that he meant in correcting it to consider the colour of his cloth, and that the clergyman rejoined that with such an idea in his head he would render the book not worth a groat. Whether the conversation passed or not, Sterne acted on the opinion ascribed to his friend. Too much of his wit is the phosphoric light emitted by corruption. Amidst the applause which greeted his volumes an outcry was raised in consequence against the indecorum of parts, while the author affirmed in his defence that the very passages excepted against were those best relished by sound critics, which showed him, he said, the folly of mutilating his book to please prudish individuals. No sooner had he made, through Garrick, the acquaintance of Warburton, than the bishop backed up the representations of the objectors, and repeatedly warned him against any renewed 'violations of decency and good manners.' Sterne professed to thank him for the advice, though he had probably no intention of profiting by it. His life in London was an unceasing round of levity and dissipation, and Warburton wrote to Garrick in June, 'I heard enough of his conduct there since I left to make me think he would soon lose the fruits of all the advantage he had gained by a successful effort, and would disable me from appearing as his friend and well-wisher.' A few weeks before, two wicked and nonsensical poems, which Gray called 'absolute madness,' and of which the first is entitled 'To My Cousin Shandy on his coming to Town,' issued from the shop of the publisher of Tristram. They were notoriously written by Hall Stevenson, the bosom friend of Sterne, who had as notoriously approved them. With an effrontery, it is to be hoped unparalleled in the history of English divinity, he now followed up his volumes of Tristram with two volumes of Sermons, and presented a copy to Warburton. The bishop seized the opportunity to send him a final letter of remonstrance, full of the most cutting and artful sarcasm. Sterne had complained in the note which accompanied the Sermons that the scribblers used him ill. The bishop agrees that they are the pest of the public, and as an instance of their profligacy quotes their conduct with respect to the poems of Stevenson.

'Whoever was the author, he appears to be a monster of impiety and lewdness. Yet such is the *malignity of the scribblers*, some have given

given them to your friend Hall, and others, which is still more impossible, to yourself, though the first Ode has the insolence to place you both in a mean and ridiculous light. But this might arise from a tale equally groundless and malignant, that you had shown them to your acquaintances in MS. before they were given to the public. Nor was their being printed by Dodsley the likeliest means of discrediting the calumny.'

Not less admirable is his reproof of Sterne, under the veil of a panegyric upon Garrick, for his spendthrift habits, his presuming on his present popularity, and his companionship with disolute men of rank.

'But of all these things I dare say Mr. Garrick, whose prudence is equal to his honesty or his talents, has remonstrated to you with the freedom of a friend. He knows the inconstancy of what is called public towards all, even the best-intentioned, of those who contribute to its pleasure or amusement. He, as every man of *honour* and *discretion* would, availed himself of the public favour to regulate the taste, and in his proper station to reform the manners of the fashionable world, while by a well-judged economy, he has provided against the temptations of a mean and servile dependency on the follies and vices of the great.'

'I have done my best,' said the bishop on forwarding a copy of the letter to Garrick, 'to prevent his playing the fool in a worse sense than I have the charity to think he intends. I esteemed him as a man of genius, and am desirous he would enable me to esteem him as a clergyman.' He proceeded on the contrary from bad to worse, and eighteen months afterwards the arrogant bishop, whose invectives had often no better warrant than his passions, pronounced him with reason 'an irrecoverable scoundrel.' While still paying court to him Sterne announced his intention of showing the world in the progress of his story 'the honour and respect in which he held so great a man.' Henceforth he abandoned the effort to conciliate him, and though he commemorated him in the final volume of *Tristram Shandy*, it was in a manner that, considering the protest of the bishop against the licentiousness of the work, seems rather intended to be offensive than flattering. 'What,' he says, 'has this book done more than the 'Legation of Moses,' or the 'Tale of a Tub,' that it may not swim down the gutter of Time along with them?' The gutter of Time is a suitable expression for the viler parts of Swift and Sterne, but Warburton hoped to sail upon the stream.

The Assize Sermon of 1750, which was printed separately at the time, and found, as the author tells us, 'neither purchasers nor readers,' was much admired when he inserted it in the second volume of *Tristram*, where, besides its intrinsic merits, it was largely set off by the interlocutory comments of the

Shandys,

Shandys, Slop, and Corporal Trim. Horace Walpole asserted that it was 'the best thing in the book.' The reader was told that if he liked the sample a set of similar discourses were at the service of the world, and the interpolation of the specimen was, in fact, a cunning contrivance of Sterne, by which to connect his sermons with the anticipated popularity of Tristram Shandy, and turn to account a quantity of unsaleable goods which had been long upon his hands. They appeared in June, 1760, with a double title-page, the first purporting that they were by Mr. Yorick, 'to serve the purpose of the bookseller'—the second with the real name of the author, 'to ease,' he said, 'the minds of those who see a jest, and the danger which lurks under it, where no jest was meant.' Though he might think it prudent to insert this saving sentence, he had been careful, when drawing his own character in that of Yorick, to intimate that he selected the name as significant of his disposition, and it is equally apparent from many passages in his letters that he was prouder of his cap and bells than of his gown.

After a season of five months in London, during which he was the rage, he went into the country to prepare a fresh portion of Tristram Shandy for the ensuing winter. He fixed his residence at Coxwold, which he describes 'as a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton.' The value of his new living was a hundred guineas a year, but the clear addition to his income was only seventy, he being now obliged to hire a substitute for Stillington and Sutton. From this we learn incidentally that the stipend of a Yorkshire curate, who had the sole spiritual charge of two parishes, was, in 1760, thirty guineas per annum, or twelve shillings a week. The wages of a labourer at the same period was from eight to nine shillings. But the curates of that day were commonly inferior both in descent and education to the beneficed clergy, and the clergy again in the North much below those of the other parts of the kingdom. The poor parson in Tristram Shandy, as in the novels of Fielding, spends his evening at the village ale-house, where the company, congenial to his plebeian tastes, must have been the attraction, or he would have smoked his pipe and sipped his beer by his own fire-side.

At the beginning of August Sterne had completed his third volume, and before Christmas its companion was off his desk. He hastened up to London with the manuscript, and had a second season of festivities more triumphant than the first. He tells his correspondents that he had not dined at home since he arrived, that he was committed to fourteen dinners in advance, that the invitations were more likely to increase than to diminish, and that where he had one friend last year who paid him
honour

honour he had three at present. The invitations did, indeed, multiply at such a rate that, as Dr. Johnson had heard, he had at one time engagements for three months. 'As to the main points in view, at which you hint,' Sterne writes in the midst of this homage to one of his Stillington parishioners, Mr. Croft, 'all I can say is that I see my way, and, unless Old Nick throws the dice, shall, in due time, come off winner.' The 'main point of all' at which he aimed was to rise in the Church, and, incredible as it may sound, his friends had even hopes that he might obtain a mitre. For this doubtless he trusted to his interest with his aristocratic companions. He had paid court to Mr. Pitt, apparently without success, by dedicating to him the two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy*;^{*} but though the Great Commoner would not stoop to patronise him, he was on familiar terms with Charles Townshend, Lord Rockingham, and other influential political personages. Whatever his chances of becoming a dignitary of the Church might otherwise have been, an event fatal to his prospects had recently occurred. On the 25th of October, 1760, George III. ascended the throne. Sterne was among the first to record the reformation which ensued at court. 'The King seems resolved,' he wrote on Christmas-day, 1760, 'to bring all things back to their original principles, and to stop the torrent of corruption and laziness. He gives everything himself, knows everything, and weighs everything maturely, and then is inflexible. This puts old stagers off their game. How it will end we are all in the dark.' He was so much in the dark that he had as yet no suspicion that one result of the change was to put a gulf between the bench and men like him. On a false rumour being propagated at York that he was forbid the court, he said that he had the honour to stand so well with men of the first rank who were about the throne, that he feared no accident of the kind. The previous year he had been much noticed by the Duke of York, who was a very convivial personage, and he had contrived a niche both for him and the King in the present issue of *Tristram Shandy*. 'Fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of Christian names,' he makes the elder Mr. Shandy say, 'and of that magic bias which good or bad names irresistibly impress upon our characters and conducts, Heaven is witness that in the warmest transports of my wishes for the prosperity of my child, I never once wished to crown his head with more glory and honour

^{*} In a letter from Paris (January 31, 1762) Sterne mentions that Mr. Pitt 'has behaved to him in every respect like a man of good breeding, and good nature;' but this refers merely to some trifling civility, which was doubtless asked and could not be refused, for facilitating Yorick's intercourse abroad.

than what GEORGE or EDWARD would have spread around it.' But neither his own graceful compliments, nor the influence of his friends, if it had ever been exerted, would have induced George III. to commit the sacrilege of promoting Sterne. He who, twelve years later, wrote to Archbishop Cornwallis to reprove him for giving routs, and to insist upon their instant suppression 'as levities and vain dissipations, utterly inexpedient, if not unlawful, to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence,' would certainly not have been less resolute than Queen Anne in refusing to adopt the Rabelais of his reign.

Mirth was the only emotion which Sterne attempted to raise in his new volumes. His own opinion of them was high. 'I think,' he said, 'there is more laughable humour, with an equal degree of Cervantic satire, if not more, than in the last.' Some of his noble patrons, who were admitted to a private view, and whom he describes as 'of the first magnitude both in wit and station,' prognosticated success. He expected as a set-off to be pelted either from cellars or garrets—that is, to be attacked by all the poor authors who could not afford, like himself, to rent apartments in Bond Street upon the first floor, and who were often doubtful of a crust of bread for their dinner, while he himself was pledged three months deep to eat venison and drink burgundy with the peers and ministers of state who scrambled for him. The tenant of the garret was envious of the prosperous gentleman in the parlour, and the parlour lodger had a stately contempt for the indigent dweller above. In addition to hostile critics, experience had taught Sterne to expect a party of the public to be against him—people 'who do not or will not laugh,' but he avowed he should be contented if he could divide the world. The volumes were published on the 20th of January, and, according to his own account, the result at first was much what he predicted. 'One half of the town abuse my book as bitterly as the other half cry it up to the skies. The best is, they abuse and buy it, and at such a rate, that we are going on with a second edition as fast as possible.' Horace Walpole, who can only be heard as evidence on the sentiments of the opposition, thus professes to sum up the general opinion on the 7th of March. 'The second and third volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, the dregs of nonsense, have universally met the contempt they deserve: genius may be exhausted;—I see that folly's invention may be so too.' They were in reality thought a falling off, but, though the proportion of folly was larger than before, they contained some of the author's happiest scenes.

At

At the end of July, 1761, the truant pastor got back to his parsonage, and immediately set to work to furnish his annual Christmas fare. He had become conscious that the adverse tide had gathered strength, but he announced to his friend Stevenson his resolution to follow the whims of his own mind, and set his censors at defiance. 'I am very valorous,' he said, 'and 'tis in proportion as we retire from the world, and see it in its true dimensions, that we despise it,—no bad rant!' It was rant, indeed, for a man to talk of despising the world, who was fresh from devoting an unbroken seven months to the pursuit of its frivolities, and who, in the very letter which contained the vaunt, was bemoaning his retirement and wishing himself back to town. He despised the world when the world was against him, but in everything in which he could obtain its favours it had no more obedient servant. The continuation of Tristram soon dissipated his discontent. He was one of the authors who gloated over his own conceptions, and who always thought his latest production his masterpiece. He had none of the painful misgivings which relax the energies and fret the minds of diffident men, and the very act of composition was therefore a delight. He said now that to write was his hobby, that he should continue it while he lived, that he was charmed with Uncle Toby's imaginary character, and, as usual, expressed his conviction that the volumes on which he was engaged were his best. 'My Lydia helps to copy for me, and my wife knits, and listens as I read her chapters.' 'My Lydia,' his only child, was then a girl of fourteen, and that he set her to copy Tristram Shandy, is a proof at once that he believed it innocent, and that every feeling of decorum was dead within him. Whoever is fresh from the perusal of the book and recalls the scene that was passing in this country parsonage—the clergyman of the parish composing the work, his daughter transcribing, his wife hearing and applauding it—will at least agree that the proceeding was neither clerical nor feminine.

The matchless story of *Le Fever* in the sixth volume of *Tristram Shandy* gave a fresh impulse to the popularity of Sterne. The jest was growing stale and would scarcely have served for a third season, but the introduction of the pathetic element renewed in some degree the original excitement. At the same time that he varied his style he had the advantage of exhibiting his personal qualities to a new circle of acquaintances, having shifted his stage from London to Paris for the benefit of his health.

Sterne says that most of his father's babies were of a delicate frame, not made to last long. Four out of seven died almost in infancy, and Laurence himself had the seeds of consumption inherent in his constitution. While an under-graduate at Cambridge

bridge a blood-vessel burst in his lungs, but he recovered his strength in the quiet of a country life, and for twenty years enjoyed comparative health. When his name was up in the world his malady returned, and he closed his fourth volume with a promise to reappear at the end of a twelvemonth 'unless his vile cough killed him in the mean time.' This catastrophe was not far from being realised. 'I am very ill,' he wrote in February, 1762, 'having broke a vessel in my lungs. Hard writing in the summer, together with preaching, which I have not strength for, is ever fatal to me, but I cannot avoid the latter yet, and the former is too pleasurable to be given up.' The feverish existence which he led in London, the late hours, and the luxurious living, were a much more probable source of the evil.

Sterne commenced his seventh volume with an account of his malady. 'Thou hast had a narrow escape,' said Eugenius, which is the name given to Hall Stevenson in *Tristram Shandy*. 'As thou seest Death has got me by the throat (for Eugenius could scarce hear me speak across the table), and that I am no match for him in the open field, had I not better, whilst these few scattered spirits remain, and these two spider legs of mine are able to support me—had I not better, Eugenius, fly for my life?' Eugenius advised it, and Tristram exclaims, that to escape the enemy he will gallop from place to place to the end of the world—'where, if Death follows me, I pray he may break his neck.' 'He runs more risk *there*,' said Eugenius, 'than thou.' This hyperbolical prediction of a literary immortality which was to survive death and time, 'brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been some months banished,' and, while still blushing from the compliment, Tristram bad adieu to Eugenius, and hastened (January, 1762) to Paris. It was the period when English literature and ideas were in vogue in France, and he found *Tristram Shandy* upon every table, and himself as much an object of attention as in London. A few days sufficed to re-establish his health, and we have the old story repeated of a fortnight's engagements to dinners and suppers.

In addition to the importance which Sterne derived from his reputation, it may be surmised that he was possessed of considerable powers of entertainment from the hold which, to the last, he kept upon society. No description has been handed down to us of his manners and conversation, but we learn from his own letters that his favourite vein was what he called *Shandeism*, or the art of talking amusing nonsense. There can be little question, to judge from his writings, that he was excellent, also, at telling a story, that he indulged largely in *doubles entendres*, and that his repartees were rather plays upon words
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than genuine wit. From the account he gives of Yorick, in *Tristram Shandy*, it appears he had made many enemies by his satirical sayings, and had been astonished that his victims should shrink from the edge, instead of being dazzled by the glitter of the blade. That in his eagerness to sustain his character for humour he was not very scrupulous as to the means, is apparent from an anecdote related by M. Dutens, who once sat next him at the table of our ambassador, Lord Tavistock, in Paris. The conversation turned upon Turin, where M. Dutens, though a Frenchman, had recently been the English *chargé d'affaires*. Sterne, ignorant whom he was addressing, asked him if he knew M. Dutens. The company laughed; and Sterne, imagining that some ludicrous associations connected with M. Dutens were the cause of the hilarity, inquired if he was not rather odd. 'Quite an original,' replied M. Dutens. 'I thought so,' said Sterne, who immediately commenced telling several ridiculous traits of the *chargé d'affaires*, all of which were the coinage of his brain. The laughter which arose he mistook for a tribute to the comicality of his description, and entertained the circle for the rest of the evening with the absurdities of M. Dutens. When his butt retired, and Sterne was admitted into the secret, the guests pretended that the *chargé d'affaires*, though restrained at the moment by respect for his host, was an irascible man, who would demand reparation in the morning. Sterne sought him out to avert his anger, begged his pardon, pleaded in excuse the desire he felt to amuse the company, embraced him warmly, and requested the honour of his friendship. If the scene was not otherwise very creditable to Sterne, the praise of a fertile and ready invention, in extemporising the imaginary eccentricities of M. Dutens, must at least be conceded to him.

The species of rhapsodical humour which he cultivated, bordering upon buffoonery, and often doubtless degenerating into it altogether, implied a fund of animal spirits. 'Every object,' wrote one of his French friends, M. Tollot, 'is *couleur de rose* for this happy mortal, and things which would appear to the rest of the world under a sorrowful and gloomy aspect, assume in his eyes a gay and smiling face. His sole pursuit is pleasure, and, unlike others who, when they have attained their wish, can no longer enjoy it, he drains the bowl to the last drop.' 'As for my spirits,' he says himself in *Tristram Shandy*, 'little have I to lay to their charge; nay, so very little (unless the mounting me upon a long stick, and playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accusations), that, on the contrary, I have much, much to thank them for. Cheerily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burthens of it (except its cares)

upon

upon my back : in no one moment of my existence, that I remember, have ye once deserted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way either with sable or with a sickly green : in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and, when Death himself knocked at my door, ye bad him come again ; and in so gay a tone of careless indifference did ye do it, that he doubted of his commission.' Swift's exclamation, '*Vive la bagatelle*,' was the forced effort of a man doomed to hopeless melancholy, and who trifled to avert despair ; with Sterne it was the true reflection of his temperament. The spirit of Shandeism within him would never, he said, suffer him to think for two moments together upon any grave subject. Hair-brained, light-hearted, and sanguine—pleased with himself, his follies, and his vices—he treated misfortune when it came as a passing guest, and even extracted amusement from it while it stayed. His merriment savoured more of Epicurean joviality than of a well-ordered cheerfulness, and its ceaseless flow must have deprived it of half its merit and its charm ; for any single emotion, however excellent in itself, which absorbs the mind to the exclusion of all other qualities, gives us, instead of the *sapiens teres atque rotundus*, only the fragment of a man. No one could read his own account of the endless frivolities, which would never suffer him to think upon a serious subject, or engage in any pursuit except pleasure, without feeling that his mirth belonged to that description of laughter, of which Solomon said that it was mad.

The joyous philosophy of Poor Yorick was often put to the test. He relates, in the dedication to *Tristram Shandy*, that he fenced by mirth against the infirmities of ill health, persuaded that every time a man laughed he added something to his fragment of life. At Paris he laughed till he cried, and believed that his lungs had benefited as much by the process as by the change of air. When he had been there six months, he brought up one night such a quantity of blood that his bed was full, and he nearly bled to death. He was joined by his wife and daughter shortly afterwards, and (in July, 1762) they removed to Toulouse. Here, in August, he was seized with a fever, which left him for six weeks with scarce a hope of recovery. If his spirits ever forsook him, his letters show that they revived the instant the present danger was past. 'I am now stout and foolish again as a happy man can wish to be,' he adds, after giving an account of his fever, 'and am busy playing the fool with my Uncle Toby, whom I have got soused over head and ears in love.' The tone of society on the other side of the Channel encouraged him to assume a greater licence than ever in the new volumes he commenced. He had reached that point of hardihood in which he
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took a pride in shocking the scruples of the virtuous, and having become acquainted at Paris with a French novelist more degraded than himself, the two worthies conceived a scheme, the jest of which was the excess of the impudence:—

“Crébillon has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *persiflage*. As soon as I get to Toulouse he has agreed to write me an expostulatory letter upon the indecorums of T. Shandy, which is to be answered by recrimination upon the liberties in his own works. These are to be printed together—Crébillon against Sterne—Sterne against Crébillon—the copy to be sold and the money equally divided. This is good Swiss policy.”

That Yorick the Jester should be utterly oblivious of the Rev. Mr. Yorick, prebendary of York, and vicar of Stillington, Sutton, and Coxwold, was too much a matter of course to excite surprise, but even the Jester, like the fool of James I., might justly have had his coat pulled over his ears for exceeding the privileges of his office.

For awhile Sterne made himself happy at Toulouse, “fiddling, laughing, singing, and cracking jokes” with the English residents. But far from being enamoured of the French, he complained of their eternal platitude, their little variety, their no originality, and, what to him was the worst of all faults, their determined seriousness. The nation was, in fact, playing a borrowed part, and acted it ill. Montesquieu, writing in 1721 of the passion of the people for imitating their king, said sarcastically, that the monarch, if he undertook it, might even succeed in making them grave. It was this which they now attempted to become, not in mimicry of their sovereign, but of ourselves. When Horace Walpole visited Paris in 1765, he reported that they were another people from what he had found them five-and-twenty years before; that laughing was quite out of fashion, and that nothing was wanted but George Grenville to make the conversations the most tiresome upon earth. Solemn and pedantic, they were seldom, he said, animated unless by a dispute, and he could only venture to be merry in his own tongue. If Sterne had arrived at any other period, the proverbial liveliness of the nation would have given a spring to his own, and the shuttlecock would have flown backwards and forwards from morning to night without ever tiring him of the game. But he was disgusted with the insufferable insipidity of this unnatural effort to be dull; and in June, 1763, he set out, with his wife and daughter, for Bagnières, hoping to extract ‘amusement out of the concourse of adventurers which gathered together there from all the corners of the earth.’ October found him at Montpellier, where he spent the winter, and where, in January,

January, he had another 'scuffle with death, in which he suffered terribly.' It was again a fever, which had nearly cut short Yorick's life-long peal of laughter. But he was not to be depressed. While barely out of danger, and still weak and prostrate, he took up his pen to announce his resolution of going on to the end of the chapter 'as merrily, although as innocently, as he could.' 'It has ever,' he said, 'been as good, if not better, than a bishopric to me, and I desire no other.'

The medical theories of France were as antiquated as many of the other usages which kept their ground under the old régime. The physicians, whom Sterne calls the most ignorant of all pretending fools, gave him, to recruit his strength, *bouillons rafraichissants*, which consisted of a cock that had been *slayed alive*, and a male crawfish (for a female, according to the Montpellier pharmacopœia, was more pernicious than strengthening) boiled with poppy-seeds, and pounded in a mortar. It is difficult to believe that the period when this enlightened practice prevailed on the other side of the Channel was the same in which John and William Hunter were flourishing in England. Sterne, who swallowed perhaps a female crawfish instead of a male, derived no benefit from the regimen, and as he originally went to the continent for his health, so he now hoped for the same blessing from a return to his native land. 'Every step I take that brings me nearer England will, I think, help to set this poor frame to rights.' He commenced his journey homewards in February, 1764—his heart, he said, had fled there a twelvemonth before—but he lingered in Paris till the end of May. He was induced to remain by finding an opportunity to indulge in his favourite amusement. He states in his letters, and repeats in his 'Sentimental Journey,' that he had been in love with some Dulcinea or other all his life, that it had sweetened his temper, softened and humanised his heart, and that he hoped to carry on these vagrant courtships till he died. He did not pretend that his attachments were Platonic, but he called them sentimental, and the idea that he affixed to the term will be best understood by his own account of his conduct in the present conjuncture:—

'I have been for eight weeks,' he writes to Stevenson, 'smitten with the tenderest passion that ever tender wight underwent. I wish, dear cousin, thou couldst conceive, perhaps thou canst without my wishing it, how deliciously I cantered it away the first month, two up, two down, always upon my *hanches* along the streets, from my hotel to hers—at first once, then twice, then three times a day, till at length I was within an ace of setting up my hobby-horse in her stable for good and all: I might as well, considering how the enemies of the Lord have blasphemed thereupon. The last three weeks we were every hour upon the doleful ditty of parting; and thou mayest conceive, dear cousin, how

it altered my gait and air, for I went and came, like any loudened carle, and did nothing but mix tears, and *jouer des sentiments* with her from sun-rising even to the setting of the same; and now she is gone to the South of France, and to finish the comedy, I fell ill, and broke a vessel in my lungs, and half bled to death. *Voilà mon histoire!*'

There is his history disposed by himself in the light in which he wished it to be viewed by his friends, and there, upon the most favourable interpretation, is his condemnation.

During his stay in Paris he preached in the ambassador's chapel, before a concourse of all nations and creeds, who were drawn together to hear the celebrated Sterne, the last sermon his deplorable health ever allowed him to deliver. To the people of York his appearance in the pulpit had long been a scandal. Such was the infamy of his private character that when he came to the cathedral to preach, in his capacity of prebendary, many of the congregation rose from their seats, and walked away. How this would have affected Yorick is easily divined from the language he held on kindred occasions,—he would have scoffed at their scruples, and been thankful that he was a sinner and not a Pharisee.

When Yorick returned to England he left his wife and daughter abroad at their own particular request. The plea of Mrs. Sterne was ill health, but it is stated by Almon, in his 'Life of Wilkes,' that her real motive for remaining in France was 'to escape the daily provocations of an unkind husband.' His disposition is said to have been irritable, his conversation in his family was, as Almon intimates, too gross to be tolerated, and the appropriation of his volatile affections to an endless series of Dulcineas, may have proved a lenitive to his own temper, but must have been far from producing the same soothing effects on Mrs. Sterne. At Montpellier, where M. Tollot saw them together, he reports that she followed the good man everywhere, and '*vouloit être de tout.*' '*Ces dispositions dans cette bonne dame,*' he continues, '*lui ont fait passer d'assez mauvais momens. Il supporte tous ces désagréments avec une patience d'ange.*' M. Tollot was a disciple of the Yorick school, and thought it a hardship for a husband to be saddled with the society of his wife; but by Sterne's own testimony the '*patience d'ange*' was on the other side. '*She may talk,*' he observes, writing at this period from Toulouse, '*I will go my own way, and she will acquiesce without a word of debate on the subject. Who can say so much in praise of his wife?*' Another passage of a letter, addressed to Stevenson from Coxwold, in August, 1761, after he had unduly protracted his London season, is a proof that she was a placable and yielding person:—'Curse,' he says, in allusion to
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the society he had left behind, the moment he finds himself at Mrs. Sterne's elbow, 'curse on absence from those we love.' 'As to matrimony,' he adds, in qualification of this emphatic outbreak, 'I should be a beast to rail at it, for my wife is easy, but the world is not; and had I staid from her a second longer it would have been a burning shame, else she declares herself happier without me. Not in anger is this declaration made, but in pure, sober good sense, built on sound experience.' Several times after their separation he expressed a desire that she should return to England—moved chiefly, no doubt, by his attachment to his daughter, which was ardent and sincere. Mrs. Sterne resisted the call till his days were drawing to a close, and the issue of the experiment showed that she had done wisely for their mutual comfort in keeping away. In the interim he always wrote of her with kindness, sometimes with apparent affection, and showed a practical anxiety that she should never be pinched for lack of means. 'My purse,' he remarks on one occasion, 'shall be as open as my heart.' 'Why do you say,' he asks at another time, 'that your mother wants money?—whilst I have a shilling shall you not both have nine-pence out of it?' This was not the proportion in which he divided his income; but his liberality was really considerable, insomuch that we are tempted to doubt the story so often repeated, that he preferred whining over a dead ass to relieving a living mother.

After recreating himself at York, Scarborough, and other places, he settled down at Coxwold in September, 1764, to get ready his commodities, according to the old custom, for the winter market. His two little volumes—the seventh and eighth—were this time entirely of a comic cast. 'I am fabricating them,' he said, 'for the laughing part of the world,—for the melancholy part of it I have nothing but my prayers.' They had been long in preparation, and were published early in 1765. It was three years since he had shown himself in London society, or printed a line, and it was probably due in some degree to this pause in his proceedings that he and his work were so well received. 'I have never had a moment,' he wrote of himself, 'which has not been broke in upon by one engagement or impertinence or another;' for though he sojourned in London for no other purpose than to expose himself to these impertinences and engagements, he had the common weakness of attempting to enhance the civilities he received by pretending that they were thrust upon him against his will. Of his book he said, 'I have had a lucrative winter's campaign. Shandy sells well,—I am taxing the public with two more volumes of Sermons, which will more than double the gains of Shandy.' Nevertheless, the continua-

tion of Tristram, though displaying many of the qualities of the author's genius, was not equal to the first sprightly runnings of the cask. Several chapters on his journey abroad, which his flattering friends* told him were executed with spirit, and which he informs us were meant as a good-tempered satire against coxcombical travellers, posterity has condemned as absolute nonsense. The grossness was more revolting than ever, and more thickly spread, and while his worst characteristics were gaining upon his best, the beauties themselves were not equal to many he had formerly produced.

The Sermons he mentions as making part of his ways and means for the year were written, or at least dressed up, for the occasion, and were not completed till the autumn of 1765. He published them by subscription, which, independently of the sale of the copyright, brought him upwards of three hundred pounds. His list he supposed to be the largest and most splendid an author ever obtained. After having procured the patronage of nearly all the nobility, and most other persons of note, he was ambitious to add the name of *David Hume*. He requested Mr. Foley, the banker at Paris, where Hume then was, to canvass him for the purpose, jocosely threatening if the historian refused, 'to quarrel with him, and call him *Deist*.' What are we to think of the creed of the Reverend Laurence Sterne when we find him eager for the honour of including a notorious infidel among the subscribers to his Sermons, and in the very act of inviting this insult to the religion he professed, treating the infidelity as a joke? Strange to say, in the Parisian circle in which Hume moved, *Deist* was really in danger of becoming a term of reproach in the opposite sense to what Sterne intended. In this very year of 1765 Walpole wrote home that Voltaire himself was too much of a believer for the male and female *philosophes* of France. 'Il est *bigot*,' said one of these lady atheists, 'c'est un *Déiste*.' At a party, in Paris, in which Sterne himself was maintaining the necessity of a First Cause, a young Count took him by the hand to the farthest corner of the room, to tell him his *solitaire* was pinned too straight about his neck. 'It should be *plus badinant*,' said the Count, looking down upon his own; 'but a word, M. Yorick, to the wise.' The scepticism of Hume was here as contemptible for its timidity as it was offensive in England for its daring. He remarked at a dinner at the house of the Baron d'Holbach, that he had never seen an atheist, and did not believe that one existed. 'You have been unfortunate,'

* Sterne makes a good observation when replying to the panegyrics of a person who calls himself Ignatius Sancho: 'Tis all affectation to say a man is not gratified with being praised. We only want it to be sincere.'

replied the Baron, 'you now see seventeen at table for the first time.' To the historian, who had reduced his creed to the single article 'I believe in God,' the infidelity of those who erased it altogether, might be expected to be a jest; and having enumerated, in a letter to Dr. Blair, his literary acquaintances at Paris, he added that his clerical friends in Scotland would be glad to hear 'that there was not a single *Deist* among them.' Such was one of the portentous signs of that frightful reign of libertinism and impiety which preceded and prepared the French Revolution, and which was so little shocking to Mr. Yorick, that in announcing his intention of returning to the continent in 1767, he said he should 'enjoy himself a week or ten days at Paris with his friends, particularly the Baron d'Holbach and the rest of the joyous set,' which included, we may presume, the remaining sixteen atheists. What is stronger evidence against him still is the mocking application, in many of his letters, of the most sacred language. One example of horrible blasphemy, addressed to Stevenson, which seems inconsistent with any description of belief, will render needless an accumulation of passages which it is revolting to transcribe. The person mentioned in the extract, under the name of Panty, was the Rev. Robert Lascelles, a clergyman after Sterne's own heart:—

'Remember me sometimes in your potations; bid Panty pray for me when he prays for the Holy Catholic Church. Present my compliments to Mrs. Ferguson, and be in peace and charity with all mankind.

And the blessing of God the Father,

Son,

&

Holy Ghost be with you,

Amen. L. STERNE.'

To throw the words into the form of an ordinary conclusion to a letter, for the purpose of aggravating the profanity, was, in Sterne's estimation, to heighten the jest.

With the profits of *Tristram* and his *Sermons* Sterne started, in October, 1765, on another tour in search of health, and fresh materials for his works. He passed through France to Italy, where he visited all the principal cities, and got back to England in June, 1766. Both his objects were answered. He conceived the plan, and collected the incidents of the '*Sentimental Journey*,' and his health improved so much that he believed he had added ten years to his life. From every place that he writes he speaks of the jovial hours he spends, and he sums up by saying, on his return to Coxwold, 'Never man, my dear Sir, has had a more agreeable tour than your Yorick.' La Fleur, whom he has immortalised in the '*Sentimental Journey*,' said however that there were

were moments when his master seemed sunk in the deepest dejection, but he would shake it off, and cry out gaily, '*Vive la bagatelle.*' There are many indications that the merriment which had once been spontaneous was often henceforth artificial,—the forced effort to keep at bay an encroaching melancholy, which was necessarily intolerable, since in making him a sadder it did not make him a wiser man. The contrast between the quiet of Coxwold, and the excitement of travelling, was rendered endurable by the preparation of the ninth and last volume of *Tristram Shandy*, which occupied him incessantly from July to Christmas. He had always been a slow composer, for there never was an author, as we are informed by Paley, whose works had cost him greater labour, and his ideas could not be expected to flow so rapidly as when he first began to draw upon the fund. 'Tristram goes on busily,' he says in December; 'what I can find appetite to write is so so.' But this disparaging admission, unusual with him, was wrung from him in a moment of vexation. 'You never,' he continues, 'read such a chapter of evils from me. I'm tormented to death by my Stillington Inclosure, and am every hour threatened with a journey to Avignon, where Mrs. Sterne is very bad, and, by a series of letters I have got from Lydia, I suppose is going the way of us all.' The expected decease of his wife appears to affect him in no other way than as it may involve an inopportune journey to Avignon, and it is therefore by a natural association of ideas that he couples it with the distractions which grow out of the Stillington Inclosure. Mrs. Sterne recovered partially, but he himself lost the ground he had gained in Italy. The bleeding from his lungs was worse than ever, and he talked of flying again over the Alps to escape from the clutches of death. In the meanwhile he went at the end of December to York, 'because,' he said, 'I had rather, in case 'tis ordained so, die there than in a post-chaise on the road.' But, while conscious that he is probably within a step of his grave, he sets his face to the world, is as intent as ever to laugh and make laugh, plans amusements for months to come, and anticipates the jovial time he shall have of it when he joins the Baron d'Holbach and his atheistical crew.

Three days after Sterne had spoken doubtfully of his ninth volume he recovered his good opinion of it, and says to another correspondent, 'If the amours of my Uncle Toby do not please you I am mistaken.' When published at the beginning of 1767, he announced to M. Panchaud, at Paris, that in London it was liked the best of the set. This idea we suspect he derived from the deceitful compliments of personal friends. Bright flashes of genius were never wanting, but, if his ninth volume charmed

charmed the most, it must have been by its licence, and not by its genuine deserts. The hostile section, however, of the public were beginning to acknowledge the general merit of the entire work, a homage which Sterne ascribes to its reception in Italy, Germany, and France. It was rather, we think, due to the inevitable victory of genius over envy, which cannot for ever remain blind to the light it would fain have extinguished.

On his arrival in London, in January, 1767, Sterne made the acquaintance of the Mrs. Draper, upon whom he has conferred an unenviable celebrity. She was the wife of one Daniel Draper, a counsellor at Bombay, had come to England for her health, and was on the eve of returning, at the command of her husband, to India without having accomplished the object of her voyage. Her vanity, triumphing over her discretion, induced her to preserve ten letters which Sterne addressed to her between the end of March and the 3rd of April, when she sailed from Deal. These epistles are written in a strain of the most rapturous love, and contain damning evidence of the utter worthlessness of poor Yorick's character. A single extract will serve for the summary, as it is the climax, of his amatory apostrophes:—

‘Talking of widows, pray Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob, because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long, and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself. ’Tis true, I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five—rather too great a disparity this,—but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good-humour. Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love and sing thee my wife elect. Tell me in answer to this that you approve and honour the proposal, and that you would (like the Spectator's mistress) have more joy in putting on an old man's slipper, than associating with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young.’

It was no playful pretence that his wife ‘could not live long.’ She was in a languishing condition, which made him really believe that she was hastening to the grave, and, if the general tenor of his epistles to Mrs. Draper permitted us to believe that the rest of the passage was a piece of jesting extravagance, it is impossible to explain away the utter heartlessness of the portion which relates to Mrs. Sterne. But this is not all. Some friends of Mrs. Draper charitably interposed to check the dangerous intimacy; an interference which filled him with the deadliest hatred to them. The object of their solicitude, on the contrary, honoured their motives while rejecting their counsel, and could not be brought to share his resentment. The scheme by which he ultimately succeeded in alienating her from her honest advisers

is related by himself with unblushing effrontery in a letter to a friend:—

‘They are bitter enemies of mine, and I am even with them. La Brahmine [Mrs Draper] assured me they used their endeavours with her to break off her friendship with me, for reasons I will not write, but tell you. I said enough of them before she left England, and though she yielded to me in every other point, yet in this she obstinately persisted. Strange infatuation! But I think I have effected my purpose by a falsity, which Yorick’s friendship to the Brahmine can only justify. I wrote her word that the most amiable of women [a Mrs. James, for whom Mrs. Draper had an extreme regard] reiterated the request that she would not write to them. I said too she had concealed many things for the sake of her peace of mind, when, in fact, this was merely a child of my own brain made Mrs. James’s by adoption to enforce the argument I had before urged so strongly. Do not mention this circumstance to Mrs. James. ’Twould displease her, and I had no design in it but for the Brahmine to be a friend to herself.’

The letters in which Sterne unfolded his slanderous fiction are among the number preserved by the Brahmine.

‘The —’s, by heavens,’ he says in the first, ‘are worthless. I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name. How could you, Eliza, leave them, or suffer them to leave you rather, with impressions the least favourable? I have told thee enough to plant disgust against their treachery to thee, to the last hour of thy life! Yet still thou toldest Mrs. James at last, that thou believest they affectionately love thee. Her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her ease of mind, have saved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baseness. For God’s sake write not to them, nor foul thy fair character with such polluted hearts. *They love thee!* What proof? Is it their actions that say so? or their zeal for those attachments which do thee honour and make thee happy? or their tenderness for thy fame? No—but they *weep*, and say *tender things*. Adieu to all such for ever. Mrs. James’s honest heart revolts against the idea of ever returning them one visit.’

‘Adieu to all such for ever!’ Then first and foremost adieu to Yorick, who was the very type of that sentimental virtue which consisted in weeping and saying tender things, who was fabricating malicious falsehoods in the very act of talking of honest and polluted hearts, and who maintained that the affection of these people must be hollow and hypocritical unless they were zealous for the attachment of the husband of Mrs. Sterne to the wife of Daniel Draper. Fearing that his lie might not be sufficiently emphatic to take effect, he shortly after despatched a second edition, enlarged and improved:—

‘The —’s, who verify the character I once gave of teasing or sticking like pitch, or birdlime, sent a card that they would wait on Mrs. [James] on Friday. She sent back, she was engaged. Then to

meet

meet at Ranelagh to-night. She answered, she did not go. She says, if she allows the least footing, she never shall get rid of the acquaintance, which she is resolved to drop at once. She knows them. She knows they are not her friends, nor yours; and the first use they would make of being with her, would be to sacrifice you to her (if they could) a second time. Let her not then; let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee than thou art to thyself. She begs I will reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her and thy Brahmin inexpressible pain. Be assured all this is not without reason on her side. I said I never more would mention the name to thee; and had I not received it, as a kind of charge, from a dear woman that loves you, I should not have broke my word. I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou best and most endearing of girls! A peaceful night to thee. My spirit will be with thee through every watch of it.

To complete his self-condemnation, the man who had the hardihood to invent this audacious and circumstantial falsehood out of revenge for an attempt to keep Mrs. Draper from a discreditable intimacy, says to her himself in his very next letter, 'Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies,' and then immediately adds, '*Love me, I beseech thee*; and remember me for ever!' That his vehement passion for his Brahmine was not founded upon any genuine esteem for her character appeared, a little later, from what he wrote to his daughter:—

'The subject of thy letter has astonished me. She could know but little of my feelings to tell thee that under the supposition I should survive thy mother I should bequeath thee as a legacy to [Mrs. Draper]. No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady, *whose virtues I wish thee to imitate*, that I shall entrust my girl to—I mean that friend [Mrs. James] whom I have so often talked and wrote about. From her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend.

Mrs. Draper, too, was wife, mother, and friend, and the lover had once called her 'the best of God's works;' but the father saw her with very different eyes.* Yorick

* Mrs. Draper again returned to England, and died at Bristol at the age of thirty-three. The editor of Sterne's Letters states that 'the circumstances which attended the latter part of her life are generally said to have reflected no credit on her discretion.' Raynal, who became acquainted with her after Sterne's death, has commemorated her in his '*Histoire Philosophique des deux Indes*.' When treating of the English settlements on the coast of Malabar he suddenly launches out into this super-French piece of bombast: 'Territory of Anjinga, you are nothing; but you have given birth to Eliza. One day these commercial establishments founded by Europeans on the coasts of Asia will exist no more. The grats will cover them, or the avenged Indian will have built over their ruins; but if my writings have any duration, the name of Anjinga will remain in the memory of men. Those who shall read my works, those whom the winds shall waft to thy shores, will say—It is there that Eliza Draper was born; and if there is a Briton among them, he will hasten to add with pride,—and she was born of English parents.' There are three more pages of panegyric, increasing in extravagance as it proceeds, and which thus concludes: 'From the height of the heavens, thy first and last country, receive, Eliza,

Yorick soon consoled himself for the loss of his Brahmine, and, if an undated letter is rightly placed in the series, was making criminal love in April with all the heart he had to one Lady P. The old bleeding from his lungs returned in the dissipation of London, and the languor of sickness produced in him thoughts which, common as they are with others in similar circumstances, were rare with him:—

‘I am impatient to set out for my solitude, for there the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself. In the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one, the flattery of a second, the civilities of a third, the friendship of a fourth. They all deceive, and bring the mind back to where mine is retreating, to retirement, reflection, and books.’

He left town at the beginning of May, with an idea that he was taking leave of it for ever, and sick, he said, in soul as well as body. He quickly recruited his strength at Coxwold, and for a time his spirits, but there are repeated allusions to some mysterious source of disquietude which is nowhere explained.

‘I have never been so well (he wrote to Stevenson in August) since I left college, and I should be a marvellous happy man, but for some reflections which bow down my spirits,—but if I live but even three or four years, I will acquit myself with honour,—and—no matter, we will talk this over when we meet.’

Indecorum and profanity mingle strangely with these pensive outbreaks, and oblige us to believe that it was a more vulgar trouble than that of conscience. In October, Mrs. Sterne and his daughter came from France, at his urgent request, to stay with him two or three months; but the increase to his comfort was not what he anticipated, for in December he wrote a ribald letter in Latin to Stevenson, informing him that he was more weary of his wife than ever, and mortally in love with somebody else. ‘The child and darling of his heart,’ as he calls Miss Sterne, fulfilled however his utmost expectations. ‘She was all,’ he said, ‘Heaven could give him in a daughter.’ ‘My heart bleeds,’ he wrote a little later, ‘when I think of parting with her. ’Twill be like the separation of soul and body, and equal to nothing but what passes at that tremendous moment.’ The taint

Eliza, my oath,—“I swear never to write a line in which the world shall not recognise thy friend.” According to M. Walekenær, this apostrophe has been considered sublime by some and ridiculous by others. It can only have been the ridiculous that ever thought it sublime. Sterne and Raynal both agree that Mrs. Draper was plain. Raynal, meaning to compliment her, says that she was an extraordinary combination of voluptuousness and modesty. Sterne says, but it is to herself that he says it, that he had never seen so intelligent and animated a countenance, and that she had something more persuasive in her eyes and voice than any woman he had ever known. There can be no doubt that she possessed unusual powers of fascination.

which

which had infected the rest of his mind left this paternal feeling uncorrupted to the end.

The months he passed at Coxwold were bestowed in composing the 'Sentimental Journey.' 'It is a subject,' he said, 'which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past. I told you my design in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better than we do, so it runs most upon those gentler passions and affections which aid so much to it.' He affirmed that the excess of his emotions on the occasion had torn his whole frame to pieces. 'Praised be God,' he exclaims, 'for my sensibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt.' His susceptible nature was easily hurried on in any track in which it once began to move, and he persuaded himself, and endeavoured to persuade his friends, that he was a Sentimental and not a Shandean being. Yet even while resigning himself to this tender mood his licentious imagination could not sleep, and the same fountain continued to send forth both sweet water and bitter. The incurable depravity of his taste is nowhere more apparent than in his latest work.

The 'Sentimental Journey' was published by subscription in February, 1768. He predicted that it would take with the generality, especially the women, 'who will read this book,' he said, 'in the parlour, and Tristram in the bed-chamber.' Horace Walpole himself was won over. He thought the volumes 'very pleasing, though too much dilated, and infinitely preferable to the tiresome Tristram Shandy.' When Sterne left London the preceding year in a half-dying state, he professed that he should be content to have only just so much strength and spirits as would enable him to execute his summer's task. His wish had been granted, but he was not destined to enjoy the consequent success. 'What is the gratification of my feelings on this occasion?' he wrote to his daughter on the 20th of February. 'The want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father's breast.' The spring before, when his patient and exorable creditor knocked at his door, he declared that the call was both unexpected and unpleasant. Unpleasant it would always have been, but it should not have been unexpected to a man who had lived for years in the shadow of death. Hope still predominated in his sanguine breast, and he thought he should once more come off triumphant, though he admitted that the respite might not unlikely be of short duration. A fortnight afterwards the influenza, with which his sickness commenced, became complicated with pleurisy. By repeated bleeding and blistering the disease was subdued, and his medical attendant reported

reported him better; but poor Yorick had an inward monitor more sagacious than his physician. 'My spirits,' he said, 'are fled—'tis a bad omen.' It was now that, about ten days before his death, he addressed a letter, the last he ever wrote, to his friend Mrs. James, a lady apparently of real worth, and for whom he had a sincere and honourable admiration. 'Dearest, kindest, gentlest, and best of women!' he said, 'may health, peace, and happiness prove your handmaids! If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemned;—which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into.' But it was to commend his daughter, and not himself, to her kind consideration, that, with a failing hand, he took up his pen. 'Should my child, my Lydia, want a mother, may I hope you will, if she is left parentless, take her to your bosom? You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for such a benevolent action.' To groan over his maladies, whether of body or mind, was not among the weaknesses of Sterne. It had always been his policy to laugh down evils, and it tells a touching tale, that the letter which conveyed his dying request is subscribed 'Your poor affectionate friend.'

There is a passage in *Tristram Shandy*, which the event made memorable, in which Sterne declares that if he were in a condition to stipulate with Death, he would demand that the catastrophe should not occur in his own house. 'At home,—I know it,—the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brow and smoothing my pillow, will so crucify my soul, that I shall die of a distemper which my physician is not aware of; but, in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed but punctual attention.' He breathed his last at his lodgings in Old Bond Street,* and few and cold enough were the offices that he received. Dr. Ferriar had heard that the hard-hearted attendants robbed him of his gold shirt-buttons as he lay helpless in bed. On the evening of the 18th of March there was a distinguished party assembled in Clifford Street, including, besides several persons of rank, Garrick, Hume, and Mr. James, the husband of the lady whom Sterne had entreated to adopt his Lydia. The sick man, who is said by the narrator to have been 'a very great favourite with the gentlemen,' naturally became a topic of conversation in a company where some were his intimate friends, and probably all his acquaintances, and their host sent the foot-

* The number, as we learn from Mr. Cunningham's *Handbook of Modern London*, was 41,—then a silk-bag shop, and now a cheesemonger's. It is one of the excellences of this little volume that wherever genius has left a foot-mark Mr. Cunningham's sympathies induce him to guide us to the track.

man to inquire how he did. The landlady, who opened the door, bid the messenger go up to the nurse. On entering the room he saw that the crisis was so near at hand that he waited for the end. When he had been there five minutes, Sterne exclaimed 'Now is it come!' and putting up his hand, as if to ward off a blow, expired in the act.* The merry-makers in Clifford Street were grieved at the intelligence. Not one among them but must have remembered with sadness the moralising of Hamlet upon that 'fellow of infinite jest,' after whom their departed companion had called himself, and by whose name he was familiarly known among his associates. 'Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?' The world for which Yorick had lived, and the inevitable hour which showed its vanity, were never brought into closer juxtaposition. He was privately interred in the burial-ground of St. George, Hanover Square, with no memorial to mark the spot, which drew four lines from Garrick, complaining of a reproach that he took no steps to remove:—

'Shall Pride a heap of sculptured marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd, titled fool to praise,
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where Genius, Wit, and Humour sleep with Sterne?'
[The lines are from Garrick's *Life of Sterne*, vol. i. p. 100.]

A couple of ignorant and vain-glorious freemasons at last came forward to supply the omission. They erected a plain headstone, with a paltry inscription, purporting that, 'although Sterne did not live to be a member of their society, yet as his all-incomparable performances evidently proved him to have acted by rule and square, they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.' His grave had better have remained undistinguished than been desecrated by this ridiculously false and offensively patronising epitaph.

The debts of Sterne amounted to eleven hundred pounds; his effects sold for four hundred; and his widow undertook the impossible task of discharging the difference out of a small estate of 40*l.* per annum, which was all that remained to her. Eight hundred pounds were collected for her in the race-week at York,

* We are indebted for this account of Sterne's death to a passage from 'The Life of a Footman, or the Travels of James Macdonald,' quoted by Mr. Forster, with the statement that the book is based on facts undoubtedly authentic, in his recently published 'Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith,' which contains more delightful information, personal, literary, and anecdotal, than was ever, we believe, brought together before. Though these volumes are called a second edition, they are more than double the bulk of the original work, and, both in interest and execution, immeasurably superior. They are strictly what the title-pages promise—the history of Goldsmith's times as well as of his life, and the vast variety of knowledge they contain is only surpassed by the skill with which it is grouped, and the charm with which it is told.

and she raised a small additional sum by the subscriptions she obtained to some posthumous sermons and by the sale of the copyright. Wilkes and Hall Stevenson engaged to write a Life of poor Yorick for her benefit, and Miss Sterne addressed them some piteous letters, urging them, on the ground of the pecuniary distress of herself and her mother, to keep a promise, which they never performed. They may have felt on reflection that there was little to tell except faults and follies, which even his boon companions had too much sense to perpetuate. It was Miss Sterne herself, then become Mrs. Medalle, who in 1775 did the most to discredit her father's memory by publishing his correspondence. In one of her communications to Wilkes, she states that she and her mother are reluctant to display the letters to the world, but that if there is no other method of raising money they will send them to the press. Mrs. Sterne was dead when they appeared; and though her daughter pleaded her authority for the publication, it is in terms which do not amount to a permission to print the passages that tarnished the writer's name. What were the circumstances of Mrs. Medalle at the time is unknown. It is not likely that she was utterly destitute; and even if she had sold her father's reputation for bread, it would have been no justification of the crime.

Sterne was tall, thin, and pale. His face, he tells us, was as remarkable as his character, and the fine portrait of him by Reynolds attests the truth of the description. The countenance is eminently indicative of mirth and wit, but an unmistakeable and painful expression of evil mingles with the fun. He was beyond all question a profane and profligate man. M. Walckenaer, who wrote the sketch of him in the *Biographie Universelle*, was told in England by several persons who had known Sterne, or his friends, that he was by nature selfish, and altogether a stranger to the sensibility so conspicuous in his writings. It is certain, however, that his feelings were quick and easily moved. La Fleur testifies that he sobbed aloud at the tale of the love-lorn Maria, and that he relieved, as well as pitied, the wretched objects he met in his travels. These casual acts of charity are no extenuation of his general conduct; and the proof that he was possessed of a sensitive mind only increases the guilt of defying its dictates. His highest aim in existence was

‘To play the trifle life away;’

and without the least regard to character, or duty, he followed the impulse of the moment, whatever it might be. His mirth was moulded on the maxim, ‘Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;’ his tenderness evaporated in love-making; his liberality mainly

mainly expended itself in sensual extravagance. His affection for his daughter, which is the best trait we know of him, was not sufficient to induce him to lay by a single sixpence for her provision out of the many hundreds he received for his works. 'If I live,' he wrote to her in 1766, 'the produce of my pen shall be yours. If fate reserves me not that, the humane and good, part for thy father's sake, part for thy own, will never abandon thee.' The virtue of such resolutions is in the performance. Had he been of the number of the 'humane and good,' his sole legacy to his daughter would not have consisted of a recommendation to the bounty of better men than himself.

'Nothing odd,' said Dr. Johnson in 1776, 'will do long. Tristram Shandy did not last.' The sensation it excited upon its first appearance of necessity died away, and much which attracted by its novelty at the beginning grew repulsive in the end; but the entire library of fiction contains no more delightful pages, and none which bear a more palpable impress of genius, than many which are to be found in 'Tristram Shandy.' Dr. Johnson, nevertheless, was not of the party who denied the talents of the author. He called him '*the man Sterne*,' out of contempt for his character, but upon Goldsmith adding that he was 'a very dull fellow,' he was met by an emphatic 'Why, no, Sir,' from the dictator. Once, however, when Miss Monckton, afterwards Countess of Corke, was insisting that there were pathetic passages in Sterne, Johnson bluntly denied it. 'I am sure,' said she, 'they have affected me.' 'Why that,' replied the Doctor smiling, and rolling himself about, 'is because, dearest, you're a dunce.' When this lively lady, who was an especial favourite with him, reminded him afterwards of the speech, he answered, 'Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it.' He probably thought as little what he asserted in disparagement of Sterne, and only spoke out of a spirit of contradiction. Goldsmith, who, we fear, read 'Tristram Shandy' with jealous eyes, was sincere in his censure. He attacked the work for its indecency in his 'Chinese Letters,' which would have been to his honour, if he had not as strenuously denied its ability, and called the author 'a blockhead.' Dr. Farmer rated the wit and pathos of Sterne no higher than he estimated the scholarship of Shakspeare. He begged one B. N. Turner to mark his words, and remember he had predicted that, in twenty years from that period (1763), the man who wished to refer to 'Tristram Shandy' would have to inquire for it of an antiquary. This, says the reporter in 1818, has proved truly prophetic. B. N. Turner must have measured the light of the world by the darkness of his burrow. The standard edition of Sterne's works had never failed

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to be reprinted at short intervals, and was again reproduced in 1819, a year after the prophecy had been completely fulfilled. The antiquaries may be permitted an exclusive property in Dr. Farmer, but, if they have a partiality for Sterne, they must be content to share him with the whole literary world. We wish that the defilement which stains the inside of his volumes was no greater than the dust which has gathered on the covers, or was as easily wiped away. One candid and admirable judge, to whose authority no exception can be taken, agreed with Goldsmith and Farmer. Sir James Mackintosh used to speak of his low opinion of Sterne as his single literary heresy,—a heresy for which we can only suggest the insufficient explanation that the extravagances of some parts had blinded him to the wonderful merit of others. It would be endless to enumerate the opposing testimonies. Paley used to say that to read ‘*Tristram Shandy*’ was the *summum bonum* of life.

The leading idea of Sterne was to represent his characters enthusiastic in pursuits which, either from their eccentric nature, or the disproportionate attention they engaged, appear ridiculous to ordinary people. In the phrase which he himself has engrafted into the English language, his principal personages had each their ‘hobbyhorse.’ Of all the creations of this description, Don Quixote is, perhaps, the first in time, and, beyond question, is the first in excellence. Sterne, while avowing that he took Cervantes for his model, did not attempt a feeble copy of an inimitable original. He borrowed the conception of a man mastered by a fantastic passion, and gave it an application thoroughly novel. Uncle Toby is the happiest delineation in the group, and in accounting for his propensities Sterne has even outdone Cervantes. The madness of Don Quixote is beyond the limits of nature. That he should have heated his imagination with reading books of chivalry is sufficiently probable; that he should have resolved to imitate the heroes he worshipped is no incredible consequence: but that he should mistake windmills for giants, and flocks of sheep for armies; that he should act steadily upon such suppositions and never deviate from his delusion, exceeds, we believe, all the flights of insanity which are yet upon record. But grant Cervantes his premises, and nothing can be more truthful than his mode of applying them. Though Don Quixote is only crazed upon a single point, it is a point which affects the whole system of his life. In the complication of the poor knight’s acts and speeches, Cervantes draws the line between sense and lunacy with admirable skill; and the extravagances which the Don commits, and the rational sentiments which he utters, are never out of keeping. There is a consistency

sistency in his behaviour, relatively to the conditions which are stated at starting, most difficult to contrive, and most unerringly preserved. Modern campaigns are to Uncle Toby what knight-errantry was to Don Quixote. Captain Shandy, however, is sane. His imagination has not got the better of his senses, and if his military enthusiasm almost rivals the chivalrous frenzy of Don Quixote, it is due to disease of the body instead of the mind. The genius of our author, often wild and wayward, has here displayed an exquisite tact, which becomes strikingly apparent when we disentangle the character from the rhapsodies and digressions in which Sterne has involved it.

Uncle Toby was wounded at the siege of Namur in his groin by a piece of stone splintered off from the fortifications. He returned to England, and a succession of exfoliations from the injured bones confined him to his room. His brother, with whom he was housed, conducted every visitor to his apartment that they might assist to beguile the anguish of the wound and the tedium of the confinement. The conversation naturally turned upon the accident, and the mode in which he met with it. From thence Uncle Toby proceeded to speak of the siege, and having no ideas which were not professional, he soon grew copious upon this single topic. The more he was minute the less lucid he became. He got so entangled in the technicalities of the fortifications, and in the dykes and streams of the surrounding country, that he lost himself and bewildered his hearers. The thought struck him to procure a military map for the illustration of his lecture, and the map again suggested an expansion of the scheme. He had before descanted chiefly upon that portion of the siege of which he was the eye-witness and the hero; he now purchased books to enable him to develop the entire history. Every taste of the spring increased the longing for a deeper draught. He bought plans of other towns, and more books to teach the art of attacking and defending them. Disabled for ever, without a possibility of turning his acquisitions to account, he was yet so entranced in his studies that he grudged to shave or change his shirt, and constantly forgot his dinner, his wound, and the world. The next stage to which he rode his hobby-horse brought him to the point which completed his happiness and gave piquancy to his character.

The maps, books, and instruments of Uncle Toby had outgrown his table. He ordered Corporal Trim to bespeak another twice the size, and the Corporal replied by expressing a hope that his honour would soon be well enough to leave London for his little estate in the country. There, upon a rood and a half of ground, Trim could execute a model of the fortifications, while

Uncle Toby sat in the sun and directed the works. The capabilities of the scheme developed themselves on the instant in the good enthusiast's brain. 'Trim,' said he, with a face crimson with joy, 'thou hast said enough.' But Trim enlarged on the hint. 'Say no more,' exclaimed the enraptured Captain, and the proud Corporal continued his discourse on the pleasures and advantages of the plan. 'Say no more,' reiterated Uncle Toby; and as often as he repeated the phrase, no cheers that ever greeted orator could have afforded equal encouragement to Trim to proceed in his harangue. Unable to contain himself, the Captain leaped upon his sound leg, thrust a guinea into Trim's hand, and bid him bring up supper directly. Supper came, but Uncle Toby could not eat. 'Get me,' he said, 'to bed;' but Uncle Toby could not sleep. A delicious waking dream had filled his imagination, and absorbed all his faculties, mental and corporeal.

Hitherto Uncle Toby had borne his wound and imprisonment without a murmur. From the time he was fairly mounted on his hobby he had grown quite indifferent to his groin, except that he disliked the interruption of having it dressed; but on the morning which succeeded his supperless and sleepless night, he remonstrated with the surgeon on the protraction of the cure. With much pathos, and at great length, he expatiated upon the misery of four years of captivity, and declared, that unless for his brother's tenderness he must have sunk beneath the load. Uncle Toby was without guile; he understood no artifice, and would have disdained to practise it. He was the dupe of his own exaggeration when he applied to the whole of his sickness the feelings of impatience which were barely twelve hours old. His brother wept; the surgeon was petrified. For a man who never once had breathed a complaint, who seldom inquired after the wound, or concerned himself about the answer, suddenly to sum up into one grand total all the items of a four years' account was embarrassing in the extreme. When the surgeon was sufficiently collected to speak, he promised the Captain a speedy recovery, and named five or six weeks. To the feverish longing of the patient weeks and ages were the same. He determined inwardly to take the field without delay, and his mode of executing the resolve is an example of Sterne's delicate discrimination of character.

Uncle Toby was without a misgiving upon the importance of his pursuit, but he was sensible that the world was not upon his side. To relinquish a sick chamber at the risk of exasperating an ugly wound, and take a tedious journey into the country for the purpose of digging mimic fortifications in his garden, was what

what he could justify to no understanding besides the Corporal's and his own. He therefore decided to elope. A chariot and four was ordered for twelve o'clock when his brother was at the Exchange, and with his books, maps, instruments, and dressings, a pioneer's spade, a shovel and a pickaxe, he set off full speed to Shandy Hall. The whole vigour of his mind being directed to the toy in the bowling-green, his inventive faculties were continually suggesting some extension of the works. Now he bethought himself of providing batteries of miniature cannon, now of throwing a drawbridge over the ditch he called a moat, now of procuring a number of doll-houses, constructed according to the system of architecture prevalent abroad, and which he arranged in the form of whatever city was besieged by the allies. The war was carried on at Shandy in rigorous imitation of the war on the continent. When Marlborough dug a trench, Uncle Toby furrowed his bowling-green; when Marlborough opened his batteries, Uncle Toby's cannon kept up a ceaseless pop; and when Marlborough effected a breach, Uncle Toby's works met with a similar catastrophe. Between pulling everything to pieces in taking one town, and putting them together again preparatory to besieging another, the Captain was in a perpetual heat of excitement and delight; and having arrived at that pitch of fervour in which no suspicion of the futility of his proceedings ever troubled his pleasure, he had all the animation and pride of conquest without its dangers and fatigues.

The character of Uncle Toby is thus evolved naturally out of the circumstances in which he is placed, and has the merits so hard to unite of being as original as any monstrosity of the imagination, and as truthful as any transcript from commonplace life. He may be purely a creation of fancy, and may never have had an original, but he acts according to verified laws of the mind, and is like the countenance in an historical picture, which may resemble no one that ever lived, and yet be a perfect type of humanity.

The eccentricity, which is only laughable, raises no respect. One of the triumphs of the novelist's art is to dignify the ludicrous element by noble traits without breaking in upon the consistency of the character. Cervantes, who must certainly have been a delighted devourer of the books he satirized, and who employed his reason to make a jest of his tastes, has displayed much of this blending skill. In reducing the rhodomontade of fiction to a rule of conduct, the knight of La Mancha outchivalries chivalry. His romantic daring which no disasters can abate, his fortitude under suffering, his lofty principles, his generous zeal in the cause of the oppressed, qualify our laughter

with a compassionate respect. Sterne has redeemed his hero from farcical contempt—nay, has rendered him far more loveable than ridiculous, by combining with his professional whims an exquisitely winning benignity of disposition. A warmer and gentler heart than that which inspired the martial courage and enthusiasm of Uncle Toby never beat in a bosom, nor could any one have surpassed the author of *Tristram Shandy* in the taste and judgment with which he has portrayed the union of meek and manly qualities. There is nothing sickly, affected, or ostentatious. Uncle Toby's benevolence sits as natural upon him as his bravery. 'There never,' says Corporal Trim, 'was a better officer in the king's army, or a better man in God's world.'

The attendants of Don Quixote and Uncle Toby differ even more than their respective leaders. Two persons could not be represented as both insane upon the point of knight-errantry, nor could the Don's delusion have been so humorously exposed with a sympathising as with a dissimilar associate. Cervantes has, therefore, availed himself of the power of contrast;—selfishness and disinterestedness, cowardice and courage, gross sense and wild fancy, are brought out with augmented force from their unceasing collision. It is solely the credulity of ignorance which keeps Sancho Panza in the train of Don Quixote. He is sufficiently aware of many of the knight's misconceptions to be always laughing at him in his sleeve; but he is imposed upon by the higher flights of his master's extravagance; and, when he listens to his rhapsodical discourses, and witnesses his deeds of frantic daring, he is constrained to credit his pretensions. Trim, instead of being the opposite, is, in his notions, the duplicate of Uncle Toby. Every fresh access of the captain's military fever infected the corporal in a like degree; and, indeed, they keep up a mutual excitement, which renders both more eager in the pursuit than either would have been without the other. Yet, with an identity of disposition, the character of the common soldier is nicely discriminated from that of the officer. His whole carriage bears traces of the drill-yard, which are wanting in his superior. Under the name of a servant he is in reality a companion, and he is a delightful mixture of familiarity in the essence, and the most deferential respect in forms. Of his simplicity and humanity it is enough to say that he was worthy to walk behind his master.

The crude conception of the character of Uncle Toby's brother is clearly borrowed from that of the elder Scriblerus, but it is worked out with a dramatic skill to which the original has no pretension. Mr. Shandy had been formerly a Turkey merchant, and, from reading antiquated books in the intervals of business, had

had got his mind imbued with obsolete fancies and theories. To lose himself in these idle and intricate speculations, to urge them upon others, to apply them to the actual affairs of life, has become the single thought of his existence. A considerable amount of shrewdness and humour mingle with his absurdity. A leading article of his creed is, that the characters of mankind are influenced by their Christian names. 'Your son,' he would say to those that maintained that names were a matter of indifference, 'your dear son, from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect,—your Billy, Sir,—would you for the world have called him JUDAS?' 'I never,' adds Sterne, 'knew a man able to answer this argument.' Though by native disposition a benevolent person, the kindness of Mr. Shandy never stands in the way of his systems. He has no more feeling on such occasions than the withered mummies of the ages from which he has fetched not a few of his notions; for his fantastical ideas are paramount above all things, and a good heart has been entirely vanquished by a maggoty head. He has a notion, supported by plausible reasoning, that the Cæsarean operation was favourable to the genius of the child. 'He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother, merely as a matter of fact; but seeing her turn as pale as ashes at the very mention of it, as much as the operation flattered his hopes, he thought it as well to say no more of it, contenting himself with admiring what he thought was to no purpose to propose.' Mrs. Shandy, in the question, is nothing more to him than a *corpus vile*. Sterne explains that his design in the character was to laugh learned dunces out of countenance. In this respect the satire is a failure. The speculations of Mr. Shandy are too remote from ordinary pedantry for the cap to fit. He must be considered as *sui generis*, an exceptional eccentricity; and, thus viewed, the portrait is conceived with infinite humour and tact.

The brothers have retired to their ancestral village, where they pass their lives together, and the action of one upon the other is managed with wonderful address. They both ride their hobby-horses incessantly, but it is in parallel lines, which never meet at a single point, or rather, they proceed in opposite directions and are constantly coming into collision. The elder Mr. Shandy can never get above a step or two in a demonstration before the use of a word, which is common to civil and military affairs, carries Uncle Toby off into a professional digression; and Uncle Toby's martial harangues are, in like manner, cut short by Mr. Shandy's scholastic commentaries. In general the captain looks upon his brother's abstruse speculations as beyond his comprehension, and contents himself with occasionally whistling

ting Lilibulero when something is advanced which shocks his common sense. Mr. Shandy, on the other hand, holds Uncle Toby's military mania in complete contempt, laughs at it when he is in good humour, and inveighs against it when he is in bad. The blending quality which binds these unsympathising enthusiasts into social and fraternal harmony is a benevolence of soul, in which again the dispositions of the brothers are nicely distinguished, for, while the heart of the captain overflows with affection, the modified return which Mr. Shandy makes to it is not so much spontaneous as generated by the excess of the quality in Uncle Toby. The strokes with which the portraits are drawn are altogether so deep and yet so delicate, so truthful and yet so novel, so simple in the outline, and yet so varied in the details, so laughable and yet so winning, that we question if, out of Shakspeare, there is a single character in English fiction depicted with greater or even equal power.

It was part of Sterne's scheme for the ridicule of pedantry, that all Mr. Shandy's notions should be thwarted, and the very opposite of what he wished ensue. He believed in the virtue of a substantial nose, upon which some old nonsensical writers have descanted, and the first incident in young Tristram's history is that he suffers depredation in this essential part:—

'Prithee, Trim, said my father, who's in the kitchen?

'There is no one soul in the kitchen, answered Trim, making a low bow as he spoke, except Dr. Slop.

'Why, I thought Dr. Slop had been above stairs with my wife, and so said you. What can the fellow be puzzling about in the kitchen?

'He is busy, an' please your honour, replied Trim, in making a bridge.

'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my Uncle Toby, whose mind reverted at the word to the fortifications in the bowling-green; pray give my humble service to Dr. Slop, Trim, and tell him I thank him heartily.

'This unfortunate draw-bridge of yours, quoth my father,—

'God bless your honour, cried Trim, 'tis a bridge for master's nose. In bringing him into the world with his vile instruments, he has crushed his nose, Susannah says, as flat as a pancake, to his face, and he is making a false bridge with a piece of cotton and a thin piece of whalebone out of Susannah's stays, to raise it up.

'Lead me, brother Toby, cried my father, to my room this instant.'

The grand affair of the name comes next, and it is only necessary to premise that Mr. Shandy thinks Trismegistus the most propitious name in the world, and Tristram the least:—

'Then reach me my breeches off the chair, said my father to Susannah.

'There is not a moment's time to dress you, Sir, cried Susannah. Bless, me, Sir, the child's in a fit.

'And

‘And where’s Mr. Yorick?’

‘Never where he should be, said Susannah, but his curate’s in the dressing-room with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name, and my mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as Captain Shandy is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him?’

‘Were one sure, said my father to himself, scratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother Toby as not, and it would be a pity, in such a case, to throw away so great a name as Trismegistus upon him. But he may recover,—no, no, said my father to Susannah, I’ll get up.

‘There is no time, cried Susannah, the child is as black as my shoe.

‘*Trismegistus*, said my father. But stay, thou art a leaky vessel, Susannah, added my father, canst thou carry Trismegistus in thy head the length of the gallery without scattering?’

‘Can I? cried Susannah, shutting the door in a huff.

‘If she can I’ll be shot, said my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

‘Susannah ran with all speed along the gallery. My father made all possible speed to find his breeches. Susannah got the start, and kept it.

‘’Tis *Tris* something, cried Susannah.

‘There is no Christian name in the world, said the curate, beginning with *Tris*, but Tristram.

‘Then it is Tristram-gistus, quoth Susannah.

‘There is no *gistus* to it, noodle! ’tis my own name, replied the curate, dipping his hand, as he spoke, into the bason. Tristram, said he, etc., etc., etc. So Tristram was I called, and Tristram shall I be, to the day of my death.

‘My father followed Susannah, with his night-gown across his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on. She has not forgot the name, cried my father, half opening the door.

‘No, no, said the curate, with a tone of intelligence.

‘And the child is better, cried Susannah.’

It is morning, and Mr. Shandy and Uncle Toby have just come down stairs,—

‘If my wife will but venture him, brother Toby, Trismegistus shall be dressed and brought down to us whilst you and I are getting our breakfasts together. Go, tell Susannah, Obadiah, to step here.

‘She is run up stairs, answered Obadiah, this very instant, sobbing, and crying, and wringing her hands as if her heart would break.

‘We shall have a rare month of it, said my father, turning his head from Obadiah, and looking wistfully in my Uncle Toby’s face for some time. And what’s the matter, Susannah?’

‘They have called the child Tristram, and my mistress is just got out of an hysteric fit about it. No! ’tis not my fault, said Susannah. I told him it was Tristram-gistus.

‘Make tea for yourself, brother Toby, said my father, taking down his hat, but how different from the sallies and agitations of voice and members

members which a common reader would imagine; for he spoke in the sweetest modulation, and took down his hat with the gentlest movement of limbs, that ever affliction harmonised and attuned together.

‘Go to the bowling-green, for corporal Trim, said my Uncle Toby, speaking to Obadiah, as soon as my father left the room?’

The nature is as perfect as the humour. The disconsolate exit of Mr. Shandy leaves the course clear for the captain to ride his own hobby, and it is with this thought in his mind that he sends for Trim into the parlour to talk over with him, as he breakfasts, the operations in the bowling-green. The corporal has his reasons for supposing that he is summoned on a different account, and the dialogue opens with that ludicrous misconception of each other’s meaning, which is a favourite species of humour with Sterne.

‘Your honour, said Trim, shutting the parlour-door before he began to speak, has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident.’

‘O yes, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and it gives me great concern.’

‘I am heartily concerned too, but I hope your honour, replied Trim, will do me the justice to believe that it was not in the least owing to me.’

‘To thee, Trim!’ cried my uncle Toby, looking kindly in his face; ’twas Susannah’s and the curate’s folly betwixt them.

‘What business could they have together, an’ please your honour, in the garden?’

‘In the gallery thou meanest, replied my uncle Toby.’

Trim found he was upon a wrong scent, and stopped short with a low bow. Two misfortunes, quoth the corporal to himself, are twice as many at least as are needful to be talked over at one time. The mischief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications may be told his honour hereafter. Trim’s casuistry and address, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all suspicion in my uncle Toby, so he went on with what he had to say to Trim as follows.

‘For my own part, Trim, though I can see little or no difference betwixt my nephew’s being called Tristram or Trismegistus, yet as the thing sits so near my brother’s heart, Trim, I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it should have happened.’

‘A hundred pounds! an’ please your honour, replied Trim. I would not give a cherry-stone to boot.’

‘Nor would I, Trim, upon my own account, quoth my uncle Toby; but my brother, whoin there is no arguing with in this case, maintains that a great deal more depends, Trim, upon christian-names than what ignorant people imagine, for he says there never was a great or heroic action performed since the world began by one called Tristram; nay, he will have it, Trim, that a man can neither be learned, or wise, or brave.

‘Tis all fancy, an’ please your honour. I fought just as well when the regiment called me Trim, as when they called me James Butler.’

And

* ‘I must here inform you,’ says Sterne when first introducing Trim to the reader, ‘that this servant of my uncle Toby’s had been a corporal in my uncle’s

own

‘And for my own part, said my uncle Toby, though I should blush to boast of it myself, Trim, yet had my name been Alexander, I could have done no more at Namur than my duty.’

‘Bless your honour! cried Trim, advancing three steps as he spoke, does a man think of his christian-name when he goes upon the attack?’

‘Or when he stands in the trench, Trim?’ cried my uncle Toby, looking firm.

‘Or when he enters a breach?’ said Trim, pushing in between two chairs.

‘Or forces the lines?’ cried my uncle, rising up, and pushing his crutch like a pike.

‘Or facing a platoon?’ cried Trim, presenting his stick like a firelock.

‘Or when he marches up the glacis?’ cried my uncle Toby, looking warm, and setting his foot upon the stool.

The easy way in which uncle Toby and Trim make the mania of Mr. Shandy glide into their own is exquisitely managed. But the entire passage is a dramatic masterpiece. The next great event in the family is the death of Mr. Shandy’s eldest son, ‘Philosophy,’ remarks Sterne, ‘has a fine saying for everything. For Death it has an entire set.’ The memory of Mr. Shandy is stored with all the commonplaces of the ancients on the subject, and the opportunity of delivering them swallows up the grief for the loss of his heir. ‘The pleasure of the harangue was as ten, and the pain of the misfortune but as five. My father gained half in half, and consequently was as well again off as if it had never befallen him.’

‘Returning out of Asia,’ says Mr. Shandy in the course of his funeral oration, ‘when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara (*when can this have been? thought my uncle Toby*), I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyreus on the right hand, Corinth on the left. What flourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence.

‘Now my uncle Toby knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius’s consolatory letter to Tully, and as my father, whilst he was concerned in the Turkey trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, my uncle Toby naturally concluded, that in some one of these periods he had taken a trip across the Archipelago into Asia; and that all this sailing affair with Ægina behind, and Megara before, and Pyreus on the right hand, was nothing more than the true course of my father’s voyage and reflections.

‘And pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, laying the end of his own company. His real name was James Butler, but, having got the nickname of Trim in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.’ The ‘unless when he happened to be very angry with him’ is one of those quiet strokes of nature in which Sterne excels.

pipe

pipe upon my father's hand in a kindly way of interruption, but waiting till he finished the account, what year of our Lord was this?

'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father.

'That's impossible, cried my uncle Toby.

'Simpleton! said my father, 'twas forty years before Christ was born.

'My uncle Toby had but two things for it; either to suppose his brother to be the wandering Jew, or that his misfortunes had disordered his brain. May the Lord of heaven and earth protect him and restore him! said my uncle Toby, praying silently for my father, and with tears in his eyes. My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great spirit.

The door is a-jar, and Mrs. Shandy overhearing the declamation of her husband stops to listen—'I have friends, I have relations, I have three desolate children, says Socrates.'—'Then, cried my mother, entering as she spoke, you have one more, Mr. Shandy, than I know of?' 'By heaven! I have one less, said my father, getting up and walking out of the room.' While Mr. Shandy is dealing out the choice morsels from Seneca and Cicero in the parlour, Trim is preaching a far more effective sermon in the kitchen. The servants consider the death under various aspects as it personally affects each, till the real feeling of the corporal masters the selfish instincts of their hearts, and compels them to pay the tribute due to mortality.

'My young master in London is dead! said Obadiah.

'A green satin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Susannah's head. Well might Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words.

'Then, quoth Susannah, we must all go into mourning.

'But note a second time—the word *mourning*, notwithstanding Susannah made use of it herself, failed also of doing its office. It excited not one single idea, tinged either with grey or black. All was green,—the green satin night-gown hung there still.

'We had a fat, foolish scullion. My father, I think, kept her for her simplicity. She had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.

'He is dead, said Obadiah, he is certainly dead!

'So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

'Here is sad news, Trim, cried Susannah, wiping her eyes, as Trim stepped into the kitchen. Master Bobby is dead and buried—the funeral was an interpolation of Susannah's—we shall all go into mourning.

'I hope not, said Trim.

'You hope not! cried Susannah earnestly.

'The mourning ran not in Trim's head, whatever it did in Susannah's. I hope, said he, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true.

'I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered Obadiah; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox-moor.

'Oh!

'Oh! he's dead, said Susannah.

'As sure, said the scullion, as I'm alive.'

Mr. Shandy's aunt Dinah had left him a legacy of a thousand pounds. He had a thousand schemes for expending it, the two favourite being to send his son to travel, and to bring into cultivation a large unenclosed piece of ground, attached to his estate, called the Ox-moor. Obadiah had constantly heard his master debating which of these projects deserved the preference, and as death had finally decided the matter, the decease of Master Bobby presents no other idea to the servant of all-work than a vision of laborious days in breaking up the stubborn moor. But it is now that Trim turns the current of their thoughts.

'He was alive last Whitsuntide! said the coachman.

'Whitsuntide! alas, cried Trim, extending his right arm, what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan (for that was the coachman's name), or Shrove-tide, or any tide or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the Corporal, striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability, and are we not—dropping his hat upon the ground—gone in a moment!

'Twas infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears. We are not stocks and stones—Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid all melted. The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it. The whole kitchen crowded about the Corporal. There was nothing in the sentence. 'Twas one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day, and if Trim had not trusted more to his hat than to his head he had made nothing of it.

'Are we not here now, continued the Corporal, and are we not—dropping his hat plump upon the ground, and pausing before he pronounced the word—gone in a moment!

'The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it. Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it. His hand seemed to vanish from under it;—it fell dead;—the Corporal's eye fixed upon it as upon a corpse;—and Susannah burst into a flood of tears.

'Trim took his hat off the ground, put it upon his head, and then went on with his oration upon death in manner and form following:—

'To us, Jonathan, who know not what want or care is, who live here in the service of two of the best of masters,—I own it, that from Whitsuntide to within three weeks of Christmas,—'tis not long, 'tis like nothing; but to those, Jonathan, who know what death is, and what havoc and destruction he can make before a man can well wheel about, 'tis like a whole age. O, Jonathan! 'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed to consider, continued the Corporal, standing perpendicularly, how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time! And trust me, Susy, added the Corporal, turning
to

to Susannah, whose eyes were swimming in water, before that time comes round again many a bright eye will be dim.

'Susannah placed it to the right side of the page. She wept, but she courtied too.

'Are we not, continued Trim, looking still at Susannah, are we not like a flower of the field?

A tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation; else no tongue could have described Susannah's affliction.

'Is not all flesh grass? 'Tis clay, 'tis dirt.

'They all looked directly at the scullion. (The scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle. It was not fair.

'What is the finest face that ever man looked at?

'I could hear Trim talk so for ever, cried Susannah.

What is it! (Susannah laid her hand upon Trim's shoulder)—but corruption? Susannah took it off.

No novelist has surpassed Sterne in the vividness of his descriptions, none have eclipsed him in the art of selecting and grouping the details of his finished scenes. And yet, next to Shakspeare, he is the author who leaves the most to the imagination of the reader. 'A true feeler,' he says in one of his letters, 'always brings half the entertainment along with him; his own ideas are only called forth by what he reads, and the vibrations within him entirely correspond with those excited. 'Tis like reading himself, and not the book.' Acting upon this admirable principle, he has the courage to leave the subtlest traits to produce their own effect. His work is full of interior meanings which escape the mind on a rapid perusal, and the interest is sustained, and the admiration increased, by the innumerable beauties which keep rising into view the longer we linger over it. It is a kindred merit that he excels in painting by single strokes. 'I have left Trim my bowling-green, cried my Uncle Toby,' to give one instance out of a hundred. 'My father smiled, I have left him, moreover a pension, continued my Uncle Toby. My father looked grave.' But whatever rare quality Sterne possesses, he is sure to be conspicuous for the opposite defect. With all this abstinence from explanatory comment at one time, he indulges in it to excess at another. He constantly takes upon himself to act the part of a showman, and disagreeably reminds us that the characters are his puppets. It is the same with his style. It is frequently deformed by insufferable affectation; and then, again, is remarkable for its purity, its ease, its simplicity, and its elegance. The composition of the inimitable story of *Le Fever* is only second to its pathos. The marble leaves, the blank chapters, the false numbering of the pages to indicate that a portion is torn away, are, with a hundred puerilities, only so many proofs that it is possible for great genius to be combined with

with equal folly. His propensity to provoke curiosity for the mere pleasure of balking it, by running off into digressions, is a sorry jest unworthy a man of wit, and which, however much it might amuse the writer, excites no hilarity in the reader.

Sterne pretends, in one of his volumes that there are no personalities in his work. 'I'll tread upon no one; quoth I to myself when I mounted. I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the road.' He has confessed the contrary in his letters, and Dr. Ferriar has proved that Dr. Slop had an original in Dr. Burton, a man-midwife at York, who, in the rebellion of 1745, was committed to jail, on suspicion of treason, by the uncle of Sterne. The Doctor of Medicine published a furious pamphlet against the Doctor of Divinity, and though the nephew afterwards quarrelled with his uncle, he did not, it appears, forgive the enmities he had contracted under his auspices. His vengeance was tardy, but it was terrible. The annals of satire can furnish nothing more cutting and ludicrous than this consummate portrait, so farcical and yet apparently so free from caricature. A book upon his art was put forth by Dr. Burton in 1751, with engravings of the instruments of torture ridiculed by Sterne, and among others of the newly-invented forceps with which Slop breaks down the nose of Tristram, and crushes the knuckles of Uncle Toby to a jelly, in the attempt to demonstrate the virtues of the contrivance. The work was thought worthy of being translated into French twenty years afterwards, but Dr. Ferriar says 'that the whole composition is calculated to produce in unprofessional readers mingled sensations of ridicule and disgust.' The real Dr. Slop was a Papist, like his representative; and all the mockery and denunciation of Roman Catholicism in Tristram Shandy are blows aimed at the Jacobite midwife.

It is to Dr. Ferriar that we chiefly owe the detection of the plagiarisms in Tristram Shandy. He naturally made the most of his discovery; but we are surprised that Sir Walter Scott should have considered that the plumage of Sterne owed any of its brilliancy to his petty pilferings from birds of inferior feather. The whole of the pretended parallel passages would barely suffice to fill a dozen pages, and of these part are inapplicable, and others furnished nothing more than a hint. Of the rest the principal are quotations from the classics, and the charge here reduces itself to the fact that Sterne drew his learning from "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy" instead of from the originals. He has copied a few sentences of another description, which, besides that they do not amount on the whole to above one, or at most to two of our pages, had never been numbered even among his secondary

secondary beauties. The best of them is the complaint against copyists, and the singularity of his plagiarising an invective against plagiarism has contributed more than anything else to give point and currency to the charge. The appropriation of three or four paragraphs without acknowledgment may detract from his candour, but not from his genius. In everything which has made his fame,—in his characters, his style, his humour, his pathos, there is no more original writer in the world. Where he imitates most palpably, they are defects that he copies. His admiration of Rabelais, of whom Pope well said that he oscillated between some meaning and no meaning, can be evidently traced; but it is in the flights of folly which he mistook for fun.

Rabelais may have done him another disservice. He may have emboldened him to give loose to the indecuments which were engrained in his nature, and which are his greatest offence. If his plagiarisms are unscrupulous, the mischief stops with himself; if his nonsense is tedious, it is nevertheless harmless; but his licentiousness is an injury done to the world, and all the greater, that it is interwoven with beauties which will not suffer it to die. The apology so often raised in similar cases, that the latitude belongs to the age and not to the man, is usually pressed, it appears to us, much further than it deserves. It is enough to convict Swift that he was the contemporary of Addison—of Sterne that he was the contemporary of Goldsmith and Johnson. The Rambler had ten years the start of Tristram Shandy. It is true that Swift has preserved some of the witticisms of his Stella, which show that the ladies of the reign of Queen Ann admitted words into their vocabulary which in the reign of Queen Victoria could be heard only from the lowest dregs of womankind. It is true, as Mr. Forster tells us in a page of his *Life of Goldsmith*, which is stored with curious particulars on the subject, that Dr. Doddridge, a few years before Sterne commenced his literary career, 'thought it no sin to read the *Wife of Bath's Tale* to young Nancy Moore, and take his share in the laugh it raised.' But the freedoms of social life have never been the standard of what is permissible in published works. It is a poor excuse for the Swifts and Sternes that they have selected the oral grossness of their day to write it upon brass, while the Addisons and Johnsons were perpetuating the refinement and urging the reformation of their age. The author of 'Tristram Shandy' shocked even his contemporaries, and his sole defence was to call his assailants prudes and hypocrites, which is the invariable argument of all such offenders against taste and morals. When the defendant has no case he abuses the plaintiff. He has paid a heavy and a merited penalty. The exquisite conceptions, breathing the purest spirit

spirit of benevolence, with which he was inspired by his better genius, would have rendered his name a household word; but the demon which tempted him to sully his page has been as injurious to his literary as to his moral reputation.

"The 'Sentimental Journey,'" says M. Walckenaer, who only re-echoes the general opinion of his countrymen, 'is incomparably the best of Sterne's Works.' A preference so singular and so wide of the truth, must proceed from an inability to appreciate the dramatic portions of 'Tristram Shandy,' which are, perhaps, too national to be comprehended by the French. The 'Sentimental Journey' has some beautiful passages which are familiar to everybody, but a capital defect pervades the whole, which is embodied in the fact that it has brought the word *sentimental* into discredit, and made it the standard epithet for feelings that are sickly and superficial. The elaborate effort to work up every scene for effect is painfully visible, and, in spite of touches of genuine pathos, the general impression left by the book is that it is affected, morbid, and hollow. Not all the artistic skill and power of composition will ever compensate with healthy minds for this want of nature. Many of the incidents may be suspected to be fictitious. His family crest, which was that of a starling, selected for the punning approximation of its French name *Estourneau* to Sterne, doubtless gave rise to the celebrated chapter in which the imprisoned bird is described as exclaiming to the passers-by 'I can't get out.' Starlings formerly shared the privilege of speech with parrots, and no one will forget the threat of Hotspur—

'Nay, I will have a starling taught to speak

Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him

To keep his anger still in motion.'

The 'Sermons' of Sterne were admired by Gray. The infidelity which prevailed at the beginning of the eighteenth century decided, for a long course of years, the character of our divinity, which, to meet the evil, turned more upon the evidences than the doctrines of Christianity. The practice continued when the cause had ceased, and, being caught up from published sermons addressed to educated men, descended to country parishes, where the objections had never been felt and the refutation was not understood. Gray held that these logical displays, which had been, he said, in fashion from the time of the Revolution, were not suited to the pulpit. He thought that fancy and warmth of expression, chastened a little by the purity and severity of religion, would be more persuasive, and that the discourses of Yorick, which showed, in his opinion, a strong imagination and a sensible heart, were in the right direction. It may be gathered

from

from a passage in the portion of 'Tristram Shandy' which followed close upon the first set of sermons, that what Gray esteemed a merit had been attacked as a defect. Sterne there magnifies the overflowings of the heart, and speaks with contempt of the divinity which comes from the head:—

'To preach,' he adds, 'to show the extent of our reading, or the subtleties of our wit, to parade in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly accounts of a little learning tinselled over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light and less warmth, is a dishonest use of the poor single half-hour in a week which is put into our hands. 'Tis not preaching the Gospel, but ourselves. For my own part,' continued Yorick, 'I had rather direct five words point-blank to the heart.'

'As Yorick pronounced the word *point-blank*, my Uncle Toby rose up to say something upon projectiles.'

When Mr. Wickens, a respectable draper in Lichfield, produced to Johnson the sermons of Sterne, 'Sir,' said the Doctor, 'do you ever read any others?' On Mr. Wickens replying that he read Sherlock, Tillotson, and Beveridge, Dr. Johnson rejoined, 'Ay, *there*, Sir, you drink the cup of salvation to the bottom: here you have merely the froth from the surface.' Considered strictly as *sermons*, the estimate of them by Dr. Johnson is to our thinking juster than that of Gray. They contain very little of the doctrines of Christianity, nor is its morality set forth with fullness and precision. Their merit is in the occasional bursts of rhetoric, and in pretty sentiments very sweetly expressed. The charming protest against solitude is an example:—

'Let the torpid monk seek heaven comfortless and alone. God speed him! For my own part I fear I should never so find the way. Let me be wise and religious, but let me be man. Wherever thy Providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to get to Thee, give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, how our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down; to whom I may say, "How fresh is the face of nature! How sweet the flowers of the field! How delicious are these fruits!"'

Cowper, the happier part of whose life is epitomized in these words, and who had practically more of the feeling they express than the genius who conceived them, attempted to compress the idea into verse, and marred it in the process:—

'I praise the Frenchman,* his remark was shrewd,
How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—Solitude is sweet.'

* La Bruyère.

The deceit practised upon Jacob by Laban in imposing Leah upon him in the place of Rachel, suggests some exquisite reflections :—

'And it came to pass in the morning, behold it was Leah! and he said unto Laban, What is this that thou hast done unto me? Did I not serve thee for Rachel? Wherefore then hast thou beguiled me?'

'Listen, I pray you, to the stories of the disappointed in marriage, collect all their complaints, hear their mutual reproaches; upon what fatal hinge do the greatest part of them turn? "They were mistaken in the person." Some disguise either of body or mind is seen through in the first domestic scuffle; some fair ornament, perhaps the very one which won the heart—the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit—falls off. *It is not the Rachel for whom I have served, why hast thou then beguiled me?* Be open, be honest; give yourself for what you are; conceal nothing, varnish nothing; and, if these fair weapons will not do, better not conquer at all than conquer for a day. When the night is passed 'twill ever be the same story, *And it came to pass, behold it was Leah!*

'If the heart beguiles itself in its choice, and imagination will give excellences which are not the portion of flesh and blood; when the dream is over, and we awake in the morning, it matters little whether 'tis Rachel or Leah. Be the object what it will, as it must be on the earthly side, at least, of perfection, it will fall short of the work of fancy, whose existence is in the clouds. In such cases of deception, let no man exclaim, as Jacob does in his, *What is it thou hast done unto me!* for 'tis his own doing, and he has nothing to lay his fault on, but the heat and poetie indiscretion of his own passions.'

In his sermon on Paul before Felix, after relating the apostle's triumphant refutation of the Jews who accused him, Sterne breaks out into this fine exclamation :

'There was, however, still one adversary in the court, though silent, yet not satisfied. Spare thy eloquence, Tertullus! roll up the charge! A more notable orator than thyself is risen up—'tis AVARICE, and that too in the most fatal place for the prisoner it could have taken possession of,—'tis in the heart of the man who judges him.'

He is treading on the confines which separate eloquence from bombast, but keeps within the boundary. His character of Shimei—which he considers to have been that of a time-server—is in more questionable taste, though still evincing an unusual power and felicity of expression :—

'In every profession you see a Shimei following the wheels of the fortunate through thick mire and clay. Haste, Shimei! haste! or thou wilt be undone for ever. Shimei girdeth up his loins, and speedeth after him. Behold the hand which governs everything takes the wheels from off his chariot, so that he who driveth, driveth on heavily. Shimei doubles his speed, but 'tis the contrary way; he flies like the wind over a sandy desert, and the place thereof shall know it no more.

Stay, Shimei! 'tis your patron, your friend, your benefactor; 'tis the man who has raised you from the dunghill. 'Tis all one to Shimei. Shimei is the barometer of every man's fortune, marks the rise and fall of it, with all the variations from scorching hot to freezing cold upon his countenance that the smile will admit of. Is a cloud upon thy affairs? See it hangs over Shimei's brow. Hast thou been spoken for to the king or the captain of the host without success? Look not into the court calendar, the vacancy is filled up in Shimei's face. Art thou in debt? though not to Shimei, the worst officer of the law shall not be more insolent. What then, Shimei, is the guilt of poverty so black, is it of so general a concern, that thou and all thy family must rise up as one man to reproach it? When it lost everything, did it lose the right to pity too? Trust me, ye have much to answer for; it is this treatment which it has ever met with from spirits like yours which has gradually taught the world to look upon it as the greatest of evils, and shun it as the worst disgrace.'

There are not many pages so striking as those we have quoted, but there is much of the same description, which pleases at the outset and finally cloy.

Gray mentions among the characteristics of the sermons of Mr. Yorick, that he seems 'often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.' It is chiefly at the opening of his discourses that he manifests this disposition. He takes for his text the verse from Ecclesiastes, '*It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting*;' and his first words are, 'That I deny. But let us hear the wise man's reasoning upon it,—for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart. Sorrow is better than laughter—for a crack-brained order of Carthusian monks, I grant; but not for men of the world.' After proceeding for a page or two in the same strain, it appears that he is speaking in the name of the sensualist, and that it is only an artifice to startle the wondering reader. Such arts are as much below the dignity of genius as the solemnity of the pulpit. His tricks astonish, and the exaggerations of his rhetoric, attracted additional notice by their strangeness when they were new, but they have been almost fatal to his permanent reputation; and no writer in the language of equal excellence has suffered so much from the want of a continuous faith in the power of sense, simplicity, and nature.

The lives of men of genius have been constantly a deplorable struggle with circumstances. It was otherwise with Sterne. He started in manhood with a happy home, a competent income, a profession which more than any other placed him above the strife and anxieties of the world. He had married the lady of his choice; no misfortune had ever visited him; he was
blessed

blessed with a sanguine disposition and extraordinary talents. With every opportunity to use his gifts he had likewise the rare felicity of leisure to enjoy them. Yet with these multiplied advantages there is no more melancholy history, and it can only be read with mingled feelings of pity and indignation. For years the most popular author of his day, and ranking still among the geniuses of his country, he has curiously verified the singular prediction which Eugenius, in 'Tristram Shandy,' made to Yorick—or, to translate fiction into fact, which Hall Stevenson made to Sterne:—'The fortunes of thy house shall totter; thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it; thy faith questioned, thy works belied, thy wit forgotten, thy learning trampled on.'

ART. II.—*The Life and Epistles of St. Paul.* By the Rev. W. J. Conybeare and the Rev. J. S. Howson. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1850.

THE appearance of a work * like that which stands at the head of our pages, besides its own intrinsic merits, is useful, as reminding us of the present condition of the branch of knowledge to which it is a contribution, and of which it is a landmark. Its chief characteristic undoubtedly consists in this, that it is a result—to some it may perhaps appear even an exaggerated result—of that union of history and geography which has been so happy a change in the study of both those noble sciences, and not least in their relation to the greatest of all histories—the most instructive of all geographies—that of the Bible. We do not underrate the other aspects in which the joint labours of Mr. Howson and Mr. Conybeare may be viewed, or the substantial gain to our theological literature from any work conducted with the fairness, the courtesy, the learning, and the high moral and religious tone which pervades these volumes. But the authors would probably themselves admit that it is in the geographical branch of their undertaking that the most solid addition has been made to our existing means of realising and understanding the Apostolical age, and will not complain if we take this opportunity of considering the previous history, the leading principles, and the probable results, of the progress of Sacred Geography, as thus brought before us in what is—at least in this country—its latest development.

In its widest sense, the term of Biblical Geography would in-

* It is a curious fact, that an abridgment of this work into *Dutch* has already appeared—'Paulus, voorgesteld door Nicholas Beets.'

clude all the countries from the primeval cradle of the human race in Central Asia to the graves of the Apostolic martyrs beside the Appian Way and beneath the shade of the Vatican. But for any practical as well as compendious treatment of the subject, a large portion of these regions must be struck off our list. Mesopotamia, and even Egypt, though closely associated with the patriarchal history,—Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, though hallowed by the footsteps of Apostles,—yet have been so much more conspicuously the scenes of other histories than that contained in the Sacred Volume, that, although the study of their physical features is indispensable to a complete knowledge of the Biblical narrative, and has, as such, been profitably pursued in the work now before us, yet the writers on these countries are of a separate class, and the results to be looked for are of a different kind. Layard and Rawlinson, Champollion and Lepsius, Leake and Chandler, though valuable auxiliaries to Biblical topography and history, must, in any discussion of the subject as a whole, be viewed as incidental rather than as necessary contributions to the main course of our investigations.

It is to the geography of Arabia and of Palestine—with the countries we have just named as its eastern, southern, and western outskirts,—that we now wish to call the attention of our readers; and not the less because the course of events in the Turkish Empire is probably bringing us to the eve of a great change in our relations to these regions, geographical as well as moral, scientific as well as political. It may be that the curtain which for the last fifty years has been partially held up from the Holy Land, is about to be drawn round it again more closely than ever; or it may be that it will be entirely rent asunder, never more to be closed. In either case it is well for us to know what we and our fathers have done, or ought to have done, in the most instructive and wonderful regions of the earth. It may be interesting, in either case, for some of the hundreds—for so they may now be reckoned—who have traversed the wilds of Arabia and Syria, to see in a compendious form the results of the vast literature which has grown up round that marvellous journey, to be reminded, if only by names and dates, of those days of glorious recollection—with Egypt and its monuments receding in the distance, and the Desert with its manifold wonders unfolding before them—and the wilderness melting into the hills of Palestine—and the glory of Palestine ‘fading away’ into the ‘common day’ of Asia Minor and Constantinople—yet still with gleams, in the scenes of apostolical labours and of ancient councils,

‘From that imperial palace whence we came.’

On

On this journey itself, so dramatic in its unity and progress, so romantic and inexhaustible in its details, we do not enter. Its general results may be approached with less enthusiasm perhaps, but also with less diffidence and difficulty.

Even in its merely outward and natural aspect, the geography of Syria and Arabia contains elements of interest not to be surpassed. The Isthmus of Suez, the bay of Issus, as the connecting links of vast continents—the range of Sinai, as one of the most remarkable of geological formations—and, above all, that mysterious cleft to which there is no parallel on the face of the earth, the deep fissure along which the Jordan flows through its three lakes, with the battlefield of geographical speculation in the valley of the Arabah—all these would make us turn gladly to any researches in those parts, even though they had been as barren of human interest as the interior of Africa and Australia. But to this singular conformation of the country we have to add the fact that it has been the scene of the most important events in the history of mankind; and not only so, but that the very fact of this local connexion has produced a reflux of interest, another stage of history, which intermingles itself with the scenes of the older events, thus producing a tissue of local associations unique not only in magnitude of interest and length of time, but also in its extraordinary variety and complexity. Greece and Italy have had, and always will have, a geographical interest of a high order. But they have never provoked a Crusade; and, however bitter may have been the disputes of antiquaries about the Acropolis of Athens or the Forum of Rome, they have never, as at Bethlehem and Jerusalem, become matters of religious controversy—grounds for interpreting old prophecies or producing new ones—cases for missions of diplomatists, for the war of civilised nations, for the fall of mighty empires.

In proportion to the interest of Sacred Geography has been the amount of materials which elucidate it. We must, with due reverence, give the first place to the Scriptures themselves. From Genesis to the Apocalypse there are—even when not intending, nay, even when deprecating, any stress on the local associations of the events recorded—constant local allusions, such as are the natural result of a faithful, and, as is often the case in the Biblical narrative, of a contemporary history. There is, besides, one document in the Hebrew Scriptures to which, we imagine, no parallel exists in the topographical records of any other ancient nation. In the Book of Joshua we have what may without offence be termed the Domesday Book of the conquest of Canaan. Ten chapters of that book are devoted to a description of the country,
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in which not only are its general features and boundaries carefully laid down, but the names and situations of its towns and villages enumerated with a precision of geographical terms, which invites and almost compels a minute investigation. And, although this particularity of description is confined to the Old Testament, yet the history of the New Testament connects itself with the geography of the scenes on which it was enacted, by a link arising directly from the nature of the Christian Religion itself. That activity and practical energy, which is its chief outward characteristic, turns its earliest records into a perpetual narrative of journeyings to and fro, by lake and mountain, over sea and land, that belongs to the history of no other creed. Had the first Founder and the first propagators of Christianity led a secluded life like some Eastern sages, or reigned in a single city like Mahomet, there would have been but little need to study the countries which were the scene of their labours. But no child can understand the life of Him who '*went about doing good*,' without acquiring some knowledge of the main divisions of Palestine. And what Bengel says of St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians may be said of his whole life :—'*Tota Epistola—tota vita—itinerarium sapit*.' The journeys of our Lord form the simplest introduction to the geography of Syria. The voyages and travels of St. Paul form our closest association with the geography of Asia Minor.

Side by side with the Sacred Volume we have what may be called a running commentary on its contents, composed by a resident native for the western world of his day. Such was the express intention of the '*Antiquities*' of Josephus with regard to the Old Testament ; such, in effect, with regard to the New Testament, is his '*History of the Jewish War*,' by its very nature extending into and elucidating every corner of that narrow territory.

Nor must we forget that—although Herodotus has told us nothing, or next to nothing, of his passage through Palestine—this country and Arabia have received the important attention of Strabo and Pliny, the two chiefs of ancient geography and natural history. Tacitus also has described it, briefly indeed, but in the only formal geographical description which is contained in either of his two great historical works. And of the first fathers of the Christian Church, the three most learned—Origen, Eusebius, and Jerome—sought deliberately, and on the spot, to gather up the topographical traditions of Palestine as existing in their own time.

With them what may be called the documentary history of the sacred localities was closed for many centuries. But
already

already before the time of Jerome had set in the flow of the great tide of travellers, from whom the main bulk of our subsequent information is derived, and whom we shall now proceed to track through the different ages and classes into which, for the sake of perspicuity, they must be divided.*

1. The earliest is that of the pilgrims, of whom the Empress Helena may fairly be considered the mother and foundress. To her journey into Palestine is to be attributed that selection of the 'Holy Places' which has more or less guided all future generations in their curiosity or their devotions. The pilgrim travellers may be divided into two groups—those during the period of the Roman Empire, and those during the period of the Crusades. The works of the former are little more than mere itineraries. The journey of the Pilgrim of Bordeaux in the fourth century, of Paula the companion of Jerome in the fifth, and of Antoninus Martyr in the sixth, though exceedingly useful in enabling us to distinguish between the growth of the earlier and of the later traditions, and to identify the sites at that period, would never now be read except by professed historical students. But the influx of pilgrims from Europe after the conquest of Palestine by the Mahometans assumed a new character. The difficulties, the dangers, the length of the journey, gave it a romantic aspect, which under the settled government of the Byzantine Empire it had altogether wanted. Friends and kinsmen were anxious on the return of the adventurous wanderers to hear a little more than the bare enumeration of distances and sacred objects, and thus to the mere reminiscences of the pilgrim began to be added something of the lively descriptions of the traveller.

The best of these writers have been recently republished in Mr. Bohn's very useful and compendious collection of 'Early Travels in Palestine.' Of the others, perhaps one of the most interesting is Phocas, a Greek monk who travelled through Palestine in 1185, and whose journal is published in the second volume of the *Acta Sanctorum* for May. It has the merit, at least in one instance, so rare in ancient or mediæval writers, so highly to be prized wherever found—of endeavouring to convey a representation of unknown places by a comparison to known, when he likens the valley of the Jordan to one of his own glens in Macedonia. From

* It need hardly be said that in a rapid sketch like this it is impossible to do more than select a very few specimens out of the most voluminous mass of geographical literature that the world has produced. An excellent *catalogue raisonné* of the works on this subject, down to 1841, may be seen in Robinson's 'Biblical Researches,' vol. iii. Appendix A, and one still more complete, down to 1850, in Ritter's 'Palestine,' vol. i. pp. 28-90.

the simple stories of Arculf and Willibald, through the more digressive and extensive tours of Benjamin of Tudela, of Maundeville, and of Brocquière, though with considerable modifications from the characters of the individuals, the state of the countries, and the changes of successive centuries, there yet runs on the whole the same *naïveté* and racy ignorance which is at once the social charm and the scientific defect of all their narratives. We are delighted with the exquisite unconsciousness with which pilgrim after pilgrim relates how the inhabitants of Rhodes, which possessed the 'great idol called Colossus, are the Colossians to whom St. Paul wrote his Epistle;' * and how 'at Babylon in Egypt' 'Nebuchadnezzar the king caused the three children to be thrown into the fire' †—how there are in Egypt 'the seven barns of Joseph, four in one place and three in another, which looked at a distance like mountains;' ‡ 'some men say that they were sepulchres of great lords that were formerly, but that is not true, for all the common rumour and speech of the people there, both far and near, is that they are the granaries of Joseph.'

Yet, in spite of these and a thousand similar mistakes, they are very useful as indicating the shifting state of the traditional sites, and sometimes as giving us the exact figure or dimension of edifices since altered or destroyed. To Arculf we owe, for example, the most accurate account of the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre before its destruction by Hakem. By the silence of all these early visitors to Nazareth, on the house of the Virgin, we are enabled to perceive that the origin of the story of its existence is not earlier than its alleged appearance at Loretto.

Most interesting too are some of the personal traits of the individual and the age of these old travellers. What a picture is presented to us by the few words at the close of Arculf's narrative which tell us that his story was told to Adamnan, Abbot of Iona, to whose shores he was driven by contrary winds—the French Bishop fresh from his long travels, fresh from the driving spray of the Atlantic, seated within the ancient monastery of the holy island by the graves of the Scottish kings, and the Celtic abbot eagerly catching his words, making him sketch out his plan, and (as we see from the narrative) asking for his story, not in any regular order, but in the rapid expression of interest in which the objects presented themselves to his own mind. What a delight in the pages of Brocquière suddenly to encounter in the bazaars of Damascus our old friend Jacques Cœur, the princely merchant of Bourges, the lord of that most interesting of all mediæval houses, the hero and the victim of one of the most singular

* Sæwulf, p. 33; Maundeville, p. 140.

† Maundeville, p. 144.

‡ Maundeville, p. 154.

dramas of modern times, worthy of a Shakspearian hand to treat it rightly. How affecting and how curious to see in his account of Constantinople, twenty years before its capture, the same prospect of inevitable doom which after a lapse of four hundred years has been so often thought to be impending over the captors; the Turks already in possession of Scutari, the weak points in the defences actively canvassed, the Imperial troops exercising themselves in the archery of the Turks as the Turks now exercise themselves in the gunnery of the Franks. Or, if we come down a little later, how amusing to see in the 'very devout journey' of Zuallart, the Flemish pilgrim of the sixteenth century, directions for the choice of a dragoman (trucheman, as the word was then spelt, more nearly in conformity with its origin), for the management of the Mukari (the muleteers) and of the Arabs, that might with advantage be transcribed into a handbook of the present day.

2. The class of pilgrim writers, that is to say, those who are merely attracted to Palestine by the sacredness of the localities, has of course never ceased, and probably never will. In its more reasonable form it pervades more or less (with a very few exceptions) all the travellers who have since visited those regions. In the credulous spirit in which it first began it has still also continued to send forth a race both of Protestant and Roman Catholic writers, who differ only from their predecessors in receiving, in spite of recent discoveries, what the Crusaders received in simple ignorance. The Roman Catholic pilgrims of modern times (of whom Geramb and Mislin may be taken as fair specimens) are still useful as containing a more lively and systematic collection of the accumulated traditions than can be found in earlier authors.

But we have now approached another element in the history of sacred geography. Already in the writings of the pilgrims of the fifteenth century the scientific traveller begins to appear. So long, indeed, as they were actuated chiefly by the desire of fulfilling a religious vow, or of visiting localities whose sacredness and identity could not be questioned without frustrating the very object of their journey, no great freedom of inquiry could be expected. But in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries we find writers whose professed object is the acquisition of knowledge. In all cases that object is quickened by the devotional interest of the Holy Places, but the devotional interest is no longer so exclusive as to preclude the notice of other features not directly connected with it.

Of course the traditional belief is far more lively in the Roman Catholic than in the Protestant travellers. Still in both this belief is united with a wider view than was enjoyed by the pilgrims of
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the middle ages, with a better knowledge of ancient literature, sacred and profane, and therefore with a better knowledge of what they were or were not to expect. If, out of the vast mass of materials which now begins to grow upon us, we confine ourselves to our own countrymen*—Sandys, Maundrell, Shaw, and Pococke—the change is at once apparent. Already the discussion of theories of the passage of the Red Sea, doubts of the localities of Sinai, and even of some of the traditional sites of Palestine, are beginning to creep in. Notices, rude indeed, but not uninteresting, of the geology and botany of the different countries diversify the mere itinerary of their predecessors, and the whole is set off by the dry humour peculiar to that age, which furnishes the only condiment of a style otherwise plain and unadorned even to dulness. In this, as in his singular precision and accuracy, Maundrell stands pre-eminent. But these travellers still describe merely what came in their way; they rarely digress for the sake of any remarkable object, natural or architectural; and their view did not extend beyond the limited vision of their age. The appreciation of natural beauty, and the corresponding power of presenting a picture of striking scenes, was not among their gifts. Customs, ceremonies, spectacles, are often described by them with such minuteness as almost, in spite of themselves, to produce a graphic narrative, as in the case of Maundrell's account of the Greek Easter. But, as a general rule, no reader could rise from any of these writers with a more lively image of the scenes of the East than if they had never been there, or could ever be sure whether some feature essential to the whole character of the physical geography and actual survey of the country had not been altogether omitted by them. One instance will suffice. Of all the views in the East—we might almost say in the world—none is more imposing than that of Mount Serbal from the adjacent valleys. Yet Pococke passes by without noticing that magnificent pile, towering before his very eyes, and not less remarkable for its grandeur than for the relation in which, under any hypothesis, it stands to the Sinai of the Exodus.

3. It was not till the close of the eighteenth century that there arose a new class of travellers, who may be called the Discoverers:—men in whom the promotion of science and the enlargement of geographical knowledge was not the subordinate, but the chief, object of their journeys, and who therefore were induced, for

* Amongst foreign travels we may select those of Van Egmont and Heyman, the Dutch ambassador and professor, in the first half of the eighteenth century. Their account of Saphet may be mentioned as remarkably complete. Rauwolf, the learned physician of Augsburg, and Hasselquist, the pupil of Linnæus, are also remarkable as the first direct investigators of the natural history and science of Syria.

the first time, to desert the 'beaten track, and see for themselves, without regard to Scripture or tradition, what they conceived to be worth seeing. Of these, first in importance and in the impulse given to future discovery is the Danish traveller Niebuhr, father of the celebrated historian, who is then followed in rapid succession by Seetzen, Burckhardt, Irby and Mangles. We place these writers together, though separated by an interval of more than half a century, because they belong essentially to the same class, characterized by the same adventurous spirit, by the same love of truth, by the same accuracy and simplicity of description. To them we owe the first complete account of the Peninsula of Sinai, and of the eastern side of the Jordan. 'It makes me weep when I see the ruins of Wady Mousa,' was the exclamation recorded by Seetzen from the mouth of his Bedouin guide, which roused the adventurous Burckhardt, in the disguise of an Arab beggar going to sacrifice a goat on the tomb of Aaron, to reveal to the world for the first time the wonders of Petra. For strict fidelity of description and quickness of observation this race of travellers has never been surpassed. Burckhardt's account of Petra, seen in the hurry of concealment and danger, and therefore under the impossibility of taking a single note or in any way awakening the attention of his watchful and suspicious guides, yet so accurate that not a single detail has been corrected by subsequent travellers, is one of the most remarkable instances on record of the power and the tenacity of an observant eye and a retentive mind. In one other point of view these travellers are pre-eminent. The circumstances under which they travelled necessarily threw them more directly into contact with the wild life of the Desert than has been the case with any of their successors. The merely geographical works of Burckhardt will doubtless be superseded by subsequent explorers; but his 'Notes on the Bedouins' * will probably remain for ever the standard work on the character and life of that singular race.

4. But, admirably qualified in many ways as these travellers were for their mission, there was still the need of another class before those regions could be regarded as thoroughly explored. Vigorous in body and active in mind, they were hardly to be called literary. In some respects this was an advantage, as it enabled them to record their observations with a more complete freedom from partiality or prepossession. Still, in countries where

* In this enumeration we have confined ourselves to such works as relate to Syria and Arabia. But we cannot (in connexion with Burckhardt's Bedouins) omit to notice Lane's *Modern Egyptians*. Although bearing that name, it is, in fact, a treatise on the manners and customs of Mahometans in the East, and, considering the minute details into which it enters, is perhaps the most faithful representation of Eastern life that has been ever given to the world.

there are no guides but the most illiterate of the human species, a man who travels unprepared must be under considerable disadvantages ; he knows not what to look for, and, not looking, he misses it altogether. Niebuhr, indeed, took with him questions from Michaelis ; but if Michaelis had gone himself he would doubtless have been able to obtain an answer to his own questions better than through the medium of even such an observer as Niebuhr, who (to give two instances) forgot on the spot to make inquiries about the manna of the Sinaitic desert ; and omits all mention of the plain of Er-raheh—the one vital point in the question of the localities of Sinai. Irby and Mangles, had they been better acquainted with Scripture geography, could never have been misled themselves, and therefore, so far as in them lay, misled others, to transfer the Valley of Ajalon from its proper place in the west of Judea to the eastern side of the Jordan. Those well acquainted with the literature of the ancient world, with the text of the Scriptures, and with the growth of later traditions, could alone see and discriminate between the various localities which claimed their attention. Such men were not wanting. The earliest—who, perhaps, for some reasons might be placed with the class we have just dismissed—is Volney : a singular exception to most of the visitants of the Holy Land, as almost wholly indifferent, if not hostile, to the events which have invested Palestine with such transcendent interest. His book is chiefly important for its clear classification of the several populations which inhabit the country. There is another account of Palestine, also written at this period, and in the same spirit of entire disregard of sacred associations, but which must stand alone, unique alike in the character of its author and the excellence of its description—the brief ‘*Note on Syria*,’ in the *Memoirs of the Emperor Napoleon*.* From this time forward, all literary men who have visited those regions have been animated more or less by the desire to verify Scriptural sites, aided by whatever stores of learning the increased knowledge and intelligence of our age has supplied. Of these the most important are Dr. Clarke, M. Leon de Laborde, Lord Lindsay, Mr. Williams, and Dr. Robinson. Dr. Clarke’s learning is often ill-digested, his remarks partial, and his conclusions hasty ; yet there is a union of knowledge, of freedom, and of lively discussion which make his book an era in the knowledge of the East. Laborde travels like a French nobleman and a Catholic pilgrim. His account of Petra is hardly worthy of the great opportunities which he enjoyed of exploring all its

* *Memoirs of the Emperor Napoleon*, vol. ii. pp. 296-302. The whole description of Egypt and of the East, to which this Note is appended, is well worth perusing for its extraordinary ability and perspicuity.

recesses. But his works — especially his ‘Commentary on Exodus and Numbers’ — must always be deemed an important contribution to the understanding of the Israelite wanderings in the wilderness. Lord Lindsay’s travels, thrown off in the form of domestic letters, perhaps hardly deserve the name of a scientific investigation. Still, journeying as he did, with a redundancy of sentiment indeed, yet with a knowledge wonderful for the age at which he made the expedition; with a religious zeal worthy of the Crusaders, and a spirit of enterprise worthy of Burckhardt, he has won for himself a permanent place amongst the travellers of the world. His journey was the more important, as being the only one made during the golden opportunity afforded by the brief occupation of Syria by Ibrahim Pasha, when the Bedouin tribes were beaten down by the fear of that terrible name, and when consequently for the first time the east of the Jordan was thrown open with perfect security to the English traveller. Other parts of that region have been explored with more or less success by previous and subsequent travellers; but Lord Lindsay’s Letters contain the only description — most valuable on that account, as well as for its intrinsic excellence — of the *whole* of the eastern shores of the Lake of Gennesareth. Mr. Williams, in his ‘Holy City,’ has perhaps collected more fully than any other writer all that can be said on the history and topography of Jerusalem. His book is disfigured by clumsiness of execution, and, in his first edition, by an excess of zeal against his topographical opponents, for which he has since made honourable amends by a free and ample apology. It can never, however, be lightly set aside, and may be regarded as the best extant defence of the ancient Patristic and mediæval sites. To this special work we may add his important contributions on the Holy Land generally to Dr. Smith’s ‘Dictionary of Ancient Geography.’ We have placed Dr. Robinson last, both because his second and forthcoming edition will make him really posterior in order of time to all those whom we have mentioned, and also because of the supreme importance of his work in sacred topography. With a learning equal to that of a German professor, with a manly dignity of thought and style equal to that of an English divine, the American traveller combined the advantage, through his friend Dr. Eli Smith, of a thorough knowledge of Arabic, which enabled him to pursue to the utmost — what is, in fact, the clue to his great success — the native Arab nomenclature of the towns and villages of Palestine. Knowing by his long previous preparation where to seek for localities, his own accurate observation, his rare ‘geographical faculty,’ and his friend’s conversations with the peasants of the country, gave him the power of determining with precision some of the most important

portant sites of the Scriptural history ; and the complete collection of all the passages of ancient and modern authorities on the various places with which he comes into contact give to the Biblical Researches a value far beyond that of any mere travels or geographical work that has yet appeared on the subject. Two defects are obvious. One is that which necessarily resulted from his hurried journey, and which we trust his second edition will in a great measure rectify—namely, the great inequality of his information. That cannot be called a perfect work on Palestine which has no detailed notice of Acre, Carmel, Jaffa, Ascalon, or the Transjordanic tribes. The second is one on which opinions will vary. We do not mean to arrogate more authority to the monastic legends than he has assigned to them ; but they form too curious a passage in the geography of the most famous country in the world to have been (if we may use the expression) so deliberately overlooked as they often are by Dr. Robinson. It was surely a strange neglect in the chief opponent of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre never but once to have entered the church, and then only for a few minutes.

These are, we have said, the chief travellers of this school ; yet we must not omit some others of considerable, though subordinate merit. In later times, amongst those who have treated of the general geography we may select the Scotch minister Dr. Wilson, the German physician Dr. Tobler, and the French engineer M. de Saulcy. The first has the advantage over Dr. Robinson in the extent of his journey, and perhaps in his scientific acquirements ; but the spirit of his work is greatly lowered by irrelevant discussions, and by unworthy carplings at the success of his predecessor. The works of Dr. Tobler on the Holy Places at Jerusalem and Bethlehem are the most complete on that special subject that we have met. The conjectures of M. de Saulcy, though delivered in the midst of a rattling and discursive journal which grates harshly against an English ear, are such as in many points deserve serious attention. His attempt to deny the existence of Egyptian sculptures on the Lycus is indeed wholly unsupported ; and his burial of the kings of Judah beyond the walls of Jerusalem, and his transposition of Pisgah to the west of the Jordan, are difficult if not impossible to reconcile with the statements of the sacred narrative. But (to omit lesser points) his position of Capernaum is well defended, and, whether or not he has actually verified the sites of the 'five cities of the plain,' he has certainly established the point that there is no ground in history, or in the localities, for the comparatively modern theory of their submersion.

In a purely scientific point of view the narrative of Schubert is specially important, both for the natural history and for the observation

vation of the elevations of Palestine and Arabia; and it is, moreover, enlivened by that genial enthusiasm, both poetical and religious, which is so happy an ingredient in giving warmth and unity to the dry bones of mechanical research. The '*official*' account of Lieutenant Lynch's expedition contains the fullest and most accurate notice of the physical structure of Palestine, which, with the short though valuable description of the Sinaitic peninsula by Rüppell and Russegger, are the only authentic statements we possess on the subject from professed geologists. The most authentic account of the modern population and products of Palestine is that given in the Parliamentary 'Report on the Commercial Statistics of Syria,' published in 1840.

Some works must be mentioned from their illustration of more special scenes. Lynch's personal narrative of his expedition to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, though spoiled by the false rhetoric which distinguishes the writings of many of his countrymen; Colonel Churchill's '*Lebanon*,' though unpardonably diffuse, are standard works on these important localities. Buckingham's account of the scenes of the east of the Jordan is an almost indispensable supplement to Burckhardt's outline of the same district. Dr. Lepsius's letters contribute an essential element to the consideration of the disputed localities of the Peninsula of Sinai. Mr. Rowlands' Letter on the site of Kadesh, in Mr. Williams's '*Holy City*,' is the only full account of the desert immediately south of Judæa. Dr. Richardson, who travelled as physician to Lord Belmore in 1816, and whose general observations are often exceedingly just, has the peculiar interest of being the first Christian traveller who penetrated into the Mosque of Omar. From this account, illustrated by that of the Portuguese renegade Ali Bey, and the valuable notes and plans of Messrs. Catherwood and Bonomi, published in Mr. Fergusson's able '*Essay on the Topography of Jerusalem*,' we can now form a tolerable notion of the most important points in the enclosure which, beyond question, covers the area of the ancient Temple. The descriptions of the Mosque of Hebron by Ali Bey, and, although coming to us in a doubtful form, by Mr. Monro, are the only published accounts of the interior view of the platform, which in all probability conceals the cave of Macpelah.*

* Any detailed research on special localities would be repaid by consulting the brief notices on Arabia and Syria scattered throughout the periodicals of our own and other countries—the '*Bibliotheca Sacra*' of the United States, the '*Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*,' and the Journal of our own Geographical Society. Nor must we forget that some of the most secluded districts on the east of the Jordan and in the Hauran have been most thoroughly explored by one or two enterprising travellers who have never given the results of their journey to the world.

5. The travellers whom we have last mentioned (with the exception of Volney) all fall within the present century—most within the present generation. With the last century and with the present generation has begun that torrent of travels which have become not merely in quantity but in quality the bane of our increased knowledge of the East. It is impossible not to lament the recklessness with which the recollections of travellers are poured on the world; it is, perhaps, still more lamentable to see the recklessness with which great opportunities granted are often thrown away, by those who are close within their reach—how mistakes a thousand times repeated are repeated yet again by those who will not take the pains to turn to the pages of their predecessors to see what ground there is for what they have to tell. But after all there is no greater tribute to the interest of these countries than the fact that there is hardly a volume of the hundreds thus published, however dry or superficial, however superstitious or profane, in which there does not transpire some one incident or impression worth retaining, in which the observation of an eye-witness does not give a new turn to some old association or a new illustration of some Scriptural scene or custom. This is the real justification of the infinite multiplication of the books of Eastern travel, though it is none for the negligence with which too often the travels themselves are made and the books written. Out of this mass of literature, some few emerge of interest and importance equal to any that we have yet mentioned. There is one general merit more or less applicable to all, and which they possess not by virtue of themselves, but of their age. We have noticed before, how, with all the excellences of the first learned and scientific travellers, there is hardly any attempt at a picture of what they saw. The plans which they give of cities and mountains are hardly more unlike to the reality than the meagre description which they endeavour to convey in words. Nor in spite of some graphic touches in Hasselquist, in Burckhardt, and in Irby and Mangles (see especially their description of Petra), is this defect materially mended by their immediate successors. Even Dr. Robinson, though occasionally by the mere force of grave and perspicuous language, as in the passage describing his approach to Sinai, something like a vivid image is struck out in spite of himself, rarely condescends to *show* us what he has seen. Laborde, who sometimes aims expressly and with great success at picturesque effect, is so far from making it a continuous object, as to pass through the Wady Wetir—one of the most magnificent scenes in the East—without a single comment. But the tendency to pictorial representation, which is at once the vice and the virtue of this age,

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has at last taken possession of oriental travellers; and therefore it often happens that from a mere glance of a hasty wayfarer we now gain a more complete notion of what passed before the eyes of Moses and David than from hundreds of ponderous tomes of preceding times. Perhaps the earliest dawn of this new light in the East (to use an expression like their own) was in the pilgrimages of Chateaubriand and Lamartine. They first really applied themselves to paint as well as to enumerate the objects which they witnessed. But in this attempt, as was natural in the first endeavours, and those endeavours made by French poets, the colours are often overcharged, the outlines incorrect.* The one work which stands pre-eminent in this new department—we must in justice confess it, however much we may lament her crude theories and her narrow prejudices, or the want of Christian reverence which pervades too many even of her best passages—is Miss Martineau's 'Eastern Life.' She is the first of oriental travellers who deliberately attempted both to be accurate and to be graphic, and to a great extent she has in both succeeded. Her colours are better than her forms, and she excels in giving the details of a particular scene rather than in presenting a general image of the country. But on the whole, and with an allowance for a slight, and at times more than slight, vein of exaggeration pervading the entire book—especially the Egyptian portion of it—it is the most vivid extant representation of the scenes of the East. We may especially name the Wady El Ain, Petra, the entrance into Palestine, and Damascus.

Besides the delineations of scenery thus presented to us by Eastern travellers, we also gain occasionally delineations of manners, and general impressions, from the observation of men of greater and more varied experience of life, and therefore of more acute perception and of richer powers of comparison than could be expected from the simpler travellers of science or enterprise when the East was less accessible to civilized society. The 'Crescent and the Cross' is hardly worthy of the interest which it will long derive from the lively style and the amiable character of its accomplished and unfortunate author. But there is a permanent value in several works of this class, in spite of obvious drawbacks to their excellence: 'Eöthen,' still unrivalled in his line; Milnes' 'Palm-Leaves,' and not least the Preface; Curzon's 'Monasteries of the Levant;' and D'Israeli's 'Tancred.' Nor can we forbear to notice here a work which, though by one who

* The inaccuracy of Lamartine may be judged by the extracts given in a work by his countryman, M. Mislin, on the *Lieux Saints* (see especially vol. iii. p. 320), who not without reason assigns to him the unenviable distinction of having written 'la plus inexacte description qui ait jamais été faite de la Palestine.'

never visited the East, has perhaps materially contributed to all our early associations of it—Sir Walter Scott's 'Talisman.' Two impressions, we think, it will not fail to leave on the mind of any Eastern traveller. First, the extraordinary disregard of all possibilities of geography and topography in relation to the history of Richard's crusade; but, secondly, the no less extraordinary insight into the minute lights and shades of the oriental character as depicted in Saladin.

Of lesser value, but each with some merit of its own, may be mentioned Olin's Travels in the East, especially his account of the colours of the Desert and of the soil of Palestine; Lord Nugent, whose arguments on the Holy Places are almost always sound and judicious; Sir Frederick Henniker, who in one or two graphic sentences has, perhaps, done more to reproduce Mount Sinai than any other traveller, and who had the singular—shall we say good or evil?—fortune of exemplifying in his own person and on the very same road the adventure described in the parable of the Good Samaritan. For a similar reason, Mr. Fiske's travels deserve mention, as containing a simple and striking account of his adventure with the Mezayne Arabs, and its tragical close, interesting both in itself and as illustrative of the customs of the Sinaitic tribes; and we may add (what we noticed on a previous occasion) Tischendorf's account of the great Bedouin festival around the tomb of Sheykh Saleh. Every visit to Petra has the advantage of giving us a momentary insight into the domestic character and history of the wild dynasties which occupy the site or the approaches of the deserted city. It is impossible not to feel an almost personal interest in the 'Father of Olives,' who, after having persecuted Irby and Mangles in his youth, re-appeared in his old age to waylay Dr. Robinson, and has now left a hideous son, worthy of himself, to pursue the same trade. In like manner the famous Sheykh Husseyn, who first becomes known to us in the vigour of life through Mr. Stephens and Lord Lindsay, is brought before us in the successive stages of his age and character in every later journey; and the young Mohammed, his high-spirited son, whom we first see as a spoiled child in the adventures of Mr. Kinnear, becomes the active guide of Mr. Bartlett, and will probably ere long appear as his father's successor, '*melior patre*,' in the chieftainship of his powerful clan.

6. One class of writers still remains—those who, partly from their own experience, partly from the experience of others, have composed, not travels, but learned works on the geography of Palestine. Such in earlier times—the culmination, as it were, of the age of pilgrims—is Quaresmius, the Franciscan friar of the

the convent at Jerusalem, the great depository of all monastic traditions down to the sixteenth century.* Such, in the second period, is the Dutch Reland, the learned preceptor of our own William III., and author of what is still the standard work on the names and divisions of Ancient Palestine. Such in our own times is the great German geographer Ritter, in whose four volumes on Sinai and Palestine, in the magnificent series of the 'Erdkunde,' is a complete digest of all the labours of previous travellers, arranged with an order and accuracy which only needed the ocular inspection of the localities by its distinguished author to make it the masterwork of the whole subject, and which renders the mere table of contents a valuable study in itself. Here, as in the actual results of travel, the catalogue, if continued, would have been infinite. Yet we must specially name the works of Rohr and Raumer on the 'Historical Geography of Palestine,' in Germany; 'Palestine' by Munck, in the great French work entitled 'L'Univers;' and in our own country, the valuable geographical notices in the various works edited or composed by Dr. Kitto, and in that which is now before us—the account of the Voyages and Travels of St. Paul.†

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* The first volume consists merely of general arguments in defence of his positions. It is the second which contains the facts.

† An account of the geography of Arabia and Palestine must be incomplete unless it furnishes a notice, however brief, of the most important maps and views of these countries. Kiepert's Map of Palestine, chiefly framed from Robinson's accounts, is still the best, and will doubtless be much improved by the additional information collected by that traveller in his tour of 1852. Russegger's geological map of the Peninsula of Sinai and South of Judea is, we believe, the only one of its kind, and is on the whole trustworthy. The two physical maps of Palestine in Petermann's Atlas are, as far as they go, very useful.

Zimmerman's map—published on a large scale to accompany Ritter's work—is hardly worthy of its great pretensions. It rarely represents the physical configuration of the country, and, although profuse in its names of places, often fails to give them their true relative position. An honourable exception is to be found in its full and accurate representation of the almost unexplored villages of Mount Carmel.

Of particular portions, we may especially notice the small maps of the cluster of Mount Sinai, of the environs of Jerusalem, and of the Sea of Galilee, in Dr. Robinson's Researches, and (in spite of the error which has been undoubtedly detected in the representation of the western wall of the Mosque of Omar) the Ordnance Survey of Jerusalem, published by permission of the Ordnance Office as an accompaniment of Mr. Williams's Holy City—the desert valleys between Serhal and Sinai in Laborde's Commentary on Exodus and Numbers—and that portion of Palmer's map of 'Arabia Petraea and the Holy Land,' which represents the Peninsula of Sinai, and which, though disfigured by theories, antiquated or uncertain, of the Israelite wanderings, is executed with remarkable precision, and also has the advantage of faithfully recording the soundings of the Red Sea from the chart of Lient. Careless of the Palinurus.

The best views are those of Mr. Bartlett in his unpretending but useful books entitled 'Forty Days in the Desert,' 'Walks about Jerusalem,' and 'Footsteps of our Lord and his Apostles.' Mr. Tipping's Illustrations of Dr. Traill's Josephus should also be mentioned as giving accurate likenesses of Syrian scenes

From the materials of sacred geography we now proceed to the leading results to be looked for—we mean the leading results in regard to sacred history. The purely geographical or geological conclusions will, of course, be arrived at by the same process and according to the same principles as in any other country. But the historical conclusions, though similar or analogous to those which have been obtained elsewhere, need, in consideration of the peculiar importance which has been in this instance attached to them, a special statement.

There must be two distinct processes of investigation here as in any other scenes of a dead as distinguished from a living history. The first is that of comparing the actual features of the country with the contemporary records, and thus forming an independent judgment. Thus, and thus alone, did Colonel Leake at Athens, and Bunsen and Canina at Rome, discover the localities in those two great cities, of which all at Athens and most at Rome had, during the darkness of the middle ages, completely lost their real nomenclature. It is for the same reason that the Bible, as has been often observed, becomes as truly the Englishman's Handbook in Palestine, as our good friend's Handbook is sometimes facetiously called the Englishman's Bible in Europe. But in order to ascertain the extent to which this can be surely followed out, it is necessary to ask how far the local notices in the Bible are sufficiently precise, how far the countries to which they apply are sufficiently marked. We have already indicated how extensive a part the geographical element plays both in the Old and the New Testament. We must add that the geographical terms in the original Hebrew are definite and various to a degree only paralleled in the provincial phraseology of European countries, always richer and more exact in those points than is the language of conversation and of literature. But a

scenes not commonly depicted. Many of the views of Petra and the Desert in the great works of Laborde and Roberts are faithful representations, so far as any views can be which fail adequately to represent the most peculiar feature of those wonderful regions—their colour. The same defect of course applies to Mr. Bartlett's, though it is of less consequence in Palestine than in Arabia. Lieutenant Wellsted gives some views of the less explored parts of the Sinaitic peninsula which, we believe, are not to be found elsewhere.

In one respect only do the illustrations of ancient travellers excel those of the modern. Utterly useless as are their maps and pictures, much time may be saved and much instruction gained by studying the *plans*, both external and internal, of the traditional localities and sacred edifices, which are contained in Sandys, in Zuallart, in Bernardino Amico, and in Quaresmius. In recent works these are usually omitted. Excellent plans, however, of the churches of Bethlehem and Jerusalem are to be found in Tobler. And nothing of this kind in ancient or modern times has been produced with regard to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Mosque of Omar so complete as those contained respectively in Professor Willis's Essay, attached to Mr. Williams's Holy City, and the plans of Mr. Catherwood, published for the first time by Mr. Fergusson in his work on the topography of Jerusalem.

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great distinction must be drawn between the various parts of the Sacred Volume. The localities of the Palestine of the Patriarchs, of the Conquest, and of the Monarchy, are probably laid down as fully in the books which treat of those periods as those of Greece in the time of Herodotus or Thucydides; whilst the numerous allusions in the prophetic writings supply what in other countries would be furnished by the illustrations of poets and orators. In the New Testament, on the other hand, such allusions are exceedingly slight; and if it were not for the occurrence of the same names in the Old Testament or Josephus, it would perhaps be impossible to identify them. Still, even there, when the general locality is ascertained, the mere vividness of the narrative often renders it possible to detect the particular scenes alluded to. Whether, therefore, in the Old or the New Testament, but especially in the Old, this mode of investigation must always precede any other. Nor have its results been incommensurate with its importance. By this process alone have the ancient names been assigned to the mountains, rivers, and valleys. Of these (with the exception of Lebanon, and perhaps Carmel and Gilead), not one name has been preserved by local tradition; yet neither is there one of which there is any doubt. Hermon, Tabor, Gilboa, Olivet, Gerizim, Ebal, the Jordan, the Kishon, the plain of Esdraelon, and the valley of the Kedron, are as certain as Snowdon or the Thames, as Glencoe or Salisbury Plain. And even with regard to lesser localities the same is true, whenever the natural features of the country serve as a guide. Such—not merely without, but in defiance of tradition—is the view of Jerusalem, in the Triumphal Entry, on the road from Bethany, and (in all probability) the cliff overhanging the Maronite convent of Nazareth as the scene of the intended precipitation. It is not, however, to be denied that there is a limit to this mode of investigation; and in Palestine the features are not marked with anything like the distinctness which belongs to almost all the famous localities of Greece. The hills, the plains, the valleys, are of a much more complicated as well as uniform character—the boundaries between tribe and tribe far less obviously perceptible. Therefore, although we doubt not that a tolerably accurate map of Palestine might be constructed without regard to any tradition, it is in some cases necessary, in almost all satisfactory, to have it at least as a guide.

But when we speak of tradition, it must be recollected that we are using that word in the largest sense, to imply the whole mass of historical consciousness (as the Germans would call it) which has accumulated in Palestine since the extinction of the living national existence of its old inhabitants. This includes,
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in the first place, that almost inevitable continuation of the names of famous cities, by which Rome, and Athens, and Constantinople, are, without a question, identified with the cities which bore those names formerly, and which, though subsequently occupied by people of another race or language, have never ceased to be known, if not to their immediate inhabitants, at least to neighbouring nations, by the ancient appellation. Such is the certainty which belongs to the general site of Jerusalem, of Hebron, of Damascus. The towns may have changed their proportions and their exact positions. They may have exchanged their Hebrew names for corresponding Arabic terms—El Khods, El Khalil, Es-Sham. But this no more affects the general proof of their identity than the fact that modern Rome has retired from the Seven Hills, or that Constantinople is now called Stamboul, invalidates the continuity of existence of those illustrious cities. Secondly, this also applies, though in a lesser degree, to the names of towns or villages of smaller note.* Here, of course, the facility for a change of name is much greater. The migration of a village population in the unsettled state of Eastern countries may (as is believed to be the case at Marathon, and appears to have been the case in ancient Palestine with regard to Luz and Dan) have carried the name of their village with them. The convenience of some neighbouring monastery may have transferred the name of a distant village celebrated in history, to one standing in closer proximity with accessible parts. ‘Ladron,’ from the legendary Castle of the Penitent Thief—El-Lazarieh, from the convent over the alleged tomb of Lazarus—have superseded the names of Modin and Bethany. But these are rare exceptions. Even where a new name is affixed in the parlance of pilgrims, it has rarely dislodged the name used by the common people. Ramleh may be called by the monks Arimathea, and Tell-Hum, Capernaum; but the places themselves continue to be Ramleh and Tell-Hum, not Arimathea or Capernaum. Kana-el-Jelil, and not Kefr-kenna, may be the Cana of Galilee, but the names of both are equally genuine. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of the tenacity of a native and ancient name, in spite of a foreign and modern substitute, is that of Acca (Acre), which, as Dr. Clarke well observes,† has preserved the Canaanitish ‘Accho,’ through many centuries of the Greek ‘Ptolemais,’

* This unchanging character of the names of towns is evident, even when overlaid by the traditions of Christian pilgrims, in those curious itineraries of Jewish pilgrims, of which a valuable French translation and collection has been published by M. Carmoly.

† Travels, iv. 121.

imposed upon it by the Macedonian kings of Egypt. In almost all cases, therefore, where the ancient Hebrew name is found to linger as the habitual Arabic appellation of a town or village, we may as fairly conclude it to be authentic—especially if there has been no special motive for inventing or transferring it—as in the analogous cases of the Celtic and Saxon names, which in England, or the Hellenic names which in Greece, have in so many instances stemmed the successive tides of Danish and Norman, in the one case, of Slavonic and Turkish conquerors in the other. It need hardly be observed that the facility of preservation is much increased by the fact that the present spoken language (Arabic), though different in dialect from that in which the names were first given, is still of the same Semitic family. Nor is the identity of the appellations impaired by the slight alterations made, as is so common in barbarous countries, for the sake of giving some apparent meaning to a word whose original signification is forgotten. Thus Beth-lehem (the house of bread) is now Beit-lahm (the house of flesh), Beth-horon (the house of caves) is now Beit-ur (the house of the eye), Beersheba (the well of the seven) Bir-es Seba (the well of the lion), Tiberias (the city of Tiberius) is Tabaria (spelt). Many instances might be added, but these will suffice. It is by the exploration of this native nomenclature, combined with a careful attention to the original names and features of the country, that Dr. Robinson has acquired such a lasting hold on the gratitude of Eastern geographers. And it may be added, that the results of this combination are doubly satisfactory, as proving the success of each mode—the truth of the original records on the one hand, and of the native tradition on the other hand. Often as the foreign and later nomenclature comes into collision both with the features of the country and with the Scripture narrative, there is, we believe, no case in which this has been found to be the case with the native tradition or with that narrative itself. It is to this method that we owe within the last twenty years the discovery of Bethel, Shiloh, Anathoth, Beth-horon, Ziph, Maon, and many names equally celebrated in sacred history.

But, besides this unconscious tradition which exists in every country that has ever been inhabited, there exists in Palestine, as there also exists in every country that has once been famous, traditions suggested by the endeavour to retain a recollection of the events which have there taken place. These are of various kinds. The most authentic, of course, and that with which all the others attempt to identify themselves, is a tradition, indigenous and local, derived from the immediate contemporaries of the events in question, and thus second only in fidelity and trustworthiness

worthiness to the unconscious nomenclature of towns and villages just mentioned. Such we believe to be the case with most of the historical traditions of Scotland. The scenes of the murders of James III. and of Rizzio will occur to every one. These spots must have lived in the recollection of their respective inhabitants from the time of the events, and are thus of almost the same authenticity as the names themselves of Sauchieburn and of Holyrood. But Scotland is a rare instance of an unbroken historical consciousness in a peasant population: and such traditions, when relating to events of remote antiquity, are obviously for the most part beyond the reach of verification, and can only receive entire credence when there is something in the natural features of the place which gives them certainty or probability. Such, if any, in Palestine, are the scenes of Elijah's sacrifice on Carmel, and of the tanneries of Simon's house at Joppa; in both instances maintained irrespectively of ecclesiastical aid, and confirmed by the unchanging features of their respective localities. Such are usually those which attach to the ancient wells, and, in a less degree, to the ancient sepulchres of the whole country, of which the most signal instances are Jacob's well at Shechem and the cave of Macpelah enclosed within the mosque of Hebron. Such, too, although it must be doubtful whether they reach up to the events themselves which they commemorate, are the traditions which identify the grotto at Bethlehem with the scene of the Nativity, and the cave on Mount Olivet with the scene of our Lord's last conversations. They may not be authentic, but they are indigenous; and they must have arisen, the first within one century, the latter within two centuries, of the times to which they refer.

If all the traditions of Palestine were of this character there would, of course, have been but little controversy on the subject. This, however, is not the case. With the exceptions we have just mentioned, all the identifications of the special localities of the Old and New Testaments, except so far as they are involved in the actual sites of towns and villages, date from later times, and may be resolved into three distinct epochs. There are, first, those which appear in the age of Constantine, and continue under the sanction of the Greek and Latin clergy, who then began to settle round the holy places in Palestine. Of this kind are the traditions of Gethsemane, of the site of Calvary and the Sepulchre, of the scene of the Transfiguration on Mount Tabor, and of various spots of lesser importance in different parts of the country. There are next, those of the age of the Crusaders, amongst which must be classed the elaborate specification of every conceivable locality in the history

tory of the Passion along the Via Dolorosa, and in the precincts of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There are, lastly, those of the Arab and Turkish conquerors, including the various spots connected with the nocturnal journey of Mahomet to Jerusalem, and the innumerable sepulchres of saints common alike to the Old Testament and the Koran. In every case these traditions claim to be original, and in some cases, as we have said, they may be. To take one out of each class, the Constantinian site of Gethsemane is at least probable; the Crusaders' Mount of the Beatitudes has much in its favour; the Mussulman Tomb of Rachel is almost certainly identical in situation with that indicated in Genesis. Others again in each class are in the highest degree improbable, not to say impossible. The 'Cœnaculum' at Jerusalem is barely credible; the pillar on which the cock crew is evidently imaginary; the tombs of Noah and Seth, in the vale of the Lebanon, are absolutely inconceivable. In all these cases the silence of previous travellers and pilgrims throws such a doubt on their antiquity, and therefore on their genuineness, that, as a general rule, none should be accepted, except so far as they are confirmed by the results of that independent investigation of which we first spoke. In all cases they rest under the necessary disadvantage of proceeding from strangers—not natives—often not speaking the language of the country, and labouring under the pressure of the constant demand of pilgrims, which they were obliged to supply as best they could. It is solely with regard to the local controversies resting on this foreign tradition that the local controversies of the Holy Land have arisen. So far as the topography of Palestine rests on the processes described above (and this includes by far its larger part), it is involved in no more doubt than that of Greece and Italy, except so far as the difficulties of travelling, and, above all, the difficulties of excavation, render those solutions impossible in Judea and in Jerusalem, which fifty years ago would, for the same reason, have seemed equally impossible in Athens and in Rome, but which there are now attained beyond the possibility of a doubt, and which similar facilities in the Holy Land would probably clear up also.

With these materials, and under these principles, let us now see what connexion exists between the history and the geography of Palestine, sufficient to make the study of the one necessary or useful to the understanding of the other.

I. The most important results of an insight into the geographical features of any country are those which elucidate in any degree the general character of the nation to which it has furnished a home, and the general course of the history which has
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grown up within its limits. 'God hath determined the bounds of the habitation of all nations to dwell on the face of the earth.' So said the Apostle in his speech on the Areopagus. It is indeed a subject not unworthy of the solemnity of such words. If there be anything in the course of human history which brings us near to the 'divinity which shapes men's ends, rough-hew them as they will,' which indicates something of the prescience of their future course even at its very commencement, it is the sight of that framework in which the national character is enclosed, by which it is modified, beyond which it cannot develop itself. And such a view of this connexion becomes deeply interesting in the case of those nations which have played so great a part on the stage of the world as to entitle us to look there, if anywhere, for that prophetic forecast of a nation's destiny which can be seen nowhere so clearly as in the hills, the plains, the rivers, the seas, which cradled and fostered its birth and its infancy. Such a forecast, as every one knows, can be seen in the early growth of the Roman commonwealth, and in the peculiar conformation and climate of Greece. The question which the geographer of the Holy Land, which the historian of the chosen people has to propose to himself is, 'Can a connexion be traced between the scenery, the features, the boundaries, the situation of Sinai and of Palestine, on the one hand, and the history of the Israelites on the other?' It may be, as is our own belief, that there is much in one part of their history, and little in another; least of all in its close, more in the middle part, most of all in its early beginnings. But whatever be the true answer, it cannot be indifferent to any one who wishes—whether from the divine or the human, from the theological or the historical point of view—to form a complete estimate of the character of the most remarkable nation which has appeared on the earth. If the grandeur and solitude of Sinai was a fitting preparation for the reception of the Decalogue and for the second birth of an infant nation; if Palestine, by its central situation, by its separation from the great civilized powers of the Eastern world, by its contrast both with the Desert and with the Egyptian and Mesopotamian empires, and by the variety of its climate and scenery, presents a natural home for the chosen people; if the poverty of its local features deprives it of some of the main accessories of local religions, and thus renders it an obvious cradle of a faith that was intended to be universal; its geography is not without interest in this its most general aspect, both for the philosopher and theologian.

II. Next to the importance of illustrating the general character of a nation from its geographical situation is the importance of ascertaining

ascertaining how far its leading ideas, its poetry, its philosophy, its forms of worship, have been affected by it. In Greece this has been eminently the case. Was it so in Palestine? It is not enough to answer that the religion of the Jewish people came direct from God, and that the poetry of the Jewish prophets and psalmists was the immediate inspiration of God's Spirit. In the highest sense, indeed, of the words this is most true. But it must be remembered, that as every one acknowledges that this religion and this inspiration came through a human medium to men living in those particular 'times' of civilization, and in those particular 'bounds of habitation,' which God had 'before appointed' and 'determined' for them, we cannot safely dispense with this or with any other means of knowing by what local influences the Divine message was of necessity coloured in its entrance into the world. Again, as there are some who would exaggerate this local influence to the highest, and others who would depreciate it to the lowest degree possible, it is important to ascertain the real facts, whatever they may be, which may determine our judgment in arriving at the proper mean. And lastly, as there was in the later developments of the history of Palestine, in the rabbinical times of the Jewish history, in the monastic and crusading times of the Christian history, an abundant literature and mythology of purely human growth, it becomes a matter of at least a secondary interest to know how far the traditions and the institutions of those times have been fostered by, or have grown up independently of, local and geographical considerations.

III. In the two points we have just noticed the connexion between history and geography, if real, is essential. But this connexion must always be more or less matter of opinion, and, for that very reason, is more open to fanciful speculation on the one side, and entire rejection on the other. There is however a connexion less important but of more general interest, because more generally accessible and appreciable, that, namely, which, without actually causing or influencing, explains the events that have occurred in any particular locality. The most obvious example of this kind of concatenation between place and event is that between a battle and a battle-field, a campaign and the seat of war. No one can thoroughly understand the one without having seen or investigated the other. In some respects this mutual relation of action and locality is less remarkable in the simple warfare of ancient times than in the complicated tactics of modern times. A single combat, or a succession of single combats, such as the Homeric battles, may be fought indifferently on any ground; whereas in later strategics a rise or a depression of ground, however slight,
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in the theatre of war, may decide the fate of empires. But, on the other hand, the course of armies, the use of cavalry and chariots, or of infantry, the sudden panics and successes of battle, are more easily affected by the natural features of a country in simpler than in later ages, and accordingly the conquest of Palestine by Joshua and the numerous battles in the plain of Esdraelon must be as indisputably illustrated by a view of the localities as the fights of Marathon or Thrasymenus. So again the boundaries of the different tribes, and the selection of the various capitals, must either receive considerable light from a consideration of their geographical circumstances, or, if not, a further question must arise why in each case such exceptions should occur to what is else the well-known and general rule which determines such events. It is to the middle history of Palestine and of Israel, the times of the monarchy, where historical incidents of this kind are related in such detail as to present us with their various adjuncts, that this interest especially applies. But perhaps there is no incident of any magnitude, either of the New or Old Testament, to which it is not more or less applicable. Even in those periods and those events which are least associated with any special localities, namely, the ministrations and journeys described in the Gospels and in the Acts, it is at least important to know the course of the ancient roads, the situation of the towns and villages, which must have determined the movements there described in one direction or another. Mr. Howson's labours in this respect are amongst the most important contributions which have been made to the subject.

IV. Those who visit or who describe the scenes of sacred history expressly for the sake of finding confirmations of Scripture, are often tempted to mislead themselves and others by involuntary exaggeration or invention. But this danger ought not to prevent us from thankfully welcoming any such evidences as can truly be found to the reality and faithfulness of the sacred records. One such aid is sometimes sought in the supposed fulfilment of the ancient prophecies by the appearance which some of the sites of Syrian or Arabian cities present to the modern traveller. We need not go over again * the reasons which make us regard many of these attempts as fraught with mischief to the cause they intend to uphold. Rather we may hail the present aspect of these sites as proofs that the spirit of prophecy is not so to be bound down. The continuous existence of Damascus and Sidon, the ruins of the revived cities of Ascalon, Petra, and Tyre, after the extinction of the empires or the races which they

* See *Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxi. p. 182.

represented,

represented, are standing monuments of the important truth that the warnings delivered by 'holy men of old' were aimed not against stocks and stones, but then, as always, against living souls and sins, whether of men or of nations. But there is a further and more satisfactory 'evidence' to be derived from a view of the sacred localities, which has perhaps hardly been regarded sufficiently by those who have written on the subject. Facts, it is said, are stubborn, and geographical facts happily the most stubborn of all. We cannot wrest them to meet our views; but neither can we refuse the conclusions they force upon us. We would not strain the argument beyond what it is worth. But it is impossible not to be struck by the constant agreement between the recorded history and the natural geography both of the Old and New Testament. To find a marked correspondence between the scenes of the Sinaitic mountains and the events of the Israelite wanderings is not much perhaps, but it is certainly something towards a proof of the great truth of the whole narrative. To meet in the Gospels allusions so transient and yet so precise to the localities of Palestine, inevitably suggests the conclusion of their early origin, while Palestine was still familiar and accessible, while the events themselves were still recent in the minds of the writers. The complete and detailed harmony between the incidents of the life of David and the hills and vales of Judæa, or between the voyages of St. Paul and the known facts of the navigation of the Mediterranean Sea are indications, slight it is true, yet still important, that we are dealing not with shadows, but with realities of flesh and blood. Such coincidences are not usually found in fables, least of all in fables of Eastern origin.

V. Lastly, even where there is no real connexion, either by way of influence or explanation, between the localities and the events, there still remains the charm of more vividly realizing the scene. Even when, as in that last period of the Sacred History, local associations can hardly be supposed to have exercised any the slightest influence over the minds of the actors, or over the course of the events, it is still to most persons an indescribable pleasure and assistance to know what was the outline of landscape, what the colour of the hills and fields, what the special objects, far or near, that met the eye of those who took part in those momentous acts. And this is a pleasure and an instruction which of course is increased in proportion as the events in question occurred not within perishable or perished buildings, but on the unchanging scenes of nature; on the Sea of Galilee, and Mount Olivet, and at the foot of Gerizim, rather than in the house of Pilate, or the inn of Bethlehem, or the garden

garden of the Holy Sepulchre, were the localities now shown as such ever so genuine.

This interest is one which pervades every stage of the Sacred History, from the earliest to the latest times, the latest times perhaps the most, because then it is often the only interest, but the earliest in a high degree, because then the events more frequently occurred in this connexion with the free and open scenery of the country, which we still have before us. It is also an interest which extends in some measure beyond the actual localities of events to those which are merely alleged to be such, a consideration not without importance in a country where so much is shown which is of doubtful, or more than doubtful, authenticity, yet the objects of centuries of veneration. Such spots have become themselves the scenes of a history, though not of that history for which they claim attention; and to see and understand what it was that has for ages delighted the eyes and moved the souls of thousands of mankind is instructive, though in a different way from which those who selected these sites intended.

In one respect the sight and description of Eastern countries lends itself more than that of any other country to this use of historical geography. Doubtless there are many alterations, some of considerable importance, in the vegetation, the climate, the general aspect of these countries, since the days of the Old and New Testament. But, on the other hand, it is one of the great charms dwelt upon by Eastern travellers that the framework of life, of customs, of manners, even of dress and speech, is still substantially the same as it was centuries and ages ago. Something, of course, in representing the scenes of the New Testament, must be sought from Roman and Grecian usages now extinct, but the Bedouin tents are still the faithful reproduction of the outward life of the patriarchs—the vineyards, the corn-fields, the houses, the wells of Syria still retain the outward imagery of the teaching of Christ and the Apostles; and it is for this reason that the mere passing notices of Oriental customs which occur in ordinary travels, much more the detailed accounts of Lane and of Burckhardt, contain a mine of Scriptural illustration which it is an unworthy superstition either to despise or to fear.

It is to this last result of sacred geography, that of reproducing the scenes rather than of explaining or illustrating the actual course of sacred history, that the chief part of Mr. Howson's work is necessarily confined. Of all the great characters that have ever appeared in the world few probably have been so little affected by local influences as that of the Apostle of the Gentiles. Still, as we have observed, there is always a pleasure in the sight and description of the mere outlines and colours

colours which met the eye, however unconsciously, of one in whose life we feel an interest; and, even if no actual results are produced, there is, as one of the profoundest historical students * of our day well observes, a satisfaction and instruction in treading the soil and breathing the atmosphere of the illustrious dead, if only to be sure that we have left no stone unturned, no step unapproached, by which we can be brought more nearly into contact with what is now the only unchangeable witness of the events which have themselves passed away. It is true that this feeling is easily carried to excess, and we cannot but think that in many instances Mr. Howson's illustrations are chargeable with the error of overshadowing, not elucidating, a narrative which for the most part flies with the lightest possible touch over ground which in these pages is described with a minuteness appropriate only to historical events drawn on the largest scale.

There are, however, scenes in the Apostle's life, such as the address on the Areopagus, the tumult in the theatre of Ephesus, the rescue on the staircase of the Antonian fortress, the shipwreck at Melita, in which the sacred narrative not only admits but invites every elucidation of topographical details. This, in all these cases, Mr. Howson has amply and faithfully furnished;† and even where the need is less urgent, much will be forgiven, and much even required, by the intense and universal interest which attaches to every portion of such a life. We have already intimated that the chief instruction to be derived from this work lies beyond the immediate scope of our essay in which we have chiefly dwelt on the central and essential scenes of sacred history in Syria and Arabia. Something indeed of an enduring connexion must always exist between the Apostle's life and the two great cities of Damascus and Antioch‡ which witnessed its two most critical moments. The night journey, too, from Jerusalem to Antipatris is reproduced by Mr. Howson from the narrative of Dr. Eli Smith with a vividness as new and interesting as it is exact and certain.§ But it is not on Palestine but on Asia Minor and the Mediterranean Sea that the geographical labours of St. Paul's biographer must be chiefly expended. We gladly close our rapid sketch by turning for a moment to those regions—the true complement of the wide sphere of sacred geography. There is hardly a headland, or bay, or island in the long coast of unrivalled beauty from the Bay of Issus to the Triopian

* Palgrave's History of Normandy and England.

† Vol. i. pp. 402-406; vol. ii. pp. 83, 259-262, 347-351.

‡ Vol. i. pp. 95-97, 131-137, 143. The traditional site of the conversion at Damascus (which is elaborately discussed by Quaresmius) is perhaps one of the few points of the kind which Mr. Howson has not exhausted.

§ Vol. ii. pp. 275-277.

promontory which has not received a passing glory from the most illustrious native of that vast peninsula. And we may safely say that in the elucidation of those missionary journeys, first of their kind in the world's history, there is no resource of topographical knowledge from Chandler and Beaufort, from Tournesfort and Hamilton, from numismatic collections or Admiralty charts, that Mr. Howson has not successfully ransacked. Classical no less than biblical scholars may turn with advantage to his pages for the intricate divisions, never before so clearly set forth, of the provinces of Asia Minor, the graphic descriptions, never before so fully compiled, of the deep glens of Cilicia and the wild upland hollows of Pisidia and Lycaonia.* The passage of the Apostle from Tross to Tyre, alternately by land and sea, is faithfully portrayed in every particular, as every modern traveller who embarks from Beyrout to Constantinople can testify: and with that attention to the times of the year, the month, and the week, which always gives so much vividness to a narrative where they can be recovered, Mr. Howson† has enabled us to see the successive points in the coast on the precise day, and in all probability by the precise lights and shades of sunlight and moonlight under which they were presented to the Apostle. Most of all he deserves our gratitude for having set before us, with all the additional illustrations which his own learning and observation has supplied, the joint results of the independent investigations of Admiral Penrose and Mr. Smith of Jordan Hill, with respect to the last voyage from Cæsarea to Puteoli. It would be impossible to speak of this in detail. It may be sufficient to refer to the ingenious explanation of the difficulty of Phoenix, the haven of Crete, which lieth toward the south-west and north-west,‡ and to the lucid summary of the arguments by which the identity of Melita with Malta§ is set at rest for ever.

There are two remarks suggested by Mr. Howson's labours which may form a not unfitting conclusion to this inadequate retrospect of Sacred Geography. We constantly hear complaints, as elsewhere so in this department of knowledge, that the advance of science destroys that pleasing intercourse with the past, especially with the sacred past, which was unhesitatingly enjoyed by all who lived in the days of crusades and pilgrimages. We would not wish for a better answer than to open Mr. Howson's pages, and contrast his illustrations, whether pictorial or written, with the pictures and descriptions which

* Vol. i. pp. 52, 177-182.

† Vol. ii. pp. 331-353.

‡ Vol. ii. pp. 203-236.

§ Vol. ii. pp. 351-357.

used to occupy the Sunday evenings of our own and our fathers' childhood in Calmet's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' or Scheuchtzer's 'Physique Sacrée.' Can any one doubt for one moment the nearer approach, so far as local knowledge can give it, to the scenes of the patriarchal or apostolical history which is made by the one class of representations than by the other? And what is thus true of the mere outward image presented, is also true of the spirit in which that image is approached. To speak of the older travels, and of some modern travels, as written in a 'better' and 'more religious' frame of mind, because they endeavour to believe every tradition, or to seize at every confirmation of scriptural events or prophecies without regard to evidence and reason, is a mere abuse of language. The unhesitating reception which was natural in the days of our fathers has become impossible, and, if impossible, unlawful and irreligious. The discrimination of the actual from the imaginary scenes of sacred events, which is practicable now, has for that very reason become a duty and a privilege, and its reward is to be found in the truth, the vividness, the accuracy of representation and of realization, and the incidental proofs of genuineness thus conveyed, which to our predecessors were almost unknown.

Another remark of a different kind occurs on closing these volumes. If they are constructed on too elaborate a scale, they have at least this advantage, that they exhaust their subject. The existing geographical resources for St. Paul's life have been ransacked to the utmost, and it is improbable that any further materials will be added by lapse of years. But this cannot be said of the special field of sacred geography, of which, as we said at first, the coasts of Asia Minor and Greece are but the outskirts. The central region and the sea-coast of Palestine have perhaps been sufficiently explored; but in the desert of Sinai hardly any travellers since Burckhardt have left the beaten track—the country east of the Jordan is known only through a few hasty incursions—the southern frontier of Judæa, including some of the earliest patriarchal scenes, has been investigated by but one single traveller—the key to the main topographical problems of Jerusalem lies buried under the unexcavated accumulations of many centuries—the mysterious rock, which rises in the centre of Mount Moriah, has never been satisfactorily explained—the origin of the Dead Sea and its connexion with the catastrophe of the cities is still an open question. The roll of Oriental discovery is not yet closed—there is still room for the energy of another Burckhardt, for the science of another Niebuhr, for the learning of another Robinson. And if, by the peculiar circumstances of our time, the zeal of the crusader and

the missionary are alike denied to the Eastern wanderer, yet we know from the records of the past, and we may therefore hope for the future, that there is a sphere of duty and of influence which these regions specially present—the opportunity of leaving behind such an image of the union of courage and vigour with calmness, pureness, justice, reverence, as even the vacant mind of the Syrian peasant and of the Arab chief will long retain as the likeness of an Englishman and a Christian.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time.* By Henry Richard, Lord Holland. Edited by his Son, Henry Edward, Lord Holland. Vol. II. London. 1854.

OUR former exposures of the partiality, and, in some instances, culpable misrepresentations* of Lord Holland's earlier volumes might seem to absolve us from the necessity of taking any notice of this new one, which is, as might be expected, *ejusdem farinae*—of the same light, loose, and adulterated stuff. But, on the other hand, we think our readers have a claim upon us for the continuation of a discussion once begun, and which is not altogether destitute of historical interest. Indeed, a regard for historical truth renders it not a choice but a duty, that a new dose of the poison should be met by a proportionate application of the antidote.

We must, however, renew our protest against the inconvenient practice of publishing in broken parts works which might and should be given to us in their complete state. We can very well understand the extreme reluctance that any judicious friend might have had to publish Moore's *Memoirs* in their present shape, or those of Lord Holland in any shape, but we cannot imagine any creditable reason why whatever was to be published at all should not have been published all together. It is strange that two noble Lords should have simultaneously

* See especially the cases (as detected in our former article) of the discussion with Lord Bathurst in the House of Lords (Q. R. v. lxxxviii. p. 520)—of Mr. Windham's opinion of Burke's 'Reflections' (v. xci. p. 227)—of the pleasure with which Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Windham saw the murder of Louis XVI. (p. 224)—of the forged note imputed to Lord Hervey (p. 237)—of Bishop Stock (p. 253)—of the double case of Quigly and Foulkes (p. 252)—of Mr. Pitt's insolence to Lord Wycombe (p. 258)—of the imputation against Walter Scott (p. 262). In all these cases Lord Holland has advanced, as *facts* within his own personal observation and knowledge, calumnies which are proved by the evidence of dates and other incontestable circumstances to be downright misstatements. Under what delusion his lordship could have permitted himself to make such assertions, his editor, after two years' leisure for inquiry, does not attempt to explain, and it is no business of *ours* to account for.

assumed the title, with such a notorious disregard of the duties, of editors. Lord John Russell, as we have had too much occasion to complain, has done worse than nothing; but Lord Holland has done nothing at all, beyond putting into the hands of the printer manuscripts which we cannot but think that—if he had even read them—he must have seen could do little credit to his father.

We are ready, however, to admit that some of the more offensive characteristics of the former volumes are mitigated in this, though the innate habits of inaccuracy and the spirit of misrepresentation and detraction are in no degree amended. There is nothing to be complained of on the score of indecency, the rancour of Jacobinism is somewhat subdued, and even the tone of personal animosity seems less acrimonious. The reason is obvious. The former volumes referred to periods when Lord Holland was a young man, very much heated, indeed intoxicated, with the revolutionary politics of his uncle—quite a Jacobin—almost, if we are to believe himself, a traitor. In this new volume he presents himself at the soberer—or what should have been the soberer—age of thirty-three, and in the enjoyment of that great specific for smoothing down the asperities of patriots—place and power, and, above all, in a *coalition* Cabinet, the majority of which—Grenville, Windham, Addington, &c.—had been the *bêtes noires* of his earlier life and of his former volumes. This association does not seem to have quite overcome his personal dislike to those new colleagues, but it necessarily restrained his pen and limited his censures. He could no longer reproach Windham for his coalition with Grenville, nor Grenville with his anti-Gallican policy, nor Addington with his subserviency to the Court. These halcyon days of office were however of short duration, and a great portion of the volume is occupied with regrets on his own part and blame against almost everybody else, friends and foes, for the mismanagements which deprived him of a longer enjoyment of the emollient influences of Downing Street. The consequence is, that, whereas in the former volumes the Tories engrossed all his anger, in this his Whig friends come in for a considerable share of his ill humour. But, notwithstanding this partial diversion of his wrath,

‘His great revenge has stomach for them all,’

and his vexation with his associates and colleagues by no means stifles the inveterate bias of his mind to misrepresent and depreciate—whenever he can find or make an opportunity—his old political adversaries. Indeed, the only feature of the volume from which anything like amusement is to be derived is the

petty yet laborious arts by which he is for ever striving to distort and discolour every fact and every character that in any way traverse his own preconceptions.

Lord Holland's countenance and manners were strongly indicative of good humour and good nature, and his personal friends assure us that his private life, accorded with these amiable appearances; but unfortunately these Memoirs, so acrimoniously penned, and now so rashly published, prove the complete mastery which party prejudices and political antipathies had obtained over his better feelings. Even when he enters on a subject with some appearance of moderation, he is never able to maintain that temper for half a page—*surgit amari aliquid*—it speedily melts away, like a 'dissolving view,' into something of a very contrary character; what at first sight looked like praise, vanishes into censure, affected candour into calumny, and men, whom all the rest of mankind have for more than half a century honoured, dwindle under his optical delusion into knaves and blockheads. We are very ready to admit that there are lights and shades in every character, and that they will seem weaker or stronger respectively as seen from the different positions of even candid spectators. It is not to be expected that the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews should estimate Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt with equal favour, or perhaps equal fairness, and there are few cases, either personal or political, in which it might not be safest to conclude with Sir Roger that much may be said on both sides; but the peculiarity of Lord Holland is the degree to which he exaggerates and abuses the natural tendency of party feelings, and the dexterous, or indeed rather sinister, art with which he twists his subject into the opposite direction from that he seems to take. Of him it may be said, *nil tetigit quod non exacerbat*—the kind of praise that he sometimes allows to his victims is coarse in its nature and mischievous in its object, and always turns out to be very much like the manufacture, well known to petty dealers in acidities, of brown sugar into vinegar.

Before we proceed to exhibit some of these strange transformations, we must call the attention of our readers to a circumstance which we noticed before, but which, as it is repeated, we must mention again. He places at the beginning, not only of each volume, but of each chapter, such an advertisement as this:

Written originally between the years 1812 and 1816: and now transcribed and revised from the second green morocco book in 1824.

Such nice and scrupulous accuracy looks very commendable. It would afford a kind of chronology of an author's opinions, and a guarantee

guarantee that we were about to read the sincere impressions of the moment, unsophisticated and ungarbled by subsequent and extraneous considerations. It would be, no doubt, a great safeguard for truth. But Lord Holland, while he seeks to avail himself of the *prestige* of such accuracy, shily escapes from the reality; for, though he is so punctilious as to distinguish in this volume his additions made in 1824 and two or three dated 1836, from the original text of 1812 and 1816, he takes no notice of interpolations made at later periods. We shall have to allude specially to one of these cases hereafter, but we notice the general fact here as marking the habitual inaccuracy and indifference to exact truth which pervade all his Lordship's attempts at history.

The volume commences with an account of some eminent persons—Lord Chancellors Rosslyn and Thurlow, Lord Nelson, Mr. Pitt, and some others—who had died in the last year of Mr. Fox's life, and whom Lord Holland subjects, altogether gratuitously, to that transformation style of portrait-painting to which we have alluded.

First comes Lord Thurlow:—

Lord Thurlow had been Lord High Chancellor for fourteen years; and had then, and since enjoyed *great reputation* for depth of thought and reach of understanding, for erudition in classical literature and learning in his profession; for inflexible integrity and sternness of character, which assumed the appearance of austerity and occasionally even of brutality. As a judge, he was revered throughout the country, especially by churchmen and magistrates. As a debater, he was dreaded in Parliament for near twenty years; and even to the period of his death, the slightest word that dropped from his lips, though but to suggest an adjournment or move a summons, was greeted by a large portion of the House of Lords as an oracle of departing wisdom or a specimen of sarcastic wit unrivalled in any assembly.—pp. 4, 5.

So far we have the usual conventional portrait of Lord Thurlow—but mark! this was only Lord Thurlow's *reputation*; the reality was very different, for

he had, in fact, *little* but a rugged brow and sagacious countenance, a deep yet sonorous voice, some happiness of expression without much perspicuity of thought, some learning more remarkable for its singularity than its accuracy or practical use, and a large portion of ponderous but impressive wit supported by a studied contempt and scorn for his adversary and his audience.

His language, his manner, his public delivery, and even his conduct, were all of a piece with his looks; all calculated to inspire the world with a high notion of his gravity, learning, or wisdom; but all assumed for the purpose of concealing the real scantiness of his attainments, the timidity as well as obscurity of his understanding, and the yet more grievous defects of his disposition and principles.—pp. 5, 6.

And

And much more, in a still worse style, charging his private and even his domestic life with most odious imputations, to which, knowing some and believing all to be calumnious, we refrain from giving currency. Lord Holland endeavours to enliven his libel by quoting a pleasantry of Mr. Fox's on Thurlow, which, strange to say, he mangles sadly:—

'Mr. Fox said once, with equal simplicity and drollery, "I suppose no man was ever so wise as Thurlow looks, for that is impossible."'
—p. 6.

Mr. Fox could not have talked of an *impossibility* being only a matter of *supposition*. The version we remember to have heard of the joke was much neater, '*I wonder whether any man was ever as wise as Thurlow looks.*'

If any reader should inquire why Lord Holland should thus have vilipended Lord Thurlow, it is only necessary to remind them of an important fact which we noticed so lately as our last March Number, that *Lord Thurlow's* was the powerful hand which, in conjunction with Lord Buckingham, drew up and presented to George III. the celebrated memorandum of the 1st of December, 1783, which knocked on the head the profligate coalition of Fox and North, and opened to Mr. Pitt that long course of success and superiority under which Mr. Fox struggled in vain till the death of his great antagonist allowed him to reappear in the position from which he had fallen three-and-twenty years before.

Of Lord Chancellor Rosslyn Lord Holland had in his first volume spoken so harshly that there was little room for anything like approbation here, but he admits that—

'he had been a very popular speaker in the House of Commons, and even in his decline bore the marks of an accomplished orator. He shone in perspicuous arrangement and narrative, artful statement and pointed invective. . . . He was, however, affectionate in private, liberal to his family, and friendly to his dependents. If his encouragement of literature had been confined to his zeal in procuring a pension for Dr. Johnson, he would have deserved well of every lover of English genius; but he seems, both from taste and system, to have cultivated the society and promoted the studies of men of letters.'—p. 14.

But, *per contra*, after confessing that '*he knew him very little,*' he goes on to abuse him very much.

'His character for sterling abilities was *never high*; for public virtue, *still less so*. He was a man of *little political principle*, and, as far as I could perceive, of *shallow understanding*. . . . In vigour of thought, in depth of knowledge, and in correctness of judgment, he was *lamentably deficient*. He had likewise more *malignity* than became a man with so little predilection for any party or principle.'—pp. 13, 14.

Again,

Again, it may be asked, could there be any party bias to warp Lord Holland's judgment against this great lawyer, to whom he attributes so 'little predilection to any party'? That very expression is a sneer which reveals Lord Holland's secret motive, which is just the same that had influenced his character of Thurlow. Lord Rosslyn, then Lord Loughborough, was, after Mr. Burke, the chief mover and the most active and influential leader in the great secession of the moderate Whigs from Mr. Fox in 1793. *Inde ire!*

Sixteen pages of affected admiration and real malevolence are expended on Lord Nelson—because, says Lord Holland, '*many particulars of his life and character are worth preserving*,' a truism which seems not to have required Lord Holland's posthumous corroboration—

'There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.'

All the particulars of Lord Nelson's life and character—both his merits and his faults—have been long enough, and the last too freely, exhibited to the world, and Lord Holland has nothing—absolutely nothing—to add. But what his Lordship really thought '*worth preserving*' were his own paradoxical estimate of Nelson's character and the unfounded insinuations against other persons which he contrives as awkwardly as maliciously to associate with Nelson's name. His process is to applaud Nelson's professional merits almost to extravagance, for the sake of exposing the ingratitude and even dislike which he imputes to George III. and his ministers against so great a hero, and then, by a sudden turn, his Lordship's well-known sympathy with the revolutionary insurrection at Naples induces him to degrade his hero into '*the meanest, weakest of mankind*.'

'Throughout the last eventful minutes of his life, he was the same zealous, enthusiastic, and affectionate man, as well as consummate seaman and kind yet vigilant commander, he had ever been. Of his person there are many representations, and will be nearly as many descriptions. *It was insignificant, and announced none of the qualities of a commander.* . . . His greatness (for who shall gainsay the greatness of the conqueror of Aboukir, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar?) is a strong instance of the superiority of the heart over the head, and no slight proof that a warm imagination is a more necessary ingredient in the composition of a hero than a sound understanding! Nelson was indeed a perfect seaman. . . . His courage, the natural consequence of a boundless love of glory, and a devotion to his duty bordering on superstition, enabled him in the moment of danger to apply all the knowledge and exercise *all the judgment he possessed!* . . . His powers of mind seemed to rise, because in action they were comparatively greater; and that circumstance procured for him, from such

such as had witnessed him in those moments, a *reputation* for abilities which *never appeared in his conversation, correspondence, opinions, or conduct elsewhere, and which, in truth, nature had not conferred upon him!* It is perhaps no ill office to the memory of Nelson to correct any favourable opinion that may be entertained of his understanding; for what justification can be found for one period of his public life, if he was aware and capable of judging of the nature of the transactions in which he was engaged? But his violation of good faith and justice at Naples, which, *if he were considered as a man of sense*, would tarnish all his glories, and hand him down to posterity as a perfidious politician, a bloody and relentless persecutor, is to be accounted for and can alone be palliated by the *weakness of his understanding*, by the ascendancy which an artful and worthless woman had obtained over a mind unversed in politics and ignorant of the world; and by the *general violence with which the calamities and intolerance of the times* had infected men less susceptible of delusion and bigotry than himself. pp. 19-22.

On these sardonic compliments we can only repeat that Nelson did not need Lord Holland's praises, even if they had been uncontaminated by such insidious blame. But his estimate of Lord Nelson's understanding was superficial and essentially erroneous. We have nothing to say in extenuation either as to manner or morals of the correspondence with Lady Hamilton, so improperly published in 1814 (Q. R. v. xi. p. 73). It is not given to man to have and be wise, and some such trifles and some such trash might be raked out, we dare say, of the secret and confidential *épanchemens* of wiser and graver men than our naval hero ever pretended to be; but the publication of the Nelson Despatches by Sir Harris Nicolas proves beyond all question that much of the obloquy thrown on the Neapolitan affair was unmerited, and that, in spite of that trivial correspondence, Nelson possessed sagacity, judgment, extensive information, and enlarged views, much beyond the limits of mere professional ability, and infinitely superior to what might have been expected from either the technical specialities of a naval education, or the opportunities and occupations of his maturer life.

It has been often remarked that an individual man has sometimes a diversity of character which makes him seem like two entirely different persons. This, we have many reasons to believe, was peculiarly Lord Nelson's case; to which we are not sorry to have an opportunity of producing a testimony in the highest degree authoritative and characteristic. It is well known that the Duke of Wellington once met Lord Nelson, accidentally and but for an hour, at the Colonial Office in Downing-street; and we have been favoured with a note of the Duke's description of that, as it has now become, remarkable interview, which, valuable

valuable as it must always have been, is additionally interesting in contrast with Lord Holland's superficial chatter.

Walmer, October 1, 1834.

We were talking of Lord Nelson, and some instances were mentioned of the egotism and vanity that derogated from his character.

Why, said the Duke, I am not surprised at such instances—for Lord Nelson was in different circumstances two quite different men, as I myself can vouch, though I only saw him once in my life, and for, perhaps, an hour. It was soon after I returned from India [in 1805].

I went to the Colonial Office in Downing-street, and there I was shown into the waiting-room on the right hand, where I found, also waiting to see the Secretary of State, a gentleman whom, from his likeness to his pictures and the want of an arm, I immediately recognised as Lord Nelson.

He could not know who I was, but he entered at once into conversation with me—if I can call it conversation—for it was almost all on his side, and all about himself, and in really a style so vain and so silly as to surprise me. I suppose something that I happened to say may have made him guess that I was somebody,

and he went out of the room for a moment, I have no doubt to ask the office-keeper *who I was*, for when he came back he was altogether a different man both in manner and matter. All that I had thought a *charlatan* style had disappeared, and he talked of the state of this country,

and of the aspect and probabilities of affairs on the Continent, with a good sense and a knowledge of subjects, both at home and abroad, that surprised me equally and more agreeably than the first part of our interview had done; in fact, he talked like an officer and a statesman.

The Secretary of State kept us long waiting, and certainly, for the last half or three-quarters of an hour, I don't know that I ever had a conversation that interested me more. Now, if the Secretary of State

had been punctual and admitted Lord Nelson in the first quarter of an hour, I should have had the same impression of a light and trivial character that other people have had; but luckily I saw enough to be satisfied that he was really a very superior man. But certainly a more sudden and complete metamorphosis I never saw. —(MS. Note.)

But it was not Lord Nelson, nor Lady Hamilton, nor what he was more interested in than either—the overthrow of the Neapolitan Jacobins—that stirred Lord Holland's bile on this occasion. He had more immediate and deeper and higher enmities to gratify; and accordingly, after having stigmatised

Lady Hamilton, he suddenly becomes her champion, for the purpose of raising a kind of charge against Mr. Pitt.

Whether the Government, which had not the virtue to disown the bad notions that Lady Hamilton had seduced Lord Nelson to commit,

did right to neglect his dying injunctions in her favour or not, is a nice question for political casuists, which I do not pretend to decide. Certain it is that she died near Calais in 1814 in great distress and even want. —p. 18.

Mark

Mark the inconsistency, and, we must add, worse than inconsistency, of this charge. The Government during which the Neapolitan transactions of 1799 took place had ceased to exist four or five years before Nelson's death; and although Mr. Pitt was again in office when this event took place, and when Nelson wrote 'his dying injunctions,' Lord Holland forgets or conceals that Mr. Pitt was himself on his deathbed before Lord Nelson was buried, and died within a fortnight; and if, therefore, any Government is to be reproached for neglecting these 'dying injunctions,' it is Mr. Pitt's successors, Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville, and even Lord Holland himself, who came into the Cabinet that same year. Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville did what was quite right,—they wisely and justly declined to aggravate a scandal already too public, and they endeavoured to alleviate it by granting the neglected *Lady Nelson* an adequate pension. This was one of the first acts of *their* administration; and the rejection of whatever claims may have been made on the part of poor Lady Hamilton was equally *their* act. What now becomes of the '*political casuistry*' by which Lord Holland endeavours to throw blame on Mr. Pitt for this affair, in which he could have no share, but, had he lived, would probably have acted as his successors did?

But there was another person whom Lord Holland hated more than Thurlow or Rosslyn, or even Pitt—and still for the same reason—the failures of Mr. Fox—King George III.; and so constant and inveterate is his malice, that even on this occasion his Majesty is introduced to be sneered at and maligned. Lord Nelson, he says,—

'was never a favourite at St. James's. His amour with Lady Hamilton—if amour it was—shocked the King's morality; and though the *perfidies and murders* to which it led were perpetrated in the cause of royalty, they could not wash away the original sin of indecorum in the eye of his Majesty.'—p. 30.

We need not point out the inconsistency and calumnious indecency of this extraordinary paragraph, which certainly deserves the very harshest censure that our language can supply, and which is followed up by another of those mischievous inaccuracies so familiar to Lord Holland.

'*Lord Nelson's reception at Court after the victory of Aboukir was singularly cold and repulsive.*'—p. 30.

No appearance of Lord Nelson at Court could have had any such immediate relation to the battle of Aboukir as is here suggested, for the battle was fought on the 1st of August, 1798, and Lord Nelson did not return to England till the 8th of November, 1800, nearly two years and a half after—during which interval he had received the highest marks of royal favour
—a peerage

—a peerage—a pension of 3000*l.* a year—and permission to accept the dukedom and estate of Bronté. He no doubt attended a levee, to kiss hands for these honours—probably on Wednesday, either the 12th or 19th of November, the king's next ordinary levee-days, before he took his seat in the House of Lords on Thursday the 20th. We do not pretend to guess the degree of affability with which Lord Nelson may have been received by the sovereign; but we know that his Majesty was never deficient in courtesy even to the most ordinary attender at his levee, and that the grant of those great favours for which Nelson came to kiss hands was the most substantial proof of the sovereign's approbation. It further appears that in the course of the following year the King consented to his advancement to a Viscounty, and some time after expressed, as we read in Lord Sidmouth's 'Life,' a cordial personal concurrence to an additional obligation, and that of a nature about which he was always peculiarly scrupulous—namely, the extension of Lord Nelson's peerage to his collaterals. There is, therefore, not the slightest colour for Lord Holland's invidious imputation, and it is really a surprising instance of party blindness that Lord Holland should not see that—even if his own calumnious premises were true, viz. that George III. discountenanced the victory of Aboukir and approved the subsequent transactions at Naples—it would follow that the more recent as well as (*ex hypothesi*) more acceptable service must have predominated in his Majesty's mind, and ensured to the perpetrator of those *perfidies and murders* a most gracious reception. The whole story is a tissue of malignant absurdity.

But Lord Holland produces Nelson's own evidence to the coldness of his reception.

'He was presented at the same time as Sir James Pulteney, fresh from his *disgrace* at Ferrol; "and yet" (observed Nelson at dinner that very day) "the King spoke to Sir James for twenty minutes together, but to me not two." He was more surprised than hurt at this slight. He spoke of it with disdain rather than resentment.'—p. 80.

We know but too well how morbidly sensitive Nelson was, and how ready to complain of imaginary slights; and though we should place no reliance at all on Lord Holland's unsupported evidence, we think it very likely that Nelson may have fancied that he saw on the countenances of both the King and the Ministers some reflection of the dissatisfaction that evidently and very naturally existed in his *own* mind at the great change of circumstances since the battle of 'Aboukir.' He could not but feel that his great victory had already lost much—might we not say all?—of both its practical and political importance—that in truth little

more

more remained of it but the glory? The failure of all his exertions, the laudable as well as the blameable, at Naples—the expulsion of that royal family—the exile of the Queen, to whom he was so devoted, to Vienna, whither he had accompanied her, only to suffer the additional mortification of seeing her neglected in her native Court—the return of Buonaparte to France—his elevation to the Consulate—the battle of Marengo—the total subjugation of Italy, and indeed of continental Europe—all these events, which had happened between the battle of Aboukir and his presentation at St. James's, must have touched Nelson's susceptibility in a very acute degree. The mode too of his return to England, without as it seems previous permission, and not in his flag-ship, but across Italy and through Germany, in company with Lady Hamilton, and occupying nearly four months, was not a topic likely to be agreeable to the King or even to Nelson himself. For all these reasons we are disposed to believe that Nelson may have expressed something of dissatisfaction at his audience, and the rather because we ourselves do really not see on what subjects the King could at that moment well have dwelt, without the risk of giving pain. Even *Aboukir* would have been to Nelson a subject almost as delicate as *Borodino* was to Napoleon after *Moscow*, or *Dresden* after *Leipsick*.

Nor could it have been thought any slight to Nelson that the King's conversation should be longer with Sir James Pulteney than with himself. Sir James was but just returned from actual operations (which indeed were not yet terminated), and the King would naturally inquire about this, which was really a current business; and as Sir James's share in it was what Lord Holland chooses to call a '*disgrace*,' it was consistent with the justice and the delicacy which the King always showed on any such occasions to mark that what was in reality hardly to be called a failure should not be treated as a *disgrace*. Sir James Pulteney was not a Nelson, and still less a Wellington, but nobody can now doubt that he acted very much as either of them would have done, in abandoning at once, and without any loss, an enterprise not only injudicious and indeed hopeless in itself, but which, if persisted in, might have had the worst immediate consequences, and perhaps prevented that ultimate deliverance of Europe, which arose from the conflict in the Peninsula under happier auspices six years later.

Two other instances of the same disposition to sneer at the

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xcii. p. 521, George III.'s reception of Sir Arthur Wellesley, when he went to Court in the midst of the popular clamour which had been raised on the subject of the Convention of Cintra.

King wind up the Nelson episode of Lord Holland's *Memoirs of the Whig Party* thus: 'as low as old abuses, and another

Lord Nelson had accepted a Neapolitan order without the usual form of demanding leave to wear it; and when he was cautioned not to wear the foreign star above the English Order of the Bath, he neglected the advice, saying, the English had always been there, pointing to the place; and as the King of Naples had put the other above it, so he would keep it where he had been graciously pleased to place it. It required *many Aboukirs to atone for such offences*.'—pp. 30-31.

We totally disbelieve this story. Lord Nelson could not have been guilty of such a gross insult to his sovereign and his country, and we adopt seriously Lord Holland's ironical judgment, that it would be difficult to atone for such an offensive breach of gratitude, decency, and duty. That he might have so worn the Neapolitan order at the Neapolitan Court, if the King of Naples had so placed it, is probable, and would have been proper; but that he should have done so at St. James's, and after being cautioned, is morally impossible, and it is we think satisfactorily disproved by our seeing that in Sir William Beechey's standard picture of Nelson, painted for Lord St. Vincent, in and with all his orders, the British Bath is conspicuously *over* all the others. *and* Lord Holland proceeds to say that Nelson's

‘splendid funeral was not supposed to be approved of at Windsor. Such national marks of gratitude in the opinion of George the Third should be, exclusively paid to royalty, and not lavished on men who direct the councils or fight the battles of their country.’—p. 34.

This, besides its obvious malice, is also a gross misstatement. Where is Lord Holland's authority for attributing to George III. so absurd and so invidious an opinion as that ‘a public funeral as a mark of national gratitude should be exclusively reserved for royalty?’ George III.'s reign was the longest in our British annals. Where could Lord Holland find one single *public funeral* of a royal personage in his reign? except indeed the funeral of his grandfather George II., who was buried with the same ceremonies as all our Kings and Queens have been, neither more nor less. His royal uncle the Duke of Cumberland, whose public services, as well as his personal attachment to the King, would have fully justified some distinction, was privately interred’ (Genl Mag. 1765, p. 536), as were his brothers the Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Gloucester. The funerals of princes have of course some degree of state and parade beyond those of private gentlemen or even of peers, from the attendance of their own and the King's Households, of the officials of the Garter when they belong to that order, sometimes of military

military and naval aides-de-camp, friends or attendants, when they have happened to be of those services; but they are no more public funerals than those of a Duke of Somerset or a Duke of Bedford, and in no way 'marks of national gratitude;' while, on the other hand, the only really public funerals that we remember to have taken place in that reign were of persons not royal, but who 'had directed the councils, or fought the battles of their country'—the great Lord Chatham, Mr. Pitt, and Lord Nelson.

What now can be said for Lord Holland? Nothing but—*valeat quantum*—that Mr. Fox's funeral, though as public—*coram populo*—as those of the princes, was not voted as 'a mark of national gratitude.' We have no doubt that Lord Holland thought, and perhaps proposed, that Mr. Fox should have had such a funeral, but we doubt that any of his colleagues concurred in that opinion.

Next comes a more detailed notice of Mr. Pitt. Lord Holland has the preliminary candour to confess that he personally knew nothing about him, and that his strictures were written under the strongest impressions against him. Now, we think that, after having dedicated so large a share of his former volume to Mr. Pitt's policy, he need not have entered on a subject of which he knew so little, and confesses such prejudices. But if he knew but little of Mr. Pitt, his Lordship knew a great deal about Mr. Fox; and it is really entertaining to detect the little arts by which, while he squints at Mr. Pitt, his real object is only to see such points as may suggest something of an opposite or superior merit in Mr. Fox.

He commences this clandestine comparison by an artful suppression of the differences of their ages and position; he starts them, as it were, together—omitting, that, when the race began between them in 1781, Fox—ten years Pitt's senior in life and in Parliament—had been above four years in office, and for the other six the leader of a powerful, and, within a few months, victorious Opposition. Mr. Pitt had as yet spoken but three times when Mr. Fox became Secretary of State, leader of the House of Commons, and, in fact, Minister of the country. The odds were terribly against the young one—but he very soon took the lead and maintained it, still increasing his advantage to the last.

Fox's early, and even his mature life, was what the French call *orageuse*—reckless, dissipated, and extravagant—as Lord Holland himself, with apparent candour, admits: we say 'apparent candour,' because he only tells what he could not conceal, and tells it in very softened terms, and for, as we shall see presently, very unfair purposes:—

'Mr.

'Mr. Fox had been educated at a public school, had taken his full share of fashion, gaiety, and dissipation, had lived at various periods of his life with politicians, sportsmen, jockeys, foreigners, and men of letters, and in short with every sort of society.'—p. 42.

Pitt's much shorter life had been studious and exemplary; and, he passed, almost without an interval, from the shade of collegiate and professional studies to the full splendour of the greatest parliamentary and official successes. Lord Holland's object is to turn this marked difference to the advantage of Mr. Fox. This was not easy; but Lord Holland, if not dexterous, is at least unscrupulous in the mode in which he endeavours to adjust the balance.

The first experiment is to contrast Fox's frank and manly disposition with the reserve and insipidity of Pitt:—

'At Cambridge he lived in a confined set that passed with their contemporaries for *childish and frivolous company*.'—p. 32.

But his Lordship candidly adds that he afforded one—

'test of manliness then most rigorously exacted at our universities—viz. hard drinking.'—p. 32.

This reproduction of the vulgar talk of Mr. Pitt's *habitual intemperance* has the further advantage of suggesting that, if any one should hint at Fox's more habitual and more frequent indulgences in the same way, it might be answered that he was no worse than Pitt. Now, we have known intimately, and questioned freely, many of Mr. Pitt's most constant associates—men, themselves of temperate habits—who have all assured us that those of Mr. Pitt were in no wise more convivial than those of the rest of the world. Once* in his life he is said to have exhibited in the House of Commons some symptoms of an over indulgence, and the wit of the authors of the *Rolliad* made the most of it—and that was not much. In a satirical account of Mr. Pitt's domestic day we find—

'Mr. Pitt eats very heartily, *drinks one bottle of port, and two when he speaks*; so that we may hope that Great Britain may be long blessed with the superintendence of this *virtuous* and able young Minister.'—*Rolliad*, p. 422, ed. 1812.

The fact is, that both Pitt and Fox lived the life of their times;

* The occasion was in February, 1788, on a motion of censure on Lord Howe for a partial promotion of admirals. We remember to have heard many years ago from Sir James Burges, who was sitting close to Mr. Pitt that evening, that the supposed intoxication was a gross misrepresentation. Mr. Pitt was ill, and obliged to retire for a few moments in the earlier part of the debate, but he very soon recovered, and, returning immediately to his place, never in fact spoke better, nor—for the case was a complicated one, and turning on the details of a transaction wholly out of his own department and experience—with a more remarkable mastery of his subject; and so indeed it seems, from the reported debates.

and Lord Holland should have remembered that Fox's libations of *champaign* have been as much celebrated by his friends, both in prose and verse, as Mr. Pitt's bottle of *port* by the authors of the *Roiliad*. We may congratulate ourselves on a considerable improvement of manners in that respect, without exaggerating the defects of the last century, or, as Lord Holland does, making coarse charges against one great man, whose decorous and laborious life was really as little liable to such imputations as any member of the society in which he lived.

Lord Holland's next charge against Mr. Pitt is produced in a style that Sir Benjamin Backbite himself never equalled:—

‘*In other vices he never indulged—to excess!*’—p. 32.

That is, by inference, he indulged in them *all*, but only not—‘*to excess.*’

The few now living who knew, and all who have heard or read any particulars of the private life of Mr. Pitt, will be amazed at this announcement of his ‘*other vices.*’ Lord Holland does not venture to specify them, but he throws into a note what we suppose he means to pass off upon us as one—though *one* would not justify his general charge even if he had possessed a better warrant for the imputation.

‘He was, I believe, a *partner in the Faro Bank* at Goostree’s. At that period many men of fashion and honour did not scruple to belong to *such associations* and to avow it. I mention the circumstance not in *discredit* of Mr. Pitt, but to prove, by the example of so correct and decorous a man, the temper and character of these times.’—pp. 32, 33.

‘*I mention this circumstance,*’ says his Lordship, ‘*not in discredit to Mr. Pitt.*’ We believe indeed that this was not his first object: the first object, no doubt, was to palliate by *innuendo* the incredible extravagance of Fox’s gambling, as if it was a mere compliance with the times, which even ‘correct and decorous men’ like Mr. Pitt could practise without discredit. But here, as in most other cases of self-indulgence, the main question is as to the degree: and let any one look at the excesses of every kind, but above all of play, recorded of Mr. Fox, during all the earlier and, indeed, middle portion of his life, and judge whether what is alleged against Mr. Pitt has anything of the same characteristic importance. We cannot, small as the matter is, omit to notice the invidious and deceptive terms which Lord Holland employs on this occasion; he talks of a *partnership in a Faro bank* as an *association* of very ambiguous character, and of something alike permanent and disreputable; but, in fact, ‘holding the bank at’ Faro is a technical expression,

sion, and means no more than dealing a hand at Faro—a game at which all the players attack the dealer, and the person who deals even one hand is said to *hold the bank*. This accusation against Mr. Pitt, of being a gambler, because he may have accidentally dealt the cards at Faro, is one of those cases in which Lord Holland's asseveration that he wrote the body of this volume in 1812, and 1816, and the obvious inference that he has accurately dated all his subsequent additions, becomes of importance. If it were true, we might have suspected that Mr. Pitt's early addiction to the gaming-table had been so notorious, as to have reached Lord Holland *traditionally*. But it is certain, from the context of this portion of the work, that these passages were *not* written in 1812, nor in 1816, nor yet in 1824, nor even in 1836, which he gives as the date of one or two other passages; but *must* have been interpolated into Lord Holland's manuscript subsequently to the publication of Wilberforce's 'Life' in 1838, where, we confidently believe, his Lordship found *all* that he ever knew of Goostree's club or Mr. Pitt's addiction to the vice of gambling.

Wilberforce set out with being very volatile in his manners and promiscuous in his society; he tells that he belonged to the four great gaming-clubs—Miles's, Boodle's, White's, and Brookes's; at the last of which, especially, he lived with Fox, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, George Selwyn, and the old Duke of Norfolk, a luxurious and very agreeable life, and where he was initiated into deep play. Then, the joint narrative of himself and his biographers proceeds thus:—

Though he visited occasionally these various clubs, his usual resource was with a *choicer and more intimate society*, who assembled first in the house since occupied by Scrope and Morland's bank, in Pall-Mall, and afterwards on the premises of a man named Goostree, now the Shakspeare Gallery.

They were about twenty-five in number, and for the most part were young men who had passed together through the university; and whom the general election of 1780 had brought at the same time into public life. Pitt was an habitual frequenter of the club at Goostree's, supping there every night during the winter of 1780-81. Here their intimacy increased every day. (Though less formed for general popularity than Fox, Pitt, when free from shyness, and amongst his intimate companions, was the very soul of merriment and conversation.)

Their names are given, which may serve to characterise this reunion: the Duke of Montrose and Richmond; Lords Camden, Chatham, Bathurst, Grenville, Carrington, Rokeby; Pitt, Wilberforce, Bankes, Steele, Windham, and Elliot. All these became subsequently Mr. Pitt's political friends; but at this period, which began before Pitt had taken any political line, and, indeed, before he was even in Parliament—there were several of the coterie who afterwards took an opposite line, the Duke of Grafton and the late Lords Desborough, Spencer, St. John, George Cavendish, &c.

So far the biographers from Wilberforce's papers. Now he speaks in his own person:—

'Pitt was the wittiest man I ever knew; and, what was quite peculiar to himself, had at all times his wit under entire control. Others appeared struck by the unwonted association of brilliant images; but every possible combination of ideas seemed always present to his mind, and he could at once produce whatever he desired. I was one of those who met to spend an evening in memory of Shakspeare at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap. Many professed wits were present, but Pitt was the most amusing of the party, and the readiest and most apt in the required allusions. He entered with the *same* energy into all our different amusements. We played a good deal at Goostree's; and I well remember the intense earnestness which Pitt displayed when joining in those games of chance. He perceived their increasing fascination, and soon after suddenly abandoned them for ever.'—*Life*, i. 16.

It will be observed that Wilberforce's share of this narrative was written from memory, obviously after Pitt's death, and perhaps a little, though involuntarily, coloured by the anxiety of his later conscience—*socios habuisse erroris*. But, at its fullest extent, what does it tell but that Pitt, in his twenty-first year, and perhaps his twenty-second, entered into the amusements of the small and select society just described, with all the earnestness of youth and genius, and occasionally joined them at their card-table, with the same vivacity and amiability that he accompanied them to the Shakspearian frolic at the Boar's Head?

It is a curious fact, that on the 18th February, 1781—atatis 21—Pitt was elected into *Brookes's*, on the motion of Mr. Fox; but he very soon ceased all attendance there, though he remained a nominal member to his death. It was not till after he was in office that he belonged to *White's*, where he often supped, as everybody then did, either there or at Boodle's or Brookes's, after the House, but where he never was known to play. We have, therefore, no doubt that it was from this stray remark of Wilberforce's, misquoted and misrepresented as we see, that Lord Holland has—without acknowledgment—for acknowledgment would have led to detection—culled his random innuendos of Mr. Pitt's *vices*.

But even with Lord Holland's jaundiced view of this part of Mr. Pitt's character, how can he reconcile the sneers at Pitt's having passed the whole of his life previous to his accession to office in the confined and obscure circles of his college and Lincoln's Inn with the subsequent reproaches of his having been at the same period indulging in the frivolities, and even *vices*, of fashionable life?

But though Lord Holland could not resist the temptation of introducing—even at the expense of his own consistency—this episode

episode of the *Faro Bank*, which there is no evidence that Mr. Pitt ever happened to hold, though Wilberforce says that he himself once did so for a pleasantry—Mr. Bankes, who never played, being his *partner* to the extent of *one guinea*—and won 600*l.*, yet his Lordship very soon returns to the opposite theme of contrasting the sullen and unsociable reserve of Pitt with the gaiety and frankness of Fox:—

‘The accounts of Pitt’s private manners during his life were very contradictory: they must have been tinctured with partiality or discoloured by prejudice. He was immersed in politics and invested with power at so very early a period of life, that he had hardly time to form, or opportunity to display, any marked taste in private. . . . With respect to his conversation, his admirers said it was occasionally playful in the extreme, and always good-humoured and brilliant—a judgment which the notes left by Mr. Wilberforce, and the testimony of Lord Wellesley, seem strongly to confirm: OTHERS pretended that it was either excessively childish or very sarcastic and overbearing. How shall we reconcile such contradictory reports?’—pp. 31-33.

Here again we have the anachronic deception. The Wilberforce and Wellesley evidence, published in 1837, 1838, is introduced as if Lord Holland had been aware of it in 1816, and—though he had, as we have seen just before, relied on it to prove Mr. Pitt a gambler—he now affects to throw doubts upon it when it testifies Mr. Pitt’s amiable qualities.

‘How,’ he asks, ‘shall we reconcile such contradictory reports?’ We will not charge ourselves with the task of reconciling Lord Holland’s contradictions; ours is the easier duty of exposing his fallacies. Who, we in return ask, were the ‘others,’ the anonymous ‘others,’ who thought Mr. Pitt’s conversation such an alternation of *childishness and sarcasm*? Who are they whose testimony thus balances in Lord Holland’s mind the evidence of the two persons best acquainted with Mr. Pitt, and whose judgment and integrity no one, not even Lord Holland, presumes to question? No such *others*, we believe, ever existed but in Lord Holland’s own perverted imagination!

But here again he contradicts himself:—

‘George North (Lord Guilford) was probably right when, in the heat of party dissensions having met Mr. Pitt in a country house—Duke of Rutland’s—he wrote word that he was sorry to find that “so bad a politician was so very pleasant a man.”’—p. 34.

Such, we have no doubt, was, or would have been, the opinion of George North *wherever* or whenever he might happen to meet Mr. Pitt, but Lord Holland’s version of it is altogether inaccurate, if indeed it be not wholly fictitious. His Lordship was not likely to invent an anecdote favourable to Mr.

Pitt, but he has certainly here mistaken either time, or place, or person. As an example of his habitual inaccuracy, it may be worth while to explain why George North *never could* have 'met Pitt in the heat of party dissensions at the Duke of Rutland's.' The 'heat of party dissensions' refers, of course, to some period of Mr. Pitt's ministry after the defeat of the Coalition in December, 1783. Now one of Pitt's earliest measures on that occasion was the appointment of the Duke of Rutland to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, whither his Grace *immediately* repaired, and where he died in 1787, leaving the present Duke almost an infant, who did not come of age for several years after old Lord Guilford's death, so that it is absolutely impossible that 'George North' could have met that 'bad politician Mr. Pitt at the Duke of Rutland's country-house.'

It would be strange from any other pen but Lord Holland's to find that, after this testimony (true probably in substance, though inaccurate in its details) to the gaiety and agreeability of Mr. Pitt's private manners even during the 'heat of party dissensions,' the writer again reverts to his original misrepresentation, and produces, as the climax of Pitt's sullen temper, his estrangement from his own nearest relations :—

'Of the Grenvilles, his first-cousins, *he knew nothing* till they came into Parliament. Thomas Grenville told me (what seems incredible) that he never was *in his company* till 1793; and Lord Erskine assured me that in Alice's Coffee-house, when William Grenville (afterwards Lord Grenville) came in, Mr. Pitt, who was drinking tea with Erskine, asked who that young man was.'—p. 43.

All this must be an utter mistake—whether the mistake is to be attributed to Mr. Grenville and Lord Erskine, or to Lord Holland, those who have followed our exposures of Lord Holland's inaccuracies will have no difficulty in deciding. 'Thomas Grenville, his first-cousin, never in his company till 1793'!—that seems not only, as Lord Holland says, incredible, but even impossible, when we find that at Lord Chatham's public funeral, 9th of June, 1778, Mr. Pitt, aged eighteen, the chief mourner,* was attended by Thomas Grenville on one side and Lord Mahon, his brother-in-law, on the other. Was it possible that these two first-cousins, thus walking at the funeral of the father and uncle, should never have been *in company* together? There occurred indeed, *five years later*, a circumstance which no doubt interrupted their intimacy; but, so far from justifying Lord Holland's imputation, it affords another curious instance of the dexterity with which he wilfully perverts any gleam of truth that he happens to catch. The public might, but neither Mr. Gren-

* The young Earl was with his regiment at Gibraltar.

ville nor Lord Holland could have forgotten, that, on the break-up of the Whig party by the death of Lord Rockingham, Tom Grenville had attached himself entirely to Fox, and abjured all political connexion with his own family. We have in the Buckingham Papers a correspondence between him and Lord Temple, which shows the extent of the breach, and the grief that Mr. Grenville's defection caused to the elder brother. Both were increased by Grenville's zealous support of the *Coalition*, against which his brother had taken so remarkable a part; and it appears that his devotion to the politics of Fox continued till the great secession of the moderate Whigs from Fox consequent on the French Revolution, when Tom Grenville probably began to renew his intercourse with his family. So that it is very likely that from 1782 to 1793 he and Pitt may never have been in *company* together. It is clear, however, that the distance was not occasioned by Pitt's personal reserve, but by Grenville's having—even before Pitt came into office—estranged himself from his family connexions by his alliance with Fox. The absurd story of his asking Erskine in Alice's Coffee-house *who that young man was*, who turned out to be his own first-cousin William, needs no refutation. For a small portion of their lives they might not have seen much of each other, as William Grenville was of Eton and Oxford, and William Pitt went from tuition at home to Cambridge; but it is the greatest absurdity to imagine that they were personally unacquainted, when, in addition to their close family connexion, they were both students at Lincoln's Inn, and, as such only, could have met at *Alice's*—a lawyer's coffee-house adjoining Westminster Hall—nay, we have seen that they were associates in the 'select and intimate society' at Goostree's. But even if by some extraordinary concurrence of accidents they really had not met till they entered Parliament (which they did just when each came of age), what could that prove as against Mr. Pitt, or why should it be more attributed to Pitt than to his cousin—who certainly was not the most *liant* of men?

There is another anecdote respecting the two great rivals which Lord Holland thought sufficiently important to introduce not only here but in the '*Memorials*' of his uncle, which—with notes by his friend Mr. Allen—are now in course of publication by Lord John Russell, and which we think worth notice as showing, even when there was no prejudice to gratify, how very apocryphal Lord Holland's anecdotes are apt to be:—

'Their rivalry was predicted very early. The Duchess of Leinster related to me a conversation, at which she was present, between her sister *Lady Caroline* and *Mr. Henry Fox* (first Lord Holland). *Lady Caroline*, in expostulating with her husband on his excessive indulgence
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to his children, and to Charles in particular, added, "I have been this morning with *Lady Hester Pitt*; and there is *little William Pitt not eight years old*, and really the cleverest child I ever saw; and brought up so strictly, and so proper in his behaviour, that, mark my words, that *little boy will be a thorn in Charles's side as long as he lives.*"—pp. 43, 44.

A most *preposterous* story. *Lady Hester Pitt* had ceased to be known by that name, and had become *Lady Chatham*, when her son William was but *two years old*, and *could not*, six years later, have been called '*Lady Hester.*' A note appended to this story by Mr. Allen endeavours to get rid of the chronological objection by saying 'that the Duchess of Leinster *naturally* called the parties by the names she first knew them by' (Mem. i. 25). Now, begging Mr. Allen's pardon, we think nothing would be *less natural* than that the Duchess should call an acquaintance, probably a very distant one, by an inferior title, which she bore during only a few intermediate years of her life, instead of the higher one by which she was universally known for upwards of thirty. But, moreover, when '*William Pitt was not yet eight,*'—that is, in the spring of 1767, his eighth birthday being the 29th of May in that year in which Charles Fox had accomplished his eighteenth year (19th of January),—can any one believe that Lady Holland could have been such a simpleton as to institute any comparison between the management of a little boy under eight with that of a young man of eighteen, who had already left the university, or that she was such a sibyl as to foresee and foretell a competition which the very difference of ages rendered so problematical? But there is another objection; this observation must, as we have said, have reference to some few months before little William Pitt had reached his eighth year (May 29, 1767). Now Fox had left Oxford a year earlier—in the spring of 1766, and some time in that summer went to France, and on the 22nd of September *Lord and Lady Holland* left England to join him, which they did at Lyons in October, and they all proceeded to Naples, where and in other parts of Italy and France Fox spent a couple of years. Where then, we may ask, was there chronologically any opportunity, or indeed possibility, of such a meeting as is described in the latter half of *Pitt's seventh year*?

All this may seem both trivial and obsolete, but it is by circumstances, and generally minute ones, that the credit of a witness can be tested; and, as Lord Holland is thus set up as the historian of his own times, it is due to truth and justice and the characters of those he calumniates to expose such inaccuracies.

Before we conclude the topic of Mr. Pitt's private and social manners,

manners, we hope that our readers will think that this is a fit occasion to reproduce, in opposition to Lord Holland's injurious inuendos, the evidence of a more competent witness, from a note in Bishop Tomline's 'Life.' The Bishop does not give the writer's name, but so designates him that there can be no doubt that it was Mr. Jekyll, whose testimony is the more valuable, not only because he was himself one of the most brilliant wits and most amiable and popular members of society, but from having happened to be in political hostility to Mr. Pitt in Parliament. We have omitted some details as to his professional practice:—

'Among lively men of his own time of life Mr. Pitt was always the *most lively* and convivial in the many hours of leisure which occur to young unoccupied men on a circuit; and joined all the little excursions to Southampton, Weymouth, and such parties of amusement as were habitually formed. *He was extremely popular.* His name and reputation of high acquirements at the University commanded the attention of his seniors. His *wit, his good humour, and joyous manners* endeared him to the younger part of the bar. At Mr. Pitt's instance, an annual dinner took place for some years at Richmond Hill, the party consisting of Lord Erskine, Lord Redesdale, Sir William Grant, Mr. Bond, Mr. Leycester, *Mr. Jekyll*, and others; and I well remember a dinner with Mr. Pitt and several of his private friends at the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap, in celebration of Shakspeare's Falstaff [this is the dinner recorded also by Wilberforce]. We were all in high spirits, quoting and alluding to Shakspeare the whole day; and it appeared that Mr. Pitt was as well and familiarly read in the poet's works as the best Shakspearians present. But to speak of his conviviality is needless. After he was Minister he continued to ask his old circuit intimates to dine with him, and his manners were unaltered.'—*Tomline's Life*, vol. i. p. 32.

Such was the conviviality which Lord Holland's malice degrades to intemperance, and such the gay and lively spirit which he would darken into a morose and arrogant selfishness.

On the death of the great rival—'under whom his genius was rebuked as Antony's was by Cæsar'—Mr. Fox came forward in another coalition, which fared little better than the former one. Madame Cornuel said of the eight Marshals of France created on the death of Turenne—that they were *la monnaie de M. de Turenne*—so '*All the Talents*' were change for Mr. Pitt. But there was one great Talent not adequately provided for. Mr. Fox had asked Lord Holland what he would like; he modestly replied, 'that *Lady Holland's predilection for foreign modes of living* would make him prefer the *Embassy to Paris*' (vol. i. 233) when peace should be made; but even with so great an object in view as gratifying '*Lady Holland's predilection*,' it was not

not so easy to make peace with Napoleon, and Lord Holland was obliged to put up with a mission to Berlin. It seems, though we had forgotten it, that he actually set out on that mission, but very soon returned, in consequence of the seizure of Hanover by Prussia. Mr. Fox's illness had now taken a more decided, and, eventually, fatal turn, and the best part of the whole work is the conclusion of the first volume, which describes his uncle's last illness in a way creditable to Lord Holland's affectionate feelings towards Mr. Fox, but which is not unmixed with some indications of disappointment that he himself was not sent to Paris instead of Lord Lauderdale. On Mr. Fox's death he advanced his claim to a high Cabinet office as his representative. These pretensions, suggested, he tells us, not by himself but by Mr. Fox's friends, were, as he states them in a long letter to Lord Lauderdale, not very moderate.

'That my uncle's friends felt very jealous of the Grenvilles, and thought that my name in the Cabinet was absolutely *necessary*, and in the Foreign Office *desirable*, to prove that there was a disposition to cultivate my uncle's friends, to preserve his system and principles, . . . and that certainly the only places that could gratify my private ambition were the *Embassy to Paris* or the *Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs*.'—pp. 53, 54.

We know not where we could find a parallel for pretensions so lofty from a person who had never been in any office—who had not distinguished himself in Parliament, and had no political following—not a man, we believe, in either House; and it is the more wonderful when we recollect that the Foreign Office was already virtually filled by Lord Grey, who had transacted the duties during Mr. Fox's illness, and who was in truth, in the eyes of the whole country, Mr. Fox's political representative. Lord Holland, however, condescended, though with no very good grace, to accept the Cabinet, with the office of Privy Seal, the next in official dignity after the Lord Chancellor and Lord President; and when we recollect that at the great revival of the Whig ascendancy in 1830 he had nothing higher allotted to him than the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, we see reason to suspect that his colleagues estimated his value very differently, and, we think, much better, than he himself had done in 1806. We notice this circumstance, not from attaching any political importance to Lord Holland's public services, but because we think the disappointment of those inordinate and indeed absurd expectations influenced the unfavourable judgment that he subsequently passes on some of his colleagues.

We have already given, in our extracts from Moore's Diary, an anticipation of the most important point of this portion of
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Lord Holland's Memorials—that is, his reluctant and ungracious but complete acquittal of George IV. from the charge of having abandoned, or, as they even said, betrayed, his political party when he was called to power by the Regency.

Moore admits, in his *Life of Sheridan*, that immediately on Mr. Fox's death the Prince by a *distinct message*

'made known to the remaining ministers his intention of withdrawing from all interference in politics, and expressed himself as no longer desirous of being considered as a *party man*—his own phrase.'—*Moore's Life of Sheridan*, ii. 383.

We now know from Moore's *Memoirs* that this and some similar statements were made on Lord Holland's authority, chiefly, it seems, in conversations about the year 1818; and it is but fair to Moore to say that, in several passages in which he quotes Lord Holland, his *Lordship's Memoirs* attest the correctness with which Moore recorded what he said. On this occasion, however, we must remark that, although the general purport of his *Lordship's* evidence is the same, he *suppresses* in this volume the remarkable fact of the Prince's *message* withdrawing himself from the party; nor does he state so fairly or so fully as he did to Moore the motives of that withdrawal and the consequence which it naturally had, even on Moore's own prejudiced judgment, of absolving the Prince from the charge of inconsistency, and, to use his own phrase, 'satisfactorily accounting for his defection.' Though Lord Holland had not the candour of stating—in what he *leaves behind him as history*—this affair with the same force that he did in conversation with Moore, the fact is substantially acknowledged. He writes to Lord Lauderdale:—

'Grey has, perhaps, neglected *consulting* persons somewhat too much. He wrote, however, at my request, to the Prince; and the Prince is in better humour than he was. Sheridan has been behaving strangely, and will, I fear, do much mischief. But considering his connexions, talents, and appearance of steadiness to the mob and the public, I fear there is too much disposition to set him at defiance, and a greater desire to get rid of him altogether than is either prudent or perhaps right.'—p. 62.

'It must be owned that the manners and tone of our Administration, amidst its many wise and liberal measures, contributed very sensibly to accelerate [its fall]. . . The Prince of Wales, who had been active in the formation of it, was neglected, or thought himself so. Some symptoms of his ill-humour had transpired before I was in office. That circumstance was an additional motive with me for making his approbation a condition in my acceptance of the office. His letter to me on the occasion was more than gracious; it was kind and friendly. But though he approved my taking office, and expressed some good-will

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to the Ministry, he *distinctly disclaimed all connexion with them, and repeated above once his total indifference to politics since the death of Mr. Fox.* . . . I paid my personal homage pretty constantly at Carlton House; but I never sought, or rather I avoided, being the channel of any intercourse between him and the Government. I believe I did wrong; I am sure I acted unwisely for the interests of the Administration. If I had been aware of Lord Moira's overstrained scruples, I should have recommended to my colleagues a more unreserved communication with Carlton House from motives of policy; but had I been apprized of the degree to which the Prince had been consulted not only on the formation but on the principles of the Ministry, I should have thought every member of it bound to concert with him certain public measures more fully than they did. . . . Truth compels me to acknowledge that he had some reason to complain of the Ministers, and that their impartial historian has yet more reason to lament their impolicy in neglecting him.'—pp. 68-72.

This from Lord Holland—the chief instigator of Moore's libels on the Prince for the imputed apostacy—is conclusive on this point.

Upon another important point also Lord Holland affords some curious testimony. Mr. Fox had spent his latter life in declaiming against the war, and urging the necessity and feasibility of a peace with France. Lord Holland had with equal heat adopted, and in his *Memoirs* adheres to, the same opinions; but he lets us into the secret of Mr. Fox's conversion when he came to the practical solution of the question afforded by Lord Lauderdale's negotiations at Paris in 1806. Lord Lauderdale, he tells us,

'was more inclined to believe in the practicability of peace, and infinitely more disposed to make additional offers *for the chance of it*, than Mr. Fox. He could not, indeed, desire it more; but Mr. Fox *very soon expressed* to me his conviction, founded not on difficulties in the Cabinet, but on what he termed the *shuffling conduct of the French*, that the negotiation would fail. . . . It is my firm opinion, founded on my knowledge of the sentiments of Mr. Fox, and confirmed by subsequent reflection, that had the French Government conducted itself as it did, with Mr. Fox in full vigour and health and at the Foreign Office, the negotiation would have terminated *as it did*, and most probably would not have been allowed to continue *so long* by him as it was by his successors.'—pp. 77, 78.

Besides Lord Holland's innate dislike of George III., he has a particular spite against his memory for the dismissal of this administration. He first charges his Majesty with inhumanity of a very deep dye:—

'The King had watched the progress of Mr. Fox's disorder. He could hardly suppress his *indecent exultation* at his death.'—p. 49.

A cruel

A cruel and most unfounded calumny, as everybody who knew anything of the King's feelings at the time could testify. It would have been strange indeed that the King should have had any predilection for Mr. Fox, who had spent the greater part—five-and-twenty years—of his public life, not only in violent hostility to his Majesty's ministers and measures, but had taken several occasions of personally censuring and even insulting him. But Fox changed his opinion of the King, and the King, when he took him into the ministry, frankly forgave the opposition violence of Mr. Fox. Of this we have the recorded evidence of the person, in whom perhaps of all the public men that approached him, his Majesty had the greatest personal confidence. In Dean Pellew's *Life of Lord Sidmouth*, we find the following passage :—

'Mr. Fox's powers of attraction must have been extraordinary indeed, to overcome, as they did, not only the feebler resistance of Lord Sidmouth's political prepossessions, but also the more deeply rooted predispositions which were believed to prevail in the royal mind. Yet that such was the case is unquestionable. "Little did I think," said his Majesty to Lord Sidmouth, at the first interview with which he honoured him after the fatal event, "*little did I think that I should ever live to regret Mr. Fox's death.*" His Lordship used to remark that "Mr. Fox was always peculiarly respectful and conciliatory in his manner towards the King, and most anxious to avoid *every question* [alluding especially to the Catholic question] which did not harmonise with his Majesty's conscientious feelings."—*Life of Sidmouth*, ii. 435.

As a corollary to this slander, Lord Holland imputes to the King a treacherous desire to overturn his ministry—though his own pages show that in truth they overturned themselves, or, as Sheridan said, 'built up a wall to knock their own heads against.' But all Lord Holland's colleagues were, he confesses, not so unjust as he :—

'Some of our friends then flattered themselves that we were not obnoxious to the King, and have since persisted in the foolish opinion that nothing but our own conduct gave him an inclination to change his government.'—p. 94.

He also lets out that, though the King's sagacity might have foreseen that their own mismanagement would ruin them 'without his stir,' his Majesty

'gave Lord Grenville his full confidence in appearance, and even enjoined him to take his own time in forming a new administration. . . . Perhaps his Majesty *sagaciously foresaw* that they would soon furnish him with a more favourable opportunity.'—pp. 49, 50.

Whether

Whether the King thought so or not, Lord Holland certainly did ; and gives us good reason why he should :—

‘ The good-will of the people was lost very soon. The opposition of Mr. Whitbread, the suspicions of Sir Francis Burdett, and the perverseness and vanity of Mr. Sheridan, were no doubt great causes of that change.’—pp. 67, 68.

‘ *Great causes* ’ of the overthrow of that administration ! Were Sheridan, Whitbread, and Burdett, the secret tools of George III. ? and was George III. responsible for such secondary causes as the following ?—

‘ Our warmest partisans thought themselves neglected, or prostituted to purposes of ministerial convenience.’—p. 65.

‘ Much that might have strengthened our party and promoted our principles was neglected. . . .

‘ The dissolution was *an ill-advised measure*. Nothing but necessity could have justified it. Of that necessity I could form at the time but a very imperfect judgment. . . . It originated, I suspect, in Lord Grenville’s *ignorance* of the state of the House of Commons. . . . If Parliament was dissolved for *ministerial convenience*, full advantage was not taken of the measure. The general election was *very ill-managed by the Government*. In many instances no ministerial candidates were found ; in others, not sufficient preference was shown to tried friends over their sunshine supporters.’—p. 90-93.

‘ Of our Expeditions I shall say little. They were not successful, and with the aid of much clamour were *condemned by the public voice as ill-concerted in policy and unjust in principle*.’—p. 103.

‘ Our Expeditions to South America were not more fortunate in their issue. They were exposed to much animadversion, and, in fact, *deserved it more* than those I have explained above ; . . . they were neither *judiciously conceived* nor *expedited with the vigour and despatch* which such undertakings require.’—p. 111.

Nor were the characters which his Lordship gives of some of the most eminent of his colleagues, friends, and supporters, likely, if they were true, to ensure much respect from the public. The first minister, we have just seen, was ignorant of the state of the House of Commons :—

‘ *Our Chancellor, Lord Erskine*, shone least upon this trying occasion. He talked much *nonsense and false religion*, declaimed against Papists and Mahometans, and plumed himself on having never supported the pretensions of Roman Catholics. He betrayed *ignorance as well as weakness*, mistook the policy of the question, confounded the state of the law, and forgot every circumstance that had attended its enactment or its amendments.’—p. 184.

‘ *Lord Sidmouth* was, after his manner, prolix and pompous.’—p. 181. ‘ His empty and pompous manner exposed him to ridicule. . . .

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The *folly*, however, of Lord Sidmouth was of a sort very congenial with that of large bodies of the community. . . . His very mediocrity recommended him to those (and they are not a few) who dread and dislike all superiority of talent.'—pp. 211, 212.

'It is not surprising that such *ill-concerted and irresolute policy* met with no success. The faults committed by our administration did not end here. Mr. Windham was *unpardonably remiss* in drawing up his instructions and despatching the expedition.'—p. 115. 'As a public man, he had *grievous defects*; as a *minister, yet more*. He loved flattery, and his palate relished it in a gross form, and served up on the meanest platter. The most fulsome adulation from an inferior blinded his discernment; and he had in office the weakness of supporting his dependents almost in proportion to their want of merit. . . . This was the more unfortunate, as he was more dependent than most men in power on his subordinate agents.'—p. 206.

'Mr. Whitbread was obnoxious to a large branch of our party; he had recently differed with us, and urged his difference with warmth and even asperity. He was, in fact, *too vain* as well as *too rash* to acquire any real or permanent ascendancy over the minds of independent and well-educated men. . . .

'Mr. Ponsonby, ex-Chancellor of Ireland, was fixed upon [as leader in the House of Commons]. . . . This strange attempt placed Mr. Ponsonby in a situation fraught with difficulties, and he never surmounted them. He had been extolled for his parliamentary talents by the Irish, and he really possessed some; but I soon discovered that he was very ill-qualified to estimate the relative importance, much less direct the current, of Englishmen's opinions.'—pp. 237-239.

'Lord Ellenborough had inherited from nature a disposition to intolerance, together with a strong propensity to indulge in personal reflections, *coarse language, and virulent sarcasm*.'—p. 182. 'Indeed, the *spleen and bitterness* of Lord Ellenborough seemed very easily transferred from the Roman Catholics to those who resisted the solitary measure which he had been prevailed on to concede.'—p. 181.

Nay, of the temper and prudence of the person whom, next to Mr. Fox, Lord Holland professed to admire and follow—Lord Grey, he gives no favourable specimen, when he tells us that in the most serious and important discussion that that Cabinet ever had, and which ended in its dissolution—namely, that on the 'Cabinet Minute' submitted to the King on the Roman Catholic hitch—Lord Howick was so '*indignant*' at Lord Chancellor Erskine's opposition to the proposed concession, that

'the chagrin which Lord Erskine would manifestly feel at the loss of office seemed to reconcile him to the event; and every hint that dropped from the other on the propriety of a temporising policy made him [Lord Howick] spurn more contemptuously at everything like compliance or submission.'—p. 185.

What

What a motive!—the overthrow of the Government—the defeat of Catholic emancipation—the forcing the King's conscience—nay, even the transcendent calamity of depriving Lord Holland of the Privy Seal—all these Lord Grey was, it seems, willing to endure for the concomitant gratification of spiteing his old friend Lord Erskine.

We do not believe that there was or could be the slightest ground for this ridiculous imputation; but Lord Holland's having the folly or malice to leave it behind him as a grave specimen of Cabinet deliberation reminds us of four lines, which were said to have been found in Lord Holland's pocket-book, and which he seems to have meant as his own autograph epitaph:—

‘ Nephew of Fox, and *friend of Grey*,
Be mine no higher fame—
If those who deign to watch me, say
I've sullied neither name.’

He has not, we admit, *sullied* Lord Grey's name—for no name can be sullied but by a man's self; but he certainly did his best to sully it when he recorded such a paragraph as we have quoted.

The accounts given by Lord Holland of the discussions between George III. and the Talents' Cabinet on the concession to the Roman Catholics, on which that ministry went out, are marked with his habitual malignity to the King and his usual misrepresentations of the most notorious facts. In this case, however, his documents help us to detect his inaccuracy; for he gives us, in his Appendix, copies of the Cabinet 'Minutes' and the King's replies, and of the correspondence between the Irish Lord-Lieutenant and the Home Secretary at Whitehall, which, though they contain nothing that was not stated in the debates of the day, give a greater degree of certainty and authenticity to our previous information. The narrative of these affairs is told, as the original papers now show, with clearness and accuracy, in Rivington's Annual Register for 1806 (ch. viii. p. 138); but as Lord Holland's Appendix, containing these documents *in extenso*, are really the only pages in his volume of the slightest historical importance, our readers will allow us to produce, on behalf of the wise and good old King, a few *dates* and *facts* furnished by Lord Holland himself in unconscious refutation of his own misstatements. His narrative throughout insinuates 'insincerity,' 'duplicity,' 'treachery,' and even worse, against his Majesty, on account of the 'misunderstanding,' as the Cabinet called it, or, as Lord Holland phrases it, the, on the part of the King, '*affected*' misunderstanding, between his Majesty and

and the ministers, and especially Lord Grey, who, on the morning of the day (4th March, 1806) on which he proposed the measure to the House of Commons, saw the King—told him what he was about to do, in accordance with the previous consent which his Majesty was supposed to have given :—

‘ Lord Howick understood the King to express to him a repugnance to the measure, but to have agreed to his proposing it to Parliament; and immediately on his coming out of the closet he so explained what had passed to Lord Grenville. In consequence of this, Lord Grenville, who went in afterwards, did not touch at all upon the subject, nor did his Majesty say anything to him upon it.’—p. 307.

The King subsequently stated that he had given no such consent; and then Lord Holland proceeds to ask, with very offensive insinuations, ‘ Who can hesitate to give credit to Lord Grey’s clear understanding and honest heart?’ p. 190. We know not whether Lord Grey himself ever *directly* put his veracity into an opposite scale from the King’s, but the documents which Lord Holland produces sufficiently prove that the King’s impression was that which any rational man must have had from the circumstances laid before him. The case was this. The Whigs, while in opposition, had, in order to embarrass Mr. Pitt, and so distress the King, allied themselves (in flagrant apostacy to all Whig principles) with the Roman Catholic party; and when, on the death of Mr. Pitt, they found themselves in office, these opposition pledges became a kind of *post obit* bond, which they found it would be inconvenient to pay, and particularly as the new Cabinet included some of the most decided anti-Catholics in England. While Mr. Fox lived, his authority, and his known reluctance to disturb the King by a question which his Majesty believed to touch alike his own conscience, his legal right to the crown, and the constitution of his country, kept the subject quiet—and this delicacy was, we believe, one of the main reasons of the favour with which the King came to regard Mr. Fox. On his death, the majority of the newly-constituted Cabinet would, we believe, have been glad to have continued the same prudent course, and were anxious to prevent the question being stirred; but, in spite of their efforts, the Roman Catholics in Ireland began to be clamorous for the payment of the *bond*. They called meetings, formed committees, and determined to press their claims.

On the 4th Feb. 1806, the Duke of Bedford, the Whig Lord-Lieutenant, announced this disagreeable news to his colleagues in England.

‘ Lord Grenville evidently *foresaw the embarrassing dilemma* to which he would soon be reduced, of either supporting the Catholic claims

claims in Parliament, and thus offending the King, *not without some imputation of using him ill (!), or of eluding the question, and thereby exposing himself to the charge of inconsistency and time-serving policy.*'—p. 180.

The only extrication that occurred to the Cabinet was to conciliate their Irish friends by a *sop*. An Irish act of 1793 had opened to the Roman Catholics all commissions in the army *under the rank of general*. This concession, however, had not been ratified by a similar act for Great Britain—so that there really was in theory, and no doubt, if the question should be raised, in fact, an indefensible anomaly. The Ministers, therefore—very properly, if their motives had been more open and sincere—resolved to remove this inconsistency; and they wrote to the Duke of Bedford to endeavour to quiet the Irish agitators with an announcement of their intention to insert a clause in the Mutiny Bill to enable his Majesty to grant any military commission to any of his subjects. This determination was submitted to the King on the 9th Feb. On the 10th the King, after expressing his regret and surprise at the stirring such questions, proceeds—

'His Majesty's objections to this proposal do not result from any slight motive; they have never varied; for they arise from the principles by which he has been guided through life, and to which he is determined to adhere. On this question a line has been drawn from which he cannot depart; nor can Earl Spencer be surprised that such should be his Majesty's feelings; as he cannot have forgotten what occurred when the subject was brought forward some years ago. He had hoped in consequence that it would never again have been agitated.'—pp. 286, 287.

To this the Cabinet replied by a respectful and well-reasoned Minute, stating—

'They had persuaded themselves that in the clauses to be proposed for the Mutiny Bill your Majesty would be of opinion that they are only fulfilling the engagements which had formerly been entered into under your Majesty's authority, and carrying into effect a principle which has already received the fullest and most formal sanction by the Act passed in the Irish Parliament in the thirty-second year of your Majesty's reign.'—p. 291.

This Cabinet Minute Lord Grenville communicated to the King in a pressing, but dutiful and even affectionate letter, urging that *nothing was proposed which his Majesty had not already sanctioned in the Irish Act.*

'The measure in question, so far from being in opposition to any known or expressed opinion of your Majesty, is perfectly conformable in its principles to that concession to which your Majesty had long ago been pleased most graciously to consent.'—p. 288.

To this cogent argument the King replied on the 12th:—

‘He will not, under the circumstances in which it is so earnestly pressed, and adverting *particularly to what passed in 1791* [3], prevent his ministers submitting to the consideration of Parliament the propriety of inserting the proposed clause in the Mutiny Bill. While, however, the King so far reluctantly concedes, he considers it necessary to declare that he *cannot go one step further*; and he trusts that this proof of his forbearance will secure him from being at a future period distressed by any further proposal connected with this question.’—p. 294.

So far all was clear and right on both sides; but it will be observed that the measure proposed by Ministers, and accepted by the King, was stringently limited to the mere *extension of the Irish Act to Great Britain*.

When, however, this result was communicated by the Lord-Lieutenant to the Catholic committee in Dublin, they asked whether it was meant that Roman Catholics might be *General Officers*, to which his Excellency's secretary, Mr. Elliot, was not able to give a decisive answer, though he thought the words ‘military commissions’ implied General Officers. They also talked of admission to ‘Corporations,’ and of being ‘Sheriffs,’ &c.; and, on the whole, it was evident that the Catholics were not to be so easily satisfied. This induced the majority of the Cabinet to make the further concession suggested by the Catholic Committee, and to go *beyond the Irish Act*, by opening to the Catholics ‘*all military commissions and appointments*.’ This flagrant departure from the letter and spirit of the Cabinet Minute and of Lord Grenville's explanatory letter, on which the King's reluctant consent—to go so far, but not one step farther—had been obtained, was no otherwise explained, or even communicated to his Majesty, than by sending him to read the draft of a letter to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, which contained those general words, which the King, under the impression of the previous engagement, might—even if he had read the despatch critically—have supposed to mean no more than had been distinctly agreed upon—the *extension of the Irish Act*, the exact words of which he was not likely to have in his memory. He had, however, little time allowed him for consideration, and none for consultation, for the despatch was sent to him in the night of Monday, the 2nd March, and received by him on Tuesday morning, the 3rd, and returned by him that same day without any observation, and, with somewhat suspicious haste, despatched to Ireland that same evening. The King came to town next day—Wednesday the 4th—and had that interview above mentioned, in which Lord Grey says he had his Majesty's sanction for proposing the measure to the House of Commons; but neither did Lord Grey, nor does Lord

Holland, assert, or even suggest, that the King had any suspicion, much less any *notice*, that this despatch went an iota beyond what had been previously agreed to—the Irish Act. Lord Holland proceeds to say, that though Lord Grey made the motion that day (the 4th), it was not till that day week (his next levee) that the King remonstrated against it both to Lords Grenville and Grey. This is inaccurate; for Lord Grey, in his explanatory speech of the 26th March, 1816, confessed that, on the '*Thursday or Friday*, he heard serious objections from some of his colleagues, and that Lord Grenville was aware that the King was dissatisfied.'

But there had intervened a circumstance which Lord Holland does not allude to, though it was very significant. In both the Cabinet Minute and Lord Grenville's persuasive letter it was stated, as an additional motive for his Majesty's consent, that the enactment should be made in the *annual* 'Mutiny Bill,' in order that it might be annually in the power of the Government to omit it if any inconvenience should arise. That palliative was now withdrawn. The proposition made on the 4th March by Lord Grey was not, as had been previously settled, a clause in the Mutiny Bill, but to execute their purpose by a separate and permanent act—a change which, if the affair had been *bonâ fide*, would have been more prudent than the embarrassing the pending and all future Mutiny Bills with so contentious a question; but, under the existing circumstances, it had a different bearing, not only as to the Royal power over the measure in future years, but because it was evident that a substantive bill of concession was opening a wider door for other encroachments, and establishing a precedent for what both the King and the country were decidedly adverse to. Of this transformation of the *clause* into a *substantive bill*, Lord Holland, we say, takes no notice; but, on the 15th March, the Cabinet—*minus* the Lord Chancellor Erskine, the Lord President Sidmouth, and Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, who were not now, nor had been lately, summoned to the Cabinets—informed the King that they had resolved to *abandon their bill*. Lord Holland says that he, Lord Grey, and Mr. Windham opposed this resolution; and we are not surprised that he should have been uneasy at such a shabby proceeding; but they had, he says, agreed to abide by the opinions of the majority, and so, in spite of principles and dignity, they submitted to give up their bill and—hold their places. They endeavoured, however, to put a bold face on their compliance; and in the Cabinet Minute in which they announced to the King their temporary submission, they threatened him with a recurrence to the same weapons whenever they should find it convenient. The substance of this important document was known at the time, and stated by
both

both Lords Grenville and Grey in their explanations ; but we do not recollect to have ever before seen the actual text, which is much stronger than what we had remembered of those parliamentary statements of its purport. It is worthy of more notice than it seems at the time to have attracted.

‘In stating to Parliament the determination to make this very painful sacrifice to what they conceive to be their painful duty, they trust your Majesty will see the indispensable necessity of their expressing with the same openness by which their language on that subject has uniformly been marked, the strong persuasion which *each of them individually* entertains of the advantages which would result to the empire from a different course of policy towards the Catholics of Ireland. These opinions they have never concealed from your Majesty. They continue strongly impressed with them ; and it is *obviously indispensable to their public character that they should openly avow them both on the present occasion and in the possible event of the discussion of the Catholic Petition in Parliament.*’—pp. 313, 314.

That is, the King's Ministers reserved to themselves a right, and *pledged themselves* to a determination, to exert, jointly and severally, their personal and official influence in furtherance of a measure so odious to the Sovereign, and so injurious, as he believed, to the interests and wishes of his people. So strange a proposition as that the Royal influence should be thus left in hands pledged to exercise it whenever they pleased against the Royal conscience, left the King no alternative than to insist on such a retraction of it as should save him from any future pressure of the obnoxious measure. The Ministers, we think, must have anticipated this result, which they lost no time in denouncing as an unconstitutional attempt to fetter their Ministerial duties and responsibility ; and they thought this point a more popular, or at least more plausible, pretext for resignation than any preceding circumstance of their insincere, vacillating, and contradictory manoeuvres ; and great efforts were accordingly made in and out of Parliament to narrow the whole case to this merely accessory point. But the answer to it was so obvious as to deprive it of all effect. It was their own *Minute* which had first raised the question of a *pledge*. It was *they* who had *volunteered* to close the doors of their Cabinet against all future counsel, compromise, or conciliation, by requiring from the Sovereign an acquiescence in their own fixed and unalterable course on the Catholic question. This determination of theirs, thus deliberately made and solemnly recorded, was just as much a fetter on their Ministerial responsibility as any opposite engagement could be—indeed much more so than what their pledge had driven the King to require ; all he wished was in self-defence—that he, at the age of sixty-eight,

eight, affected with blindness, and in most delicate and precarious health, should not again have this harassing and dangerous question pressed upon *him* by his *own confidential servants*; but he had too much good sense to make the slightest suggestion as to what those gentlemen might think proper to do, either in *future times*, or in any *other character*, except only as *his Ministers*. Such was the case of the dismissal of All the Talents, which the misrepresentations of Lord Holland's narrative, and the corrective evidence of his documents, will, we hope, excuse us for having thus reproduced.

There was also another question that very much embarrassed that Cabinet, one which is now happily of little interest, though it once seemed 'to shake our isle from its propriety'—the conduct of the Princess of Wales. The lesson, however, that it gives us of the force of faction and the extravagance of popular delusions ought not to be forgotten. That same Government—some of the leading members of which subsequently interested themselves as her champions—became highly unpopular for sanctioning even an inquiry into her conduct:—

'The knowledge,' says Lord Holland, 'that such an inquiry was established did unquestionably, even in the outset, exasperate the people against the Prince, and expose the Ministry who entertained it to much suspicion and obloquy. Yet all the Ministers except Mr. Windham supposed that the nature of the facts disclosed in the inquiry, if made public, would in this prudish country divert the popular wrath from the Prince to the Princess; and they not unreasonably inferred from that very natural speculation that her advisers would be more careful to suppress than to publish what was so inaptly termed "the delicate investigation." The event belied both these expectations. The publications, whether mutilated or entire, all originated with the official advisers, or at least with the warm partisans of the Princess; and the appearances of levity (to use the very mildest phrase), far from shocking the austerity of the English public, seemed to endear her to the populace, and certainly strengthened the prejudices and inflamed the animosity of all classes against her husband. A share of the odium fell on all who either conducted or sanctioned any inquiry at the Prince's request or instigation. And yet, whatever may be thought of the treatment to which she was exposed on her arrival in England, or of the malignity, and possibly the falsehood, of some of the charges subsequently brought against her, or of the somewhat vindictive prosecution of her when Queen—she was at best a strange woman, and a very sorry and uninteresting heroine. She had, they say, some talent, some pleasantry, some good-humour, and great spirit and courage. But she was utterly destitute of all female delicacy, and exhibited in the whole course of the transactions relating to herself very little feeling for anybody, and very little regard for honour or truth, or even for the interests of those who were devoted to her, whether the people in the aggregate, or

or the individuals who enthusiastically espoused her cause. She avowed her dislike of many; she rarely concealed her contempt for all. In short, to speak plainly, *if not mad, she was a very worthless woman.*—pp. 119-121.

To those who recollect, or who may read, the part that the majority of Lord Holland's colleagues and political friends took in the Queen's case, these observations, penned it seems about the very time of her trial, will appear extremely curious. We ourselves have no doubt, that Lord Holland need not have expressed his opinion of her in this alternative form: she was certainly 'a very worthless woman;' but we think it is equally certain that she was what the world commonly calls '*mad*.'

The only other matter of any interest, or, we should rather say, of curiosity, that we find in this volume, are some details concerning the supposed marriage of George IV. when Prince of Wales, with Mrs. Fitzherbert—a story we have always considered, and thought, that we had good reason for doing so, an idle scandal; but Lord Holland produces some substantial and documentary evidence which certainly implies that there were more grounds for the rumour than we had imagined. The affair was first brought before the public by a speech of Mr. Rolle, on the 24th of April, 1787, which alluded to it in terms, vague indeed, but universally understood, as a matter by which the '*constitution both in church and state might be essentially affected*.' On the 27th, Sheridan came down with a declaration on the part of the Prince that he desired inquiry into every circumstance of his conduct, and that 'no part of it should be treated with ambiguity, concealment, or affected tenderness.' On the 30th, Fox, who had been absent from the former debates, renewed the discussion, and, after stigmatizing the rumour as scandalous and malicious, gave the fact of any marriage a distinct and indignant denial. This was, no doubt, by the direct authority of the Prince; and in this denial the Prince persisted to the last. But what shakes our confidence in this solution is, that Lord Holland has found and produces a rough draft of an earnest letter from Fox to the Prince, dated two years earlier—10th Dec. 1785—by which it appears that Fox *then* believed that the Prince had some serious intentions of marrying Mrs. Fitzherbert, and thought it necessary, in this long and argumentative letter, to show his Royal Highness not only the flagrant illegality of such a step, but the personal mortifications and difficulties of all sorts which it would entail on himself and the lady. The earnestness of this remonstrance certainly shows Fox's conviction, not merely of the probability, but the imminence of the danger. This letter the Prince appears to have lost not an hour in answering as follows:—

'My

'My dear Charles,—Your letter of last night afforded me more true satisfaction than I can find words to express: as it is an additional proof to me (which I assure you I did not want) of your having that true regard and affection for me which it is not only the wish but the ambition of my life to merit. Make yourself easy, my dear friend. Believe me, the world will now soon be convinced that there not only is not, but never was, any grounds for these reports, which of late have been so malevolently circulated.'—p. 137.

The letter then goes off to other subjects. Now, as this discussion was above two years earlier than Mr. Fox's absolute denial of the marriage in April, 1787, it is highly improbable that he should not have in the interval satisfied himself on so important a point; and as no one can doubt his personal integrity and truth, we cannot but arrive at the conclusion that he had so satisfied himself, and made his subsequent declaration *en pleine connaissance de cause*. But still we must admit that the very fact of his former apprehension leaves some doubt on one's mind that there might have been some ground for the rumour. This doubt Lord Holland fortifies by the statement of a direct confession made by the Prince to Lord Grey. Fox's denial in the House of Commons was in terms so strong as gave great offence to Mrs. Fitzherbert, who insisted, it is said, on some public reparation. The Prince, equally unable to resist the lady's tears and indisposed to ask Fox to contradict himself, had, says Lord Holland, recourse to Lord Grey:—

'He actually sent the next morning for Mr. Grey (Lord Howick and Earl Grey), who was then in high favour with him, and after much preamble, and pacing in a hurried manner about the room, exclaimed, "Charles" (he always so called Mr. Fox) "certainly went too far last night. You, my dear Grey, shall explain it:" and then in distinct terms (as Grey has, *since the Prince's death*, assured me), though with prodigious agitation, owned that a ceremony had taken place.'—p. 139.

This application to Lord Grey (but not the *confession*) Moore, no doubt on Lord Holland's authority, produced in his *Life of Sheridan* (i. 484); and we are bound in fairness to say, that on the appearance of that work, George IV. deliberately and distinctly declared that '*there was not a word of truth in it, and that he had never had any communication with Lord Grey on the subject;*' and he further went on to deny '*that absurd story of his supposed marriage.*' This was, we need hardly add, *during Lord Grey's life*, and was intended by the King to be publicly repeated. We might possibly, in such a balance of testimony, have leaned to that of so *disinterested* a witness as Lord Grey, if we were sure that we had Lord Grey's *own* assertion uncontaminated, but we have not the same confidence in Lord Holland's secondhand report;

report; and therefore, if the case rested here, we should credit the Prince's denial, confirmed as it appears by Mr. Fox's *deliberate* concurrence: but there is another circumstance of great and contrary weight. Lord Holland states the circumstances of the supposed ceremony as he heard them from a friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert's:—

'It was at the Prince's own earnest and repeated solicitations, *not at Mrs. Fitzherbert's request*, that any ceremony was resorted to. She knew it to be invalid in law; *she thought it nonsense*, and told the Prince so. . . . It was performed by an English clergyman. A certificate was signed by him and attested by two witnesses, *both, I believe, Catholic gentlemen*, and one a near relation of Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mr. Errington. Mrs. Fitzherbert, from mixed feelings of fear and generosity, tore off the names of the witnesses at some subsequent period, lest they should by possibility be involved in any legal penalties for being present at an illegal transaction. Before George the Fourth's accession to the throne, or, as I believe, his appointment to the Regency, the clergyman was dead (for it was not, as often surmised, Parson Johnes who married them): and his name, I understand, remains annexed to the instrument purporting to be a register or certificate of the ceremony.'—pp. 140–142.

This relation of Mrs. Fitzherbert's—also at second or third hand—is full of inconsistencies: how can we imagine her indifference to a point which was to quiet her conscience?—and what value could *she* place on a ceremony performed by a *Protestant* clergyman?—and if she thought it *nonsense*, why was she provided with *two witnesses of her own sect*? It would, therefore, add little to the rumours which were long ago afloat on the subject, but to which we did not then, and should not now, give any serious credit but for the following *material* fact, now distinctly stated by Lord Holland, and which alters very decidedly the complexion of the case:—

'In truth, that there was such a ceremony is *now (I transcribe* my narrative in 1836)* not matter of conjecture or inference, but of history. Documents proving it (long in the possession of Mrs. Fitzherbert's family) have been, since June, 1833, actually deposited by agreement between the executors of George IV. (the Duke of Wellington and Sir William Knighton), and the nominees of Mrs. Fitzherbert (Lord Albemarle and Lord Stourton), at Coutts's bank, in a sealed box bearing a superscription of "The property of the Earl of Albemarle: but not to be opened by him without apprising the Duke of Wellington," or words to that purport.'—pp. 123, 124.

* Here, again, we have another of Lord Holland's supplementary interpolations, which leave us in doubt as to how much was his original impression, and what he may have added from other sources and with subsequent views. The use of the word *transcribe* is remarkable; for it seems from the context that there was here no transcription at all, but the addition of some pages.

This assertion—as we cannot question the substantial fact as to the existence of some such deposit—certainly corroborates Mrs. Fitzherbert's *statement* that something in the nature of a ceremony had passed, and that she (however inconsistently with her declaration that she thought it *nonsense*) had preserved some documentary evidence of it. We must also confess, that to those who knew George IV. and his habit in conversation—always most dexterously running off from disagreeable subjects—the short and general terms of his answer to Fox's remonstrance, and the haste with which he starts wholly different matters—will lead to a suspicion that there was more ground for Fox's alarm than the Prince chose to admit even to that dear friend. On the other hand, Mr. Fox's earnest denial of any such transaction two years later than his first anxious consideration of the subject, during which time he had abundant opportunities and a great personal interest for getting at the truth, seems to outweigh all the other evidences—except the existence of the sealed box, deposited in the joint custody of the nominees of Mrs. Fitzherbert and the King. Believing that fact, we are forced to conjecture that some ceremony, like the left-hand marriages of the German Courts, and of which there were no distant examples in the House of Hanover, may, in the hey-day of George IV.'s youth—(it must have taken place, if at all, when the Prince was about three-and-twenty)—been adopted to win the compliance or quiet the scruples of Mrs. Fitzherbert. It must have been a silly affair at best, for the lady thought it *nonsense*, and the Prince knew that practically it was *nothing*. The question as to whether any deception was practised on the lady seems sufficiently answered by Mrs. Fitzherbert's own statement that she neither desired nor relied on the supposed ceremony; but if there was *any* ceremony at all, George IV. cannot be acquitted of culpable levity in the first instance, and of subsequent insincerity to Fox and his other friends, who had every reason to believe that the denial meant that no *form* of marriage had ever been gone through, and not merely that no *valid* marriage had been contracted, which everybody knew to be legally impossible. On the whole, we are obliged to suspend our final judgment on the subject for further information from the contents of the sealed box, which, now that its existence is revealed, will not, we suppose, in these inquisitive times, be much longer withheld. We regret and would deprecate all such discussions; but a scandal seventy years old is almost innocuous, and in a few years more will be wholly so; and, after what has passed, we do not foresee any serious mischief from the telling the whole truth, whatever it may be.

- ART. IV.—1. *Etudes sur la Situation Intérieure, la Vie Nationale, et les Institutions Rurales de la Russie.* Par le Baron Auguste de Haxthausen. 3rd volume. Berlin, 1853.
2. *The Shores of the Black Sea.* By Lawrence Oliphant, Esq. Edinburgh, 1853.
3. *The Russians of the South.* (Traveller's Library.) By Shirley Brooks, Esq. London, 1854.
4. *La Russie Contemporaine.* Par L. Leouzon le Duc. Paris, 1853.
5. *Der Russisch-Türkische Feldzug in der Europäischen Türkei 1828' und 1829.* Dargestellt durch Freiherrn von Moltke. Berlin, 1845.
6. *The Speech of the Earl of Shaftesbury in the House of Lords on Friday, March 10th, on the Manifesto of the Emperor of Russia.* London, 1854.

THE present aspect of affairs in Europe gives the British public a strong interest in measuring the forces and the energy of the great antagonist, whose duplicity and aggression call forth the fleets and armies of England to battle after an unbroken peace of forty years. Supported by the unanimous opinion of the country, and by the assent of the most conservative states of Europe—by the court of Vienna, as well as by that of Paris—England presents herself once more in arms, and at the head of a combination scarcely less formidable than that which established the peace of Europe on a firm and lasting basis in 1815. Yet it has seldom happened to any nation to engage in hostilities with a foreign power whose real strength and resources are so imperfectly known. No other empire but that of Russia ever succeeded in keeping so vast a portion of the globe a secret and a mystery from the rest of mankind. We know that she possesses territories wider than the realms of Tamerlane; we are told that the troops under her banners are as countless as the hosts that followed Napoleon when he was the master of Europe. But so little can be added with certainty to these facts, that we alternately hear the power of Russia described as the scourge and terror of Europe, or as a public imposture, to be crumpled up by the mountebanks of the hustings. The events of the coming year will determine with greater accuracy the truth of these conflicting statements. Already we have seen that in diplomatic warfare the boasted influence of Russia even over her nearest allies is no match for the straightforward vigilance and honest resolution of England in a just and legal cause. Nor do we anticipate greater success for the military and naval power

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of the Russian empire. The true source of national greatness, in a contest like that in which we are about to engage, lies in the social condition and political institutions of an empire, since they supply that vigour and bottom by which the efforts of military power can alone be sustained.

It is, therefore, to these questions that we propose at this time to direct our attention; and we have placed at the head of the works now before us the third volume of Baron von Haxthausen's elaborate survey of the social condition of Russia, although the former volumes of this publication have already been noticed at some length in this Journal. But, upon the whole, this book is, in spite of its partiality and its defects, the most complete account we have met with of the condition and resources of the Russian empire, and more especially of the peculiar institutions and character of the Russian people. Although the Baron more than once expresses surprise in the course of his labours that no natural born Russian should have attempted the task which he has executed, he supplies this deficiency by a warmth of Russian feeling which is not common to the west of the Vistula. He assures us that he spent his time in Moscow, with the cream of Muscovites, and drank his notions of Russian policy and administration from the well of Russia undefiled. His work is, in fact, an elaborate panegyric on the empire and the people of Russia; and though we are not displeased to learn all that can be said on this subject by so favourable a witness, we are not very powerfully affected by the picture he attempts to draw of the strength of the Imperial Government. It is evident, however, that the broad propositions for which our author contends are regarded in Russia as fundamental truths, and are supposed to establish a sort of superiority and ascendancy in the political relations of the empire over other nations. No such propositions can, in our judgment, be consistently maintained. They are unsupported by facts, and they will not sustain argument. They are the offspring of a state of society in which public discussion is unknown; and whenever Russian institutions are brought into more direct contrast or connexion with those of Europe, we have very little doubt that the superstitious veneration of their admirers, and the exaggerated apprehensions of many of their antagonists, will be alike dispelled.

According to Baron von Haxthausen, 'the historical mission of the Russians is to serve as mediators between Europe and Asia, and to transmit to the East the civilisation of the West.' He compares the position of the Russian empire to that of the Roman empire in the early ages of the Christian era, when the propagation of Christianity was assisted by the universal domination

nion of the imperial power of Constantine and Justinian. He contends that it is impossible to deny that, in the present state of Europe, the Russian empire does really represent the Empire of the East, and the Russian Church the Church of the East. And he attempts to show that the political and military organization of the empire are precisely the conditions requisite for the maintenance of this position, and the accomplishment of these designs. We shall examine, with the assistance of this author and of one or two other witnesses, the accuracy of these startling propositions; and we think it may be shown that Russia is as ill prepared to transmit to the East the civilisation of Europe as she is to crush the liberties of Europe by the barbaric hordes of the East. Her distinguishing characteristics are still Asiatic, and the efforts she has made to engraft her influence on the ancient states of Europe have borne only crude and imperfect fruit.

The primary condition of the political and social institutions of Russia is the doctrine of passive obedience which pervades all the relations of the people to the state, in domestic life, and even in the avocations of daily business. Military organization is the form in which this passive obedience of the nation has been armed for the purposes of aggression or of defence. To this principle every institution or usage of the country seems to be referred or resolved.

'The feeling of the Russians is not so much one of deep attachment to their country as of ardent patriotism. Their country, the country of their ancestors, the Holy Russia, the people fraternally united under the sceptre of the Czar, the communion of faith, the ancient and sacred monuments of the realm, the tombs of their forefathers—all form a whole which excites and enraptures the mind of the Russians. They consider their country as a sort of kinsmanship to which they address the terms of familiar endearment. God, the Czar, and the priest, are all called "Father,"—the Church is their "Mother," and the empire is always called "Holy Mother Russia." The capital of the empire is "Holy Mother Moscow," and the Volga "Mother Volga." Even the high road from Moscow to Vladimir is called "Our dear mother the high road to Vladimir." But above all, Moscow, the holy mother of the land, is the centre of Russian history and tradition, to which all the inhabitants of the empire devote their love and veneration. Every Russian entertains all his life long the desire to visit one day the great city, to see the towers of its holy churches, and to pray on the tombs of the patron saints of Russia. "Mother Moscow" has always suffered and given her blood for Russia, as all the Russian people are ready to do for her.'—p. 151.

Such is the national sentiment of the Russians, but their social unity must be described in greater detail. We insert, in a note,

note, a correct table* of the population and extent of the empire, which may serve to elucidate the Baron's remarks:—

* More

* Area and Population of the Russian Empire.

Natural Divisions;	Area in English Square Miles.	Population in		Mean Population in 1852, per Square Mile.
		1846.	1852.	
Great Russia	328,781	19,220,900	20,403,371	62.4
Little Russia	150,141	11,093,400	11,775,865	78.4
New Russia	96,636	3,070,700	3,259,612	33.7
White Russia	70,399	2,757,200	2,937,436	41.7
Western Provinces	47,076	2,704,300	2,870,667	60.9
Baltic Provinces	36,616	1,659,800	1,761,907	48.1
Northern Provinces	536,226	1,333,300	1,420,629	2.6
Ural Provinces	447,788	10,146,000	10,770,181	24.1
Cossack Districts	123,776	1,089,700	1,156,736	9.3
Poland	49,230	4,857,700	5,156,543	104.7
Finland	135,808	1,412,315	1,499,199	11.1
Total in Europe	2,022,477	59,360,315	63,012,146	31.1
Caucasian Provinces	86,578	2,850,000	2,850,000	32.8
West Siberia	2,681,147	3,500,000	3,500,000	1.3
East Siberia	2,122,000	237,000	237,000	.11
American Possessions	371,350	61,000	61,000	.16
Total Extra European	5,261,075	6,648,000	6,648,000	1.26
Totals	7,283,552	66,008,315	69,660,146	9.5

In respect to Race, the population of the Russian Empire may be classed approximately, as follows:—

Sarmatian Race	Lithuanic Branch	Lithuanians and Letts	2,000,000
	Slavonic Branch	Russians Bulgarians and Illyrians Poles	49,000,000 500,000 6,500,000
			58,000,000
Germans			650,000
Dacian Romans			750,000
Tatars			3,400,000
Tartars			2,150,000
Mongols			250,000
Munshús			100,000
Hyperborean Races			200,000
Caucasian Tribes			2,750,000
Greeks			70,000
Jews			1,600,000
Gipsies			30,800
Miscellaneous			50,000
Total			70,000,000

In

‘ More than a hundred peoples, speaking a hundred different idioms, inhabit the surface of the Russian Empire. But almost all these peoples are scattered along its frontiers. The whole interior is inhabited by one sole race, that of the Russians proper. The Russian race alone consists of about 50 million souls, whilst all the other tribes of the empire put together do not exceed 15 millions.

‘ No other state in Europe possesses so numerous a population belonging to one nation. Even France contains but 32 millions of Frenchmen out of 35 or 36 millions of inhabitants; and Great Britain about 19 millions of Englishmen out of 30 millions of inhabitants. The German nation only, if we reckon in it the Dutch and Flemings, approaches the numbers of the Russian people; but Germany is far from having any organized political union, and is more divided into petty states than any other nation. Russia presents a different aspect; it has all the signs of compact nationality. The 36 million inhabitants of Great Russia speak identically the same language, from the highest classes to the lowest, from the Emperor to the peasant. The dialects of the White Russians and of 7 millions of Little Russians is slightly different, but still comprehensible. To this complete unity of language must be added, among the Great Russians, the most surprising uniformity of manners and customs. Whilst Germany presents on this score an infinite variety of local distinctions, the uniformity of the whole of Great Russia is absolute; and, though this monotony is not poetical, it greatly increases the political strength of the country (?).

‘ Another still more important element of political strength is the unity of the Russian Church. This unity is complete amongst the Little Russians and Ruthenians, a few of the latter only being in communion with the Church of Rome. The Great Russians are divided by a schism, but the Staroverzi (or members of the old faith) have seceded from the Established Church, not on the grounds of doctrine, but of ceremonial usages.

‘ Although the first Russian empire, which was governed by Rurik, was founded by Normans (the Varangians), who must have introduced into Russia the fundamental Germanic institutions and the principles of the feudal system, this system never took root amongst the Slavonian population. On the contrary, all the popular institutions of Russia assumed the patriarchal character, which is peculiarly adapted to the Slavonian race, and especially to the Russian people, which in this respect *closely resembles the ancient nations of the East*. The social organization of Russia forms in all its relations and degrees an uninterrupted scale of hierarchy, every step of which rests on some patriarchal power. The father is the absolute sovereign of the family, which can-

In respect to religion, there are probably in the Russian Empire 50,000,000 belonging to the so-called *Greek Church* (i.e. *Byzantine Catholics*); about 7,000,000 *Roman Catholics* (chiefly Poles); and upwards of 3,000,000 Protestants (Germans and Tshúds).

Relative proportion of the dominant race to the other races in the Russian dominions:—Slávs to Non-Slávs, as 29 to 6, or 4·8 to 1; Russians to Non-Russians, as 7 to 3, or 2·3 to 1.

not

not exist without him. If the father dies, the eldest son takes his place, and exercises the full paternal authority. The property of the family is common to all the males belonging to it, but the father or his representative can alone dispose of it. Next comes the village or township, which is like an enlarged family governed by an elected father or starost. This starost is elected for three years. His power is absolute, and he is obeyed without restriction. Again: all the inhabited and cultivated lands of the village are held in common as undivided property. No portion is ceded as private property. The starost divides the fruits or profits of the whole amongst them. So, again, all these villages or townships form the nation—a nation of men equal amongst themselves, and equally subject to the chief of the empire and the race—the Czar. The authority of the Czar is absolute, like the obedience of his subjects. Any restriction on the authority of the Czar appears to a true Russian as a monstrous contradiction. "Who can limit the power or the rights of a father?" says the Russian; "he holds them not from us, who are his children, or from any man, but from God, to whom he will one day answer for them." The mere form of words, "It is ordered," has a magical effect on the Russians. They pay the same respect to the agents of the government, whom they regard as the servants of the Czar, and to all their superiors. But their obedience is patriarchal, not servile. Even the mode of address conveys this meaning. A Russian calls *batiousechka*—little papa—not only his father or any old man, but the starost, or any of his superiors. The Emperor himself is never addressed by the people by any other name. An old serf will call his master "little papa," even though he should be a child of ten years old.—p. 217.

And again:—

'In Russia there is no national or domestic association which has not its centre, its unity, its chief, its father, its master. A chief is absolutely indispensable to the existence of Russians. They choose another father when they lose their own. The starost is elected to be unconditionally obeyed. This must be well understood in order to comprehend the true position of the Czar. The Russian nation is like a hive of bees, which absolutely require a queen bee. In Russia the Czar is not the delegate of the people, nor the first servant of the state, nor the legal owner of the soil, nor even a sovereign by the grace of God. He is at once the unity, the chief, and the father of his people. He does not govern by right of office, but, as it were, by the ties of blood, recognised by the whole nation. This feeling is as natural to the whole population as that of their own existence, insomuch that the Czar can never do wrong. Whatever happens, the people always think him right. Any restriction on his power, even to the extent of one of the German Diets, would be considered in Russia an absurd chimera. The Czar Ivan IV. committed the most cruel actions, but the people remained faithful to him, and loved him all the more. To this day he is the hero of the popular ballads and legends of the country. When the Czar Ivan the Terrible, weary of governing, sought to abdicate, the

Russians

Russians flung themselves at his feet to entreat him to remain on the throne.'—p. 163.

Where society is founded on this simple principle, we have not far to look for the type of authority; and M. de Haxthausen has not the false modesty to conceal for one moment that the Russian army is led to battle and the Russian people bent to obedience *by the cudgel*:—

'Amongst the Great Russians every form of social authority causes itself to be respected *by blows*, which, however, have not the smallest bad effect on the affections or on friendship. Everybody beats: the father beats his son, the husband beats his wife, the landlord or the steward beat the peasants, and all this without the slightest trace of ill-feeling. Indeed, the back of the Russian is well used to blows, yet their backs are considerably less hardened than their souls. The blows are painful, and serve to correct them when justly applied. All the officers affirm that the stick ends by correcting the most hardened scoundrels, which is exactly the reverse of what is said of its effects in Western Europe. The application of this punishment in the army is left to the mere pleasure of the officers; a mere lieutenant can cause 150 blows to be inflicted, and a colonel may go to 500.'—p. 364.

It would seem that the verb *тутта* is at least as regularly declined in the Russian service as in the Greek accidence, and the Baron dwells on this subject with predilection, not unmixed with regret that the use of the stick should almost have disappeared from the institutions of his native country. M. de Haxthausen is an enthusiast in his principles. He challenges the world to dispute his doctrine 'that passive obedience is the sole foundation of any durable political system' (p. 209); and he evidently shares the prevailing opinion of the society of Moscow, that the last securities of human society have taken shelter under the shadow of the Kremlin. He even exults in the absence of those social conditions which are supposed elsewhere to be the best guarantee of conservative principles, and, like the Russians themselves, he would have the Czar all in all. Thus, for instance, he describes the position of the Russian nobility:—

'There is not in Europe any nobility which possesses such large fortunes (?), such vast personal privileges, such *liberties* (?), such political rights in the internal administration of the empire (??), or so much physical power as the Russian aristocracy. The nobles possess in absolute property more than one-half of the lands under tillage. More than half the population of Russia Proper, that is, more than 12 millions of souls, which means more than 24 millions of heads, are not only their subjects, but their serfs.'

It must be understood that in Russian rent-rolls the term 'souls' means exclusively the males on an estate. In every valuation of the agricultural population, however, the unity taken

taken is the *Tiéгло* of two souls, or, more exactly, five persons; the women and younger children being included. Yet, after this imposing and exaggerated statement of the position of the Russian aristocracy, what is the practical result of a nobility blessed with these paramount advantages?

‘Yet it cannot be advanced that, according to our European ideas, the Russian nobility forms a powerful aristocracy. It has very little *esprit de corps*—it has no corporate existence—it has no tendency to any common object. Notwithstanding its immense physical power, its real or moral influence on the motives and character of its serfs, and of the mass of the people, is very insignificant. In relation to the government and the Czar, it exercises as a body no influence but what the government desires and imposes on it. It might almost be said that the body only exists by deference to the ideas and intentions of the government. It would even dissolve at once, almost without resistance, if the government expressed the faintest desire or ordered it to be done. The fundamental difference between the character of the Germano-Roman nations and the Slavonians is, *that there is absolutely no such thing as any corporate feeling among the latter, and especially among the Russians.*’—p. 47.

In other words, this nobility, with all their boasted privileges (amongst which exemption from the cudgel seems the most practical), stand in very nearly the same relation to the government as their own serfs, and are equally incapable of self-reliance or independent action. Nay, we are told by our author that they are even incapable of those sentiments of territorial attachment which are the strongest, the oldest, and in some respects the most honourable passion of a landed nobility. The Russian nobles live in towns, and seldom frequent their country residences except for a few weeks in the summer. They have no conception of attachment to the soil, and are always ready to sell their estates for the least advantage. The feeling of reverence felt in Western Europe for patrimonial property is unknown. There is no country in Europe where the stability of territorial possession is so rare as in Russia. The laws of primogeniture and entail, which Peter the Great attempted to introduce by his ukase of the 13th March, 1713, were repugnant to the character of the nation, and were repealed by his successor in 1728. The rule of the empire is the equal division of property among all the sons of the family; and the effect of this law in a country where personal property is extremely scarce, is such that, with the exception of a very small number of the greatest families, a large fortune never descends in Russia to the third generation.* The

* According to Venables one seventh of a man's landed property goes on his death to his widow for ever; one fourteenth to each of his daughters; and the remainder is equally divided among the sons.

transfer of property by sale and mortgage is continual, for, owing to the nature of the laws, very little of it is in settlement, and owing to the habits of the nobility it is rapidly wasted. There are, no doubt, some fortunes of great magnitude in Russia; but, where the law of descent and the habits of the country are so opposed to accumulation and regular transmission of property, it is impossible that this wealth can be otherwise than fluctuating, which is the characteristic of large property amongst Oriental nations.

On this point, however, it may be worth while to hear another witness. In the unpretending form of a shilling volume of railway literature, Mr. Shirley Brooks has presented us with one of the most entertaining and instructive notices of the Russian empire which we have yet met with. The condition of the serf has nowhere been described with more truth and feeling, or the state of agriculture in southern Russia examined with more accuracy. On the tenure of land we find the following observation:—

‘The large size of the estates is in no small degree maintained by the policy of the government of Russia, which is determinately opposed to the subdivision of property, as being likely to aid in producing a fusion between classes whom it is considered far better to keep apart, estranged, and even hostile. Not long since a gentleman left ten sons, among whom his property would have been apportioned in the usual way, when it was signified by authority that it either was, or would be, held contrary to the interpretation of Russian law, that any estate should be subdivided below a certain point, and that such an arrangement must be made as would preserve the property in respectable integers. It is therefore upon a grand scale that the system of serf-cultivation, be it bad or good, is usually conducted. Although it is not easy to lay down any standard of size, it may be convenient to mention that, whereas the possession of “one hundred souls” (the regular and authorised term) is the smallest which entitles an individual to be considered a landowner, the possession of two thousand “souls” implies the holding of a very large estate.’

The Government itself advances money on land at the rate of 60 roubles per serf, and on the 1st January, 1842, no less than 5,594,858 *souls*, or 7-15ths of the Russian serfs, not belonging to the Crown, were *in pawn* to the government. The truth then is, from M. de Haxthausen’s own facts, that this nobility, whose wealth and prerogatives he has just been vaunting, have, like the empire to which they belong, bulk without opulence or available resources, and an abusive power over their inferiors, without the means of asserting their own independence or even prolonging their own social existence.

The class of Russian serfs or *mougiks* represents, according to

M. Leouzon le Duc, no less than one-twentieth part of mankind. It exceeds the whole population of France or Austria, and is computed to amount to no less than forty millions of human beings. The condition of these serfs differs in no material respect from that of the negro slaves of the United States, for the law holds them to be absolutely disqualified from possessing property; all they may earn or hold is really the property of their lord, and at his mercy. Not long ago the Scheremeteff family had several serfs who had acquired property, and even estates. The head of the family died in embarrassment, and the heir seized the property, and even claimed a sum of 20,000*l.* which one of his serfs in trade had deposited in the Bank of Moscow. But the Russian landlord is armed with a power which even the American planter does not possess. He is bound to feed the terrible conscription of the army, year by year, with an aliquot part of his own peasants. The rule of the Russian army is twenty-five years' irredeemable duty, with the probability of a much earlier death. The power of drafting off particular men into the army amounts to an absolute control over their existence. The body of the serf is equally subject to every caprice of the master, and the use of the whip is universal. The virtue of the female serf is in his power, and it is considered an honour among the Russian peasantry to reckon the adulterous offspring of their master amongst their own. The law itself precludes all redress, for the *Svod* expressly enacts that, 'if any serf, forgetting the obedience he owes to his lord, presents a denunciation against him, and especially if he presents such a denunciation to the Emperor, he shall be handed over to justice, and treated with all the rigour of the laws—he, and the scribe who may have drawn up his memorial.' We cannot conceive in any country or any age a more complete annihilation of human independence, or a more total degradation of human society.

To these facts we will only add one of another character. We were curious to ascertain what may be the amount of popular education amongst a nation governed on these principles, and our author answers the question by a table of official authority. There are in the four metropolitan districts of St. Petersburg, Kieff, Moscow, and Cazan, just 190 parochial schools, containing 17,580 pupils—and this in a country which contains no less than 134,575 priests and monks. In fact, the existence of any schools at all for the people is a recent innovation of the present Emperor, which is tacitly opposed by the nobility, and not assisted by the clergy.

We have brought together these leading facts in the social condition of the Russian empire, borrowed from the pages of the

the volumes before us, for the purpose of refuting, on the evidence of the Baron himself, the assertion from which he started that the historical mission of the Russians is to be the mediators between Europe and Asia, and to transmit to the East the civilisation of the West. What, we would ask this writer, does he mean by Europe and the civilisation of the West? For many hundred years Europe presents the spectacle of several nations differing in their character and their institutions, but united by common interests and common objects, which it has been their destiny and their glory to pursue. In each and all of these countries a thousand inventions have sprung up—a thousand additions have been made to the store of human knowledge. Their ports have been enriched by the trade which interchanged the productions of their industry. Their cities have been embellished by the original splendour or the reflected light of art. Every idea which sprang to life from the fervid genius of Italy, the keen wit of France, the manly sagacity of England, or the patient researches of Germany, became an additional bond of union between civilised man. In each of these states, some possessing a larger share of freedom and some a more absolute form of government, great institutions arose, securing to society the right of independent thought and action, the administration of justice, the conservation and permanence of property, the traditions of knowledge. Wherever the contest of free opinions was most strenuously carried on within the bounds of law, the progress of civilisation became most rapid; but in this family of nations none was so small or so obscure as not to catch the beams of every star that rose on the horizon, or not to fling back from time to time upon the world some radiance of its own. But it is hardly possible to find terms to describe a state of things more opposite to that of European civilisation than the society which Baron Haxthausen finds in Russia. In place of that self-reliance and eager contention for improvement and for power, the fundamental principle of the Russian empire is passive obedience to a chief. That mighty force of association which has taught men how to be masters of the world, and accumulated the strength of a pigmy till it achieves the tasks of a giant, is, we are told, unknown to nations of the Slavonian blood, and especially to Russians. Those aristocratic institutions which have been in Western Europe at once the security and the result of the laws of property, which have invested the rights of territorial possession with a thousand graces and utilities, and which have supplied to well-regulated states their wisest counsellors and noblest servants, are degraded into the temporary possession of so many heads of human cattle, without a thought of inde-

pendence towards the government, or of duty towards the lower classes of the people. Even the wealth of the country, in spite of its vast natural resources, remains stationary, from the stupid jealousy of legal restrictions, and the ordinary proceedings of trade are carried on by capital borrowed from abroad. Here alone—we will not say in Europe, but on the globe—is there a nation of sixty millions of inhabitants who have as yet scarcely contributed one single iota to the advancement of human knowledge. In literature no single writer has produced a work capable of surmounting the barriers of a remote and difficult language. In science no addition has been made to the observations of foreign inquirers. In art no indication of taste or feeling from Russia has ever struck the world. Even in statesmanship and in war, the two arts which have enabled Russia to play a considerable part in the affairs of Europe, she has owed almost everything to the infusion of foreign ministers and generals in her councils and her armies, or to the possession of the Baltic and Polish provinces, which have supplied her with a race of men she has never yet produced on her own soil. We say, then, that taking the social condition of Russia to be fairly described by Baron Haxthausen, it has produced something totally dissimilar from what can be called the civilisation of Europe; and the very phenomena which he thus unconsciously develops are those of society in Asia. There the principle of passive obedience is law. There the sentiment of human dignity is so low that blows are inflicted by caprice, and life itself has not half its value. There the traditions of landed property, of family descent, and the independence of aristocratic institutions, are as little known as civil and personal freedom. There, too, the human mind vegetates for centuries, without knowledge, without progress, adding nothing to the creation in which it occupies a place. On these points the identity of the Russian empire with the people of Asia is as striking as the contrast with the states of Europe: and in our view of the true position of that empire, its tendency is not so much to impart to the East the civilisation of the West, which it does not possess, as to menace the West with the sterile and destructive principles of an Asiatic polity, which blast and dry up the very soil of Europe. That abject and servile obedience which places a vast nation, for good or for evil, in the grasp of a single man is not even an instrument of great political power. It wants the spring of a well-adjusted commonwealth and the balance of conflicting forces, which has ever given the largest share of national energy to states living under institutions favourable to the independence and freedom of every member of the community. The Russians have copied from Europe almost every improvement

improvement and accomplishment they possess. They have shown a good deal of that imitative skill which is found all over the East, and nowhere more than in China or Japan. But they imitate the results, not the power which produces them; and though they have imparted a species of civilisation which gilds the tips and edges of society, those travellers who have looked beneath the surface can still detect the traces of the Tartar horde, the low moral level of a half-savage people, and the cunning and falsehood of men who have scarcely learned to know the dignity of human nature. To sum up these observations in the language of the most powerful of our periodical writers—‘Drawing her strength from the resources not of civilisation, but of barbarism; possessing among her higher classes just as much knowledge of European arts and civilisation as is necessary to destroy them; and in her lower orders a state of ignorance so dense, and of opinions so degraded, as to find in a single man their lawgiver, their sovereign, and almost their God; this nation is peculiarly calculated to debase whatever it conquers, and to demolish a civilisation which it can neither appreciate nor receive.’

We shall, however, be reminded that in one important particular the Russian nation belongs to the family of European states, inasmuch as it professes—and professes with fervour—the Christian religion. Our author declares the Russians to be the religious nation *κατ’ ἐξοχὴν*, whose whole existence is based on the sense of religious authority, sanctioned by the *Roushi Bog*, or Russian God, and by the White Czar, who is his vicegerent upon earth. With less accuracy M. de Haxthausen affirms that—

‘it is by the Church that Russia exercises an immense political influence over all the Slavonian nations belonging to the Eastern Church, which all recognise the Russian Church as their metropolitan. The Russian Church is *de facto* at the head of Eastern Christendom. It is true that the Patriarch of Constantinople is still in possession of an honorary pre-eminence, but his influence, as well as that of his clergy, is insignificant: the moral and material preponderance belong to the Russian Church.’

And again in another passage, for our author is very much given to repeat himself—

‘At the present day the Russian Church is, properly speaking, the Eastern Church. The term Greek Church is inappropriate under existing circumstances. Constantinople and the Greeks have long ceased to form the centre of the Eastern Church. More than sixty millions of Slavonians form its most essential element, whilst the Greeks are represented by six millions, to whom must be added a few millions from neighbouring nations. Moreover, the Eastern Church of our days has lost the stamp of the Greek character. The old Greek Church,

Church, with its subtleties and its controversies, is extinct, and that of our time but half alive. A few learned theologians may be found in the monasteries, but they are without influence over the people. *The learned aspirations of the theologians of Athens savour of Protestantism.* The Russian Church, we repeat, is the centre of the Church of the East: it is no longer Rome and Constantinople which are opposed to one another, but St. Peter's at Rome to St. Petersburg on the Neva.'

These are misstatements which we are the more anxious to correct, inasmuch as this false assumption of preponderance by the Russian Church, or rather by her Czar, on behalf of his Church in the East, has been the direct source of the differences which have now broken out with so much violence. This assertion is in fact the basis of the pretensions recently urged by Russia to the protectorate of Christians throughout the Ottoman empire, and it was distinctly put forward very lately in the answer which the Emperor Nicholas thought fit to return to the ridiculous and unseemly address volunteered to him by Friend Pease and Friend Sturge. The assumption, however, rests on no basis of historical truth. The Russian Church has no such claims. Christianity survived with difficulty in Russia the Tartar invasion, and after the fall of their dominion a Russian Patriarchate was first created, as a centre of union to the nation.

The struggle between the ecclesiastical and the temporal power in Russia had begun before the middle of the seventeenth century. Down to that period the Russian Church possessed vast domains, over which they exercised a separate ecclesiastical code or *nomocanon*. In 1648 the Boyars, during the minority of Alexis Michaelowitch, compiled a new code of civil laws, into which they introduced a statute of mortmain, not only preventing the Church from holding further lands, but placing their property under the survey of the state. The separate ecclesiastical jurisdiction was also made subject to a supreme lay court. A conflict ensued, and after a struggle of twenty years the Patriarch Nikon was solemnly deposed by the Czar in 1667. From that day the Czar has remained supreme judge of the Most Holy Synod, and the Church of Russia became absolutely dependent on the temporal power, to a degree which no Eastern Church had ever before witnessed, and no other Eastern Church would even now voluntarily endure.

In the language of another of the works before us:—

'The Russian national Church has preserved the doctrines of the Byzantine Church as its basis; but its hierarchy and its discipline have been so modified by the lapse of some hundred years, that it would find the utmost difficulty to justify that assimilation to the Church of Constantinople

stantinople which it asserts, and which it represents to constitute a species of protectorate. In the first place, the tie of language, which is so important a condition of religious community, is wanting. The Church of Constantinople speaks Greek, the Church of Russia Slavonian. Again, the Russian Church has lost its Patriarchate, whilst that of Constantinople has preserved that authority. Peter the Great expressly declared that a spiritual authority, represented by a college or synod, could never excite in a country the same amount of agitation as a personal chief of the ecclesiastical order, and that the populace are apt to suppose that the head of the Church, when there is one, is a potentate of equal or superior dignity to the sovereign himself. Such is the wide difference between the organisation of the Church of Russia and the Church of Constantinople. The latter, though under a Mussulman government, preserves its self-government, and all the rights of spiritual independence; the former, under an orthodox ruler, is deprived of all internal life, and all freedom of action; the bulls of its patriarchs are superseded by the ukases of the Czar. Even the acts of the Holy Synod offer in this respect an instructive aspect. They are full of the expressions—"By the high Imperial pleasure—by the commands—in obedience to the commands—by the highest orders," &c., which denote the direct action of the supreme power. Yet some of these mandates go to the extent of the canonization of a saint, or the deprivation of a priest in orders. On all these grounds the assimilation of the Church of Russia and the Church of the East is, I repeat, radically impossible."—*Leouzon le Duc*, p. 200.

Nothing can be more opposite to the whole spirit and tradition of the ancient Churches of the East, which have retained to this day, and under even Turkish governments, entire spiritual and even civil independence. The Russian clergy form a caste, supported by the strictest rules of tradition. Thus no pope marries any but the daughter of another pope; and the same families commonly remain in holy orders. Till a very recent period the secular clergy of Russia have been regarded with the utmost contempt by the people.

'Priests of merit are rare in the rural districts. Most of the elder popes are ignorant, coarse, uneducated, and exclusively occupied with their own interests. In solemnising the ceremonies, or dispensing the sacraments of the Church, they frequently think of nothing but their own gains. They care nothing for the cure of souls, and spread around neither consolation nor instruction.'—*Haxthausen*, p. 95.

M. Leouzon le Duc produces statistical evidence as to the capacity and morals of the Russian clergy from the reports of the Holy Synod itself:—

'Those documents state that, in the year 1836 alone, no less than 208 ecclesiastics were deprived for infamous crimes, and 1985 convicted of other offences of less gravity. As the whole number of the Russian clergy in 1836 was 102,456, it appears that about two per cent. on that number

number were judicially condemned in one year! This proportion increased in the following years. In 1839 it rose to five per cent.; and in a period of three years, from 1836 to 1839, no less than 15,443 Russian priests passed before the courts of justice, amounting to one-sixth of the whole body. It is probable, however, that many individuals in the number were subject to repeated convictions. The scandal produced by these synodical reports was so great, that in 1837 an attempt was made to explain the circumstances. But the character of the clergy is well known to the people; and the Russians present the singular contradiction of a nation fanatically addicted to the most superstitious practices, yet absolutely indifferent to the honour and dignity of the priesthood. The most insulting proverb in the language is "Do you take me for a pope?"—and even to meet a priest on leaving the house is considered an alarming and unwelcome omen.—*Leouzon le Duc*, p. 218.

Severer language could hardly be used, but it is not undeserved; and if this be the character of the clergy, what is the religious condition of the people? The chief object of such a clergy under the direct control of the state is to enthral the people altogether; and accordingly their religious fervour, when more nearly examined, is the hypocrisy or the fanaticism of servile superstition. It is, in a word, Christianity orientalised, until it allies the subtleties of the Greek Church to the abject submission of an Asiatic people.

It will still be in the memory of our readers that on the 10th March last Lord Shaftesbury addressed to the House of Lords a speech, not more remarkable for its eloquence than for the peculiar information to which that noble Earl has access as one of the most active members of the religious societies of England. Wherever the condition of man is darkest and most abased, those societies have endeavoured to carry the Word of God and to propagate the knowledge of his truth. What has been the result of their labours in the Russian Empire? Thirty years ago the English Bible Society had opened a wide field for its labours in Russia, under the enlightened patronage of the Emperor Alexander. One of the best works we possess on that Empire is that of Dr. R. Pinkerton, who was himself actively and successfully employed from 1811 to 1823 in founding local societies for the circulation of the Scriptures in Russia. The Emperor Alexander himself joined the Moscow Bible Society, and gave it a piece of ground for its establishment, besides a donation of 25,000 roubles and an annual subscription of 10,000. The Metropolitan of Moscow, Philaret, gave it his most strenuous support. The receipts of the society in ten years amounted in Russia to 113,052*l.*; upwards of 500,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures were circulated in all the various dialects of the Empire,

Empire, but especially in Slavonian and Modern Russ, and the number of auxiliary societies amounted to no less than 289.

But all these hopes have been extinguished by the present Autocrat and by the increasing intolerance and bigotry of the Greek clergy. The Bible Societies throughout Russia were suppressed by a Ukase of Nicholas soon after his accession, under pretence of their being connected with political movements. No association is now tolerated for religious purposes; no printing presses are permitted to print the Bible in Modern Russ; no versions of the Scriptures are allowed to be imported in the language of the people, or even in the language of the Jews. It is believed, said Lord Shaftesbury, that not a copy of the Scriptures has been printed in Russia in the language of the people since 1826. The language of the Church is the old Slavonian tongue, which bears the same relation to the modern Slavonian languages as Anglo-Saxon does to English, and is a dead language to the nation. So, too, all missions for the conversion of the native population of Russian Tartary have been suppressed, on the ground that no Russian subject shall be converted or baptized except by the Greek clergy; but the Greek clergy make no effort whatever for the extension of the faith even amongst their own wretched fellow-countrymen; whilst the Emperor claims at the point of the sword the protection of Christians in the Sultan's dominions, and the title of Champion of the Orthodox faith.

The revenues of the Church in Russia are not large or independent of the state; but this deficiency is amply compensated by the influence of the clergy in extracting voluntary contributions from the people. It is related that on some occasion the Emperor Alexander expressed his astonishment to one of the great dignitaries of the Church at the immense sums they had apparently at their disposal. The prelate led the Czar to the window, which commanded a view of the entrance to a much-frequented place of devotion. Every pilgrim who approached the shrine dropped at least his four-copeck piece into the box, and the string of worshippers is endless. The Emperor watched and understood that such a treasury is inexhaustible. This passion for pilgrimages is common to all classes in Russia. Particular monasteries are frequented by hundreds of thousands every year. M. de Haxthausen states that at Troitki, for instance, two or three hundred thousand persons may be seen collected on the anniversary of a saint's day. Moscow itself is a place of pilgrimage. Thirty or forty thousand Russians find means every year to penetrate to the south coast, cross the Black Sea, and reach the Holy Land. On their return those persons who have actually knelt in the sanctuaries of Jerusalem are regarded with veneration throughout

throughout the country. The Oriental sanctity which belongs to the Hadji who has perambulated the Caaba of Mecca is inseparably attached to their lives. A foreigner on a shooting excursion in the interior of Russia inquired at what house in a lonely village he could pass the night in safety. 'Lodge with Dimitri,' was the ready answer, '*he has been to the Holy Places.*' The importance attached by the Russian Government to political questions connected with these sanctuaries was almost incomprehensible to the philosophical indifference or even to the practical piety of the West. Lord John Russell reasoned on the subject with unsuspecting frigidity, and to the House of Commons it was foolishness. Yet in those observances lie the most intense sentiments of the Russian nations. Christianity still descends to them in the form of tradition. The hierarchy are its living representatives, and the visible objects connected with the wondrous narrative of man's salvation have alone power to command their passionate adoration.

The Baron speaks with extreme dread and aversion of what he terms 'the miasma of Western Europe,' by which he means all that constitutes the liberty and civilisation of other nations. But he confesses that these observances of the Russian clergy and people are a poor substitute for sound religious truth. They are, indeed, despised by the upper classes, who are prone to extreme scepticism. But even amongst the lower, 'what is termed pastoral solicitude is unknown to the Russian clergy.' 'The Russian people wants to be enlightened on questions of right and wrong, the just and the unjust, and, in short, on moral questions; but the clergy neglect these subjects.' There is nothing in these facts to raise the Russian Church above the level assigned to it by its origin. It possesses none of the qualities of the great Church of the East, founded before all others by the Apostles themselves, and retaining through all ages an indestructible spirit of nationality, self-government, and independence. But false as this argument is, it is used even by our author to establish by a chain of fallacies the claim of Russia to restore the Byzantine Empire. The Church of Russia, it is argued, is the Church of the East. The Emperor of Russia is the head of that Church, and his imperial dignity is sufficiently indicated by his double-headed eagle, as his spiritual dignity is that of protector of the whole Eastern Church; *therefore, it is impossible to deny, says our enlightened German traveller, that in the present state of Europe the Russian Empire really represents the Empire of the East.* It would scarcely be worth while to dwell on this quibble of erroneous facts and confused inferences, if we did not trace in this strange series of blunders
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some of the fallacies on which the present exorbitant pretensions of the Russian Monarchy appear to have been raised.

In spite of these pretensions, M. de Haxthausen has the candour to remark that Russia, with all her conquests and encroachments, has utterly failed to extend her faith, her language, or her national character. The Government of the Empire has unquestionably found means to incorporate a vast extent of territory in the last 150 years by availing itself of the divisions of its neighbours, by diplomatic interference, and by military power. The Tartars, who formed for ages one of the most formidable portions of the Turkish armies, have now passed, under the name of Cossacks, into the ranks of the Sultan's constant enemies. The Poles are subdued, the Baltic provinces are annexed, even Georgia has rewarded the able government of Prince Woronzow by resisting a Turkish invasion. Finland has been reduced to furnish seamen for the Imperial fleet, and it is said that they have even been transported across the Empire to man some of his vessels at Sebastopol. Yet in all these provinces nothing has really been done to assimilate them to the country which has imposed on them its yoke. The natives of these provinces have indeed been received with favour into the Imperial service, and with very few exceptions the men who have risen in Russia to a European reputation will be found to belong to these European territories. M. de Nesselrode's astute, though somewhat unscrupulous, school of statesmen and diplomatists, which reckons, or has reckoned amongst its members Prince Lieven, Count Benken-dorf, Baron Meyendorf, Baron Brunow, Baron Budberg, and many more, is essentially German in its character and origin: and in spite of the stupendous extent of the Russian territories and population, properly so called, it is to the outlying provinces or to foreigners of a different race that almost every improvement of the empire is due. They are, or were, the links which connected Russia to Europe, and the first breach occasioned by the late events was the interruption of the confidential relations which had so long subsisted between Nicholas and his veteran minister, when the purely Russian spirit seemed to triumph over the more enlightened and honourable views of the elder servants of the Crown. One of the reasons assigned by the Emperor Nicholas for his difference with Count Nesselrode on the Menschikoff note was that a Protestant Minister could not enter into the feelings of the head of the Greek Church on such a subject; and Sir Hamilton Seymour states in the very curious secret correspondence which has recently been produced that he believes Count Nesselrode to be steadily attached to moderate and *English* views.

We have thus endeavoured briefly to point out the reasons for which

which we reject Baron Haxthausen's conclusion that Russia is the destined mediator to transmit the civilisation of Europe to Asia; and we rather infer, from the social, political, and religious condition of the empire, that the Russians have Orientalised whatever they have borrowed from Europe. Amongst these elements of society we are unable to discover anything that constitutes the free and enlightened spirit of a modern European nation. But if Russia has nothing in common with those principles which seem to take their origin west of her frontiers, it becomes a subject of practical interest at the present time to ascertain what is the amount of strength she can array in defence of the pretensions she has advanced over the East. M. de Haxthausen is one of those writers who confound absolute authority with real power, and he seems to take it for proved that, because the Emperor Nicholas can degrade his governors, deport his nobles, and press the population into the ranks of the army for twenty-five years, his power is to hold in awe every other nation of Europe. He even asserts that—

‘In 1848, with the army at her disposal, and with inexhaustible resources, Russia could, without doubt, have conquered the whole of Europe to the Rhine. France, in exchange for her Rhenish frontier, would no doubt have remained passive. Prussia and Austria were totally paralysed and threatened with dissolution. The free corps and the fulminating orators of St. Paul’s at Frankfort would certainly have taken to flight at the sight of the first Cossack. In 1848 the conquest of Europe would have been easy to Russia.’

We suppose the fact is indisputable, as it is a German writer who thinks it worth while to tell the world so, or we should be tempted to suspect that the blockheads and demagogues of the Frankfort parliament were after all not the worst politicians of Germany. But, before we submit thus tacitly to the advance of the Russian legions, we propose to inquire a little further into the ‘inexhaustible resources’ of the empire, and we shall presently avail ourselves of the information communicated by M. de Haxthausen, especially on the state of the army. He is not equally well-informed on the finances of the empire; and, as no authentic statement of the revenue is known to be published, we have some difficulty in arriving at any accurate conclusions on this essential point. At the accession of Catherine II. the revenue of the empire was believed to be about 30,000,000 roubles, or 5,000,000*l.* sterling: that empress doubled the amount of it; and it is supposed that this sum has again been doubled, in so much that the actual revenue of Russia would be about 20,000,000*l.* sterling. On the 1st of January, 1850, the national debt of the empire amounted to about 55,000,000*l.* sterling;

ling; the amount of bank-notes in circulation was 300,317,244 roubles, and the metallic revenue kept in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul was estimated at about one-third of the value of the paper currency. Great efforts were made after the last war to restore the depreciated paper currency, and to resume cash payments. The financial operations of the Russian cabinet have generally been cautious and adroit, and their measures taken in 1840 for the purpose of raising the value of their paper currency to par were successful. But the transaction, as described by a writer of authority on these questions, was a dishonest one; and the following statement of the expedient adopted by the Czar for meeting the expenses of the war deserves consideration:—

‘The value of the rouble, which represents a silver coin, varies from 38*d.* to 40*d.* British money, according to the exchanges. In order to meet the exigencies of the state expenditure, so excessive was the issue of these notes in former times that their value in exchange with England represented not 38*d.*, but sank by a steady and regular gradation, as one fresh issue succeeded another, to 30*d.*, to 24*d.*, to 18*d.*, and finally to 10½*d.*; and for many years the rouble, instead of representing an intrinsic value of 38*d.* to 40*d.*, circulated for 10½*d.* to 11½*d.* Of course it is unnecessary to say, in the face of this statement, that, as a preliminary step to those extravagant and forced issues, the notes were declared to be inconvertible, except at the will of the government. The holder had no power to demand payment; for, if he had, the notes would have been returned as fast as they were issued in excess, and no depreciation could have occurred. The enormous amount of rouble-notes in circulation in Russia prior to 1840 constituted a public debt of the government upon which no interest was paid. Let us then see how that debt was dealt with. The intrinsic value of the rouble having been reduced, as we have stated, to about 11*d.*, an Imperial manifesto was issued on the 1st of July, 1839, decreeing that from the 1st of January, 1840, the enormous amount of notes then in circulation should be redeemed by new rouble-notes to be issued, which were to be convertible, at the will of the holder, into silver in the full amount of 38*d.*; but that for every one of such new notes as should be received three and a half of the old notes should be delivered up: and thus a *large debt was liquidated by a payment of 28 per cent. of the amount.* Since 1840 the currency of Russia has been upon a most satisfactory footing. The new notes have been circulated to the full amount in which they have been required; their convertibility has been strictly preserved by a proper reserve of specie locked up in the fortresses of St. Peter’s and St. Paul’s, under the care and superintendence of a mixed board of management, composed of government bank officers and eminent merchants, appointed for the purpose. In 1846 the bullion in those fortresses had reached the amount of 19,000,000*l.*; but shortly after that date a sum of 5,000,000*l.* was withdrawn, and appropriated to investment in England and France, which has since been otherwise disposed of. What amount now continues in those vaults is not known,
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but there is reason to believe it has been further reduced. Nevertheless, the sum remaining has proved ample for meeting all demands in exchange for notes, especially as the circulation has not latterly been in excess of the actual requirements of the country. But now comes a proposal to meet a war expenditure by another issue of notes. In the first place we are certain that the existing note circulation is sufficient for all the purposes of currency; and this we know, beyond doubt, by the fact that the whole circulation consists of these notes, and without any coin corresponding therewith. If, then, the Emperor of Russia has determined to defray his war expenditure by the issue of notes, the first thing that will be necessary will be to make them inconvertible; if not, they will go back upon the bank for payment as fast as they are issued; and he might just as well use the bullion now in reserve at once. But the scheme is that they shall be inconvertible 'as formerly; and 60,000,000 rouble-notes (about 10,000,000*l.*) are to be added to the present circulation. Of course depreciation will rapidly take place; the rouble will again soon come to represent, in the place of 38*d.* or 40*d.*, only 30*d.*, or less, just as these issues may be made in excess.'—*The Economist*, Jan. 1854.

One of the peculiarities of the Russian system of taxation is that the parishes are responsible for the taxes of all the inhabitants, who are assessed collectively, and the community or the wealthier members of it must pay for the poor, and even for the absent. There is reason to believe that, although the revenue has increased, the expenditure of the state increases in a larger proportion, and leaves a constant deficiency, which has hitherto been supplied by loans contracted, from time to time, in Holland or England. The absence of capital renders it totally impossible to extract from the nation any material addition to the revenue; and even the internal trade of the empire may be said to be carried on chiefly by remittances from abroad. This country has been in the habit of remitting annually to Russia at least 5,000,000*l.* or 6,000,000*l.* sterling on bills drawn by Russian houses on their English consignees; and the first sign of hostilities which gave a serious check to Russian commerce last year was that these bills were protested by the leading English houses engaged in the Russian trade. Count Nesselrode called the attention of the British minister to this premonitory symptom, at which he affected to feel great surprise; and the Chancellor confessed that the immediate effect of the distrust felt by British capitalists towards their Russian correspondents had been to suspend at once the ordinary mercantile transactions of the empire.

We now arrive at the consideration of the most curious portion of Baron Haxthausen's book, and that with which it is most essential for the public at this moment to be acquainted. Whatever the strength of the Russian empire may be, it does

not

not lie in the vigour of its political institutions, the intelligence and enterprise of its people, the superiority of its civilisation, or the state of its finances. In these respects, on the contrary, Russia is clearly inferior to all its western neighbours, and even to most of the provinces which it has subdued and annexed to its own empire. The claim of Russia to be considered a power of first-rate importance in the world rests then solely on the military organization of the empire—or, in other words, on the immense establishment of its army. On this subject Baron Haxthausen speaks with the authority of a military observer, and we therefore place greater confidence in his statements. We may add, too, that his conclusions agree in the main with those arrived at by General Lamoricière, who took great pains to investigate the subject during his brief embassy to St. Petersburg under the French republic, and who brought back with him the conviction that, although Russia still remained in a state of social and political barbarism, her barbarism was armed with all the weapons of civilisation. We shall therefore rapidly pass in review the principal statements of our author, reserving for the close of our observations the comments they suggest to us.

In the opinion of this writer, the forces of no European state have been so considerably augmented since the Peace of Paris, both in numbers and in quality, as those of Russia; and during a reign of twenty-five years the Emperor Nicholas has applied himself constantly to reorganize and improve every branch of his army. Taking first into account the regular army, we find that the geographical distribution of his forces has been mainly regulated by the duties they were intended to perform, and that this is the basis of the Russian military system: for the extent of the empire is so great, and the means of communication so bad, that everything depends on the habitual position of the forces. The great defect of Russian military operations has always been that the number of available troops is incredibly small in comparison with the number of men under arms; so that the forces of the empire generally reached the theatre of war either too late or in too small bodies, and the main body of the army remained in the condition of an army of reserve. To obviate this difficulty the Emperor Nicholas has divided his forces into the grand army of operations and the local corps. The grand army consists of the six principal divisions of the line and of the divisions of the Guards and Grenadiers. Since 1848 the whole of this army has been on the complete war footing, and it is distributed in the following manner. The first and second divisions, under Prince Paskiewitch, form the army of Poland; the third division, under
General

General Osten Sacken, has recently entered the Principalities, after a severe winter march ; the fourth division, under General Dannenberg, furnished the troops which crossed the Pruth last July ; the fifth division, under General Lüders, has been divided, part being at and near Odessa and part on the east coast of the Black Sea ; the sixth division, under General Tcheodaioff, is said to be on its way from its cantonments in and about Moscow. Each of these corps or divisions consists of 49 battalions of infantry and 1 of sappers ; making in all 300 battalions. The cavalry of each corps consists of 32 regular squadrons of lancers and hussars, or, in all, 192 squadrons of light cavalry. In addition to this force there are two divisions of cavalry of the reserve, each of 48 squadrons, chiefly of heavy cavalry, and 80 squadrons of dragoons. The statement of the force of the artillery is still more extraordinary. Each corps forms a division of 23 brigades of foot and 1 of horse artillery, consisting of 4 batteries of heavy and 8 of light foot artillery, besides 2 batteries of light horse artillery ; making, in all, 112 guns for each corps, or for the six corps 192 heavy guns and 480 light guns. To these must be added the corps of the Guards and those of the Grenadiers, each consisting of 37 battalions, and 116 guns to the former, 88 to the latter. The sum total of these regular forces, according to Baron Haxthausen, is that Russia can produce in an European war 368 battalions, 468 squadrons, and 996 guns ; and it is expressly added that this stupendous force includes neither recruits nor old soldiers. The military service of the Russians being, however, for twenty-five years, a considerable portion of such a force must be past the prime of life.

Such is the division of the grand army, and the number of its different corps. It is more difficult to arrive at any precise knowledge of the numbers of men actually in the ranks, but Baron Haxthausen computes them as follows :—

‘ Subtracting a considerable number of non-combatants, such as officers, musicians, &c., each battalion of a Russian regiment ought to consist of 1000 to 1002 men ; the battalions of light infantry of 658. The number of officers is about 22 in each battalion, of musicians 25 ; and as there are 8 battalions of light infantry, the grand army, on its complete war-footing, counts—

360 battalions, of about 1,050 men =	378,000
8 do. light infantry 700 ,,	5,000
	<hr/>
	383,000

—and deducting 50 furloughs for each battalion of the guard, and 150 of the line, upon a sudden emergency the force would amount to 332,100 infantry. This calculation is without any allowance for men, sick, missing, or dead. I am informed by a competent authority that the
battalions

battalions of active troops in time of peace are never below 700 fighting men, which would give 260,000 men as the minimum force of infantry. By a similar mode of computation, all deductions made, the cavalry ready for immediate service must amount to 70,000 men. The artillery is complete, and admits of no deduction.'—p. 302.

To this regular force must be added the first and second levy of the reserve, consisting of men who have been allowed to retire from the ranks after fifteen years' good service, and are organized on the system of the Prussian Landwehr. These form an addition of 213,000 men and 472 guns; making a grand total of 699,000 men and 1468 guns, of moveable troops. We regret that our limits forbid us to enter at length into the curious sketch Baron Haxthausen gives of the Cossack regiments—composed of a race of men totally distinct from the Russians properly so called, both in habits and institutions, and marvelously trained and adapted to the wild territories and vast sandy plains from which they spring. But these Bedouins of the North are not troops calculated to produce any serious effect on the operations of regular armies; and they owe their celebrity, in a great measure, to the part they took in the campaign of 1813, where they were peculiarly calculated to harass the French army retreating through all the horrors of a Russian winter. The total number of Cossacks which it is supposed that the Emperor could bring into the field by drawing these savage horsemen from the Trans-Uralian provinces and every part of the empire, is 50,000 men, with about 110 light guns. Their chief value is, however, for the service of outposts or convoys, and for the pursuit and destruction of a defeated enemy. Their atrocious depredations and turbulent marauding character frequently render them a curse to their own regular comrades.

The regular internal service of defence of the empire is intrusted to stationary troops to the number of about 200,000 men. The army of the Caucasus is entirely separate and distinct from all we have before named, and consists, we are told, of 120 battalions of infantry, 10 squadrons, and 180 guns: insomuch that the whole available military force of the empire is stated to exceed a million of men.

'A Prussian officer,' says the Baron, 'perfectly acquainted with all that concerns the Russian army, calculates that, including the Cossacks, the Russian army under the organization due to the Emperor Nicholas is in a condition to supply, in case of a great war, a *million of combatants and 1800 guns.*'

It is admitted that the well-known corruptibility of public officers of all ranks in the Russian government, and the astonishing want of veracity and integrity that pervades the public

service, render it extremely difficult to verify these assertions. The Emperor himself is perhaps the only man in his dominions who is interested in ascertaining the whole truth, and even he can only catch it by artifices and by surprise. But Baron Haxthausen himself admits, in a preceding passage we have quoted, that 30 per cent. is no unreasonable deduction from the nominal effective force of the Russian army, and this would at once reduce the million of combatants to 700,000 men, of whom not more than half can be considered as moveable troops. Of the whole population of the Russian empire only two-thirds, or from 40 to 45 millions, are subject to the military conscription; and it is a remarkable circumstance, on which all the authorities agree, that these populations are essentially unwarlike and exceedingly averse to the profession of arms.

‘The predominant tribe of the Great Russians, and the great majority of those which are allied to it, seem destined by nature rather to form a peaceful nation of traders, manufacturers, peasants, and herdsmen than a military nation called upon to govern the world. Accordingly, it would be difficult to find in the history of Russia any of those examples, so common among the Western nations, of wars carried on for the love of military glory. The expeditions of Russia always seem destined to some fixed object, be it high or low. The contests of the Russians with the Poles and Tartars clearly show that the former were incited to take up arms, not by the love of war, but by a national and religious sentiment which had been assailed by their warlike neighbours, and that the spirit of conquest and domination came afterwards.’—p. 335.

If this be a correct description of the character of the Russian people, as is very probable, for this profuse expenditure of life and limb is wholly without profit to themselves, how abject must be their political condition, and how daringly wilful the spirit of their government, which, for its own bad ends, can retain one-twentieth of the male population habitually and for life under arms, and sacrifice the existence of myriads of its subjects to its own arrogance and caprice! The usual biennial amount of this draught on the life-blood of the nation is 5 or 6 men per 1000, and the whole empire is divided into two separate portions of the western and eastern governments, from which the levies are taken alternately. But in 1849, in consequence of the expeditions to Hungary and Wallachia, and the ravages of the cholera, the levy on the western division of the empire was raised to 8 per 1000, besides 4 per 1000 on the eastern division. This, however, is a small draught in comparison with the very first measure taken on the approach of war in the present year. On the 10th of February, 1854, a ukase appeared, ordering a levy of nine men per 1000 in the western governments of the empire, to begin on

on the 1st of March and end on the 15th of April. The Jews subject to the conscription are to furnish 10 per 1000, that is, more than three times the annual ratio. This seizure of men of every age and condition—for none can escape from it—is at this moment going on; and this enormous draught on the population follows on the autumnal levy of last year, which was 7 per 1000, making a total of 16 per 1000 in many parts of the empire within nine months.

‘These ukases spread abroad universal mourning and consternation: the nobility is severely burdened. The Scheremetoffs, the Demidoffs, and the Orloffs have frequently to supply many thousand recruits. Families lose their best workmen, their fathers, and their brothers. The number of loose fellows who are physically capable of serving in the ranks is not sufficient to raise the amount of troops required by the Emperor. . . . As soon as the recruit has his hair and beard cut off he is considered as separated from his family: they are no longer put in irons as they used to be, but it would be dangerous to let them return provisionally to their homes. The commencement of the service is the worst time for the recruit, and despair frequently seizes the young soldier. The stick is already so familiar to the Russ that he cannot be drilled without a vast deal of beating; but many officers have assured me that men who cried on entering their regiment soon resign themselves to their condition. It is true that the Russian cries more easily than the German. But the whole mode of life is new to him; his beard and hair, the pride of the Great Russian, fall beneath the razor, and nothing remains but the military moustache. The food of the soldier is poor, and in general the Russians have little idea of taking care of health. The proportion of mortality amongst young children and young recruits in Russia is enormous. According to some military works, which however can hardly be entirely trusted, this mortality formerly amounted to one-half of the whole mass of recruits, and still sweeps off one-third: this last assertion, however, appears to me false and exaggerated. The solicitude of the Emperor is indefatigable, and gives us ground to hope that this enormous consumption of men will diminish more and more.’—p. 349.

We question whether any of the curses which have most afflicted mankind—the African slave-trade, the famines of India, or the pestilences which have sometimes devastated Europe—have cost more life, or caused more suffering, than the military system of Russia even on the peace establishment. Of the numbers torn for ever from their families—for service for twenty-five years under such conditions can leave no hope of return—a large proportion die at once,* not probably the most miserable; but the insatiable demand must still be supplied by laws more

* The *Augsburg Gazette* stated in 1848 that the average number of patients in the Russian military hospitals was annually 140,000 men.

cruel than death itself. No sooner do these troops begin to move than the mortality becomes still greater. Russia is probably the only country whose armies have, in modern times, always lost far more by disease than by the enemy. It was so in the campaigns of 1828 and 1829, when the force of 136,000 which had crossed the Danube could furnish but 13,500 fighting men at Adrianople. It was so in the Polish campaign of 1831, in the Hungarian war, and in the operations of last autumn, for the army which crossed the Pruth in July could not concentrate 25,000 men on one spot in the winter. The army of the Caucasus is understood to have lost 20,000 men annually for many years, or, in other words, to be wholly renewed every five years.

We know no more terrific picture of the horrors of war than that which is presented to us by the official figures of the losses of the Russian army in the campaigns of 1828 and 1829, in Major Moltke's valuable history of that war. In ten months, from May 1828 to February 1829, not less than 75,226 slight cases of disorder were treated in the ambulances, and 134,882 severe cases in the hospitals, making in all 210,108 cases of sickness; so that, taking the effective force of the army at 100,000, *every man was twice attacked* by disease, and Major Moltke adds that in the first campaign alone the Russians lost *half* their effective force. In May, 1829, the pestilence broke out with increased fury—a thousand men a week came into the hospitals. On the 25th of June above 300 men died in one day; and in July 40,000 men, or more than half the whole active army, were in hospital. In the five months from March to July, 1829, 81,214 sick were taken into the hospitals, of whom 28,746 died. In the following months the mortality increased, and Major Moltke computes the total loss of the Russian army by disease in that year at not less than 60,000 men. He adds that not more than 10,000 or 15,000 combatants ever recrossed the Pruth, and that the Russian army in the second campaign was almost *annihilated*. We cannot but urge these dreadful and unexampled facts most strongly on all those who are concerned in the direction of the military operations in which British troops are about to engage, for in the barbarous and unhealthy regions south of the Balkan, as well as in the valley of the Lower Danube, the real enemy we have to dread is fever and pestilence, against which no man can stand and live.

Once enlisted and drilled, the Russian recruit is moved about without the smallest reference to his own wishes or capacity. Even his name is forgotten, and he becomes—a number. Sometimes he is ordered to join a regiment at the further extremity of the empire, and in some of the corps men are allotted out accord-
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ing to the colour of their eyes and hair. Passive obedience is as complete in the Russian soldier as in a trained animal. '*Pikas,*' *it is ordered,* is his answer to every question. The dignity of the individual is entirely lost or absorbed in that of his corps; but the Russian regiments have wisely kept up the traditions of their past services. Thus the regiment of Tchernigoff retains the exclusive privilege of wearing red stockings, because at the battle of Pultawa the men marched in blood up to their knees. The regiment of Novoginsk still bears the flag of St. George from the battle of the Trebbia and the passage of the Alps under Souvaroff in 1799; and its silver trumpets commemorate the passage of the Gulf of Bothnia over the ice in 1807.

The pay of the Russian army in all ranks is wretchedly small. The common soldier receives about 32*s.* a-year; a lieutenant-general about 170*l.*; a colonel, 100*l.*; a captain from 50*l.* to 60*l.* The worst-paid ensign in the British army receives as much as the highest class of Russian colonels.

The policy of the Russian government is to efface as much as possible all personal distinctions of rank and education in the military establishments, and to reduce the individual officer or soldier to the level of a unit in an immense organized multitude. The only distinctions known are the rank conferred by the government and the crosses and stars profusely distributed by the will of the Emperor. As in every other institution of Russia, this system tends irresistibly to lower the character of the human intelligence and the will, and to deprive the army of that commanding energy and original power which are in great emergencies the great resources of military ability. Accordingly we find that but a small proportion of the most eminent Russian commanders have been, strictly speaking, Muscovites, and since Souvaroff, none of them can be said to have risen to first-rate military distinction. That extraordinary man was undoubtedly a Russ *pur sang*, brutal, fanatical, and reckless as an Asiatic barbarian, but animated by the genius of war, and exercising unlimited power over the minds of his soldiers. After him Prince Bagration, Kamensky, and Barclay de Tolly, figured in the wars of the French Empire: Bagration was a Georgian; Kamensky a Russian of that peculiar and lively branch of the nation called Malorosses or Little Russians; and Barclay was of Scotch extraction, born in the German provinces on the Baltic. Next to these came Miloradowitch, of the southern Slavonian race; Wittgenstein, a German of a Rhenish family; Tchitgakoff, a crazy follower of the Souvaroff school and a Russian; and Osten-Sacken, a Livonian of German blood and Protestant faith, but belonging to a family which still serves with distinction in the imperial

imperial armies. The general-in-chief, who took Oczakow in 1788, and afterwards succeeded Barclay de Tolly, won the battle of Smolensko, and retook Moscow when he was 70 years of age, Prince Golenischtsheff Koutousoff, was by education, faith, and character wholly Russian, and deserves perhaps the first rank in the military annals of the empire which he saved. Langeron was a French emigrant; Diebitsch was of German extraction, born in Silesia; Roth a German of Alsatia; and Paskiewitsch, now at the head of the army, is a Lithuanian. Amongst the generals at present engaged, Lüders is a Swede of Finland; Aurep, who lost the battle of Citate, is a German; Andronikoff, Bebutoff, and Orbeliani, who have been successful in Asia, are Georgians; Bariatinski is a Muscovite in every sense of the word; and Prince Woronzow, who has acquired more than any Russian general the spirit and character of an English gentleman, is of the same nation. In general it may be said that about half the men who have achieved distinction in command of Russian armies since the reign of Peter the Great have been natives of the country. The other half are foreign adventurers, Germans, or natives of the conquered provinces. These officers have, however, always been viewed with considerable jealousy and distrust by the army and the government, and many of the Russian campaigns have been fought with a foreign general to plan them and a Muscovite to watch him. Thus, at the present moment, General Schilders, an able officer of German extraction and education, has been sent to retrieve the blunders of Prince Gortschakoff in the Danubian Principalities.

It may be convenient in this place to refer to some of the particulars collected by Baron Haxthausen on the Russian fleet. A skiff, built by the hands of Peter the Great, is still preserved in the arsenal of Cronstadt, and is considered as the first germ of the Russian navy. On the 15th of July, 1836, this nautical relic was carried in triumph through the fleet, and saluted by no less than 26 ships of the line, 21 frigates, 10 brigs, and 7 sloops, in the great Baltic harbour which commands the approaches to the capital. That is still about the nominal force of the northern fleet, which is divided into three squadrons of about nine ships of the line each, one of which passed the winter season at Revel, one at Helsingfors under the guns of Sweaborg, and one at Cronstadt. We have reason to believe, however, that not more than 18 of these ships are in a condition to go to sea, though the remainder are manned and might be used for the defence of harbours. The seamen are enrolled for twenty years' permanent service, but as the ships scarcely ever leave the Baltic and the
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Black Sea, they have little or no experience of practical seamanship. The best Russian seamen are either Fins or natives of the Baltic provinces in the north, or Greeks and Cossacks of the Sea of Azow in the south of the empire.

One of the peculiarities of the maritime force of the Baltic powers is the large amount of gunboats and small craft they possess, adapted to the navigation of shallow waters and the defence of coasts. The Swedes and Norwegians have about 500 of these armed boats, and we are assured by competent judges that they form a most powerful flotilla for the purposes of inland war: the Russian navy has a similar flotilla of about 400 boats, propelled by oars and sail, and this service must at any rate be a good school for seamen. In actual warfare, however, we cannot conceive that boats of this character, which must necessarily be armed with comparatively light guns, could offer any serious resistance to steamers of light draft, carrying one 8 or 10-inch gun fore and aft, and capable of running round or running down their assailants.

The Russian fleet in the Black Sea is said by M. de Haxthausen to consist of 18 line-of-battle ships, but his data appear inaccurate as to their size and number, for he cites only two three-deckers, whereas there are at least four ships of that rank, three of which were engaged at Sinope, and the total force of the fleet is about 14 ships of the line. These are lying for the present in safety under the guns of Sebastopol, which our author describes as the most curious and important work of military architecture which has been erected since 1830, with the single exception of the fortifications of Paris.

In steam-power the Russian navy is extremely deficient; and as almost all their steamers have been built in this country, their weakness in this respect is correctly ascertained. They are compelled to import their coal from England and Belgium, and the stoppage of the import of coal will probably be found one of the most effectual means of paralysing the scientific and mechanical industry of the country both for the purposes of manufacture and of war.

We had occasion some years ago (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. 67, p. 374) to comment upon the absence of coal in the Russian empire, and to observe that the export of that indispensable article from this country to Russia was one of the guarantees of the ancient friendly relations of the two empires. The same fact which was then a security for peace is now likely to prove a powerful resource of war. Sir Roderick Murchison has shown, with his usual industry and acuteness in geological investigation, the deficiencies of the Russian dominions in this respect. According
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to that eminent authority (*Russia in Europe*, vol. i. p. 118), all northern Russia is necessarily deprived of coal because the strata (Silurian and Devonian) are of too high antiquity—that is, they contain no vegetable remains out of which the mineral could have been formed. To the south of Moscow, however, the lower carboniferous formation prevails, and there is no natural impediment to the existence of coal-fields as thick and good as those of our Scotch deposits; but the fact is that the seams at Tala Kaluja and elsewhere are thin and wretched streaks of a very bad quality. Such as they are, they have been laid open both naturally and by shafts and galleries, but they are unworthy of notice, and are barely capable of supplying a few local manufactories on a very limited scale. Their contents and bottoms have been thoroughly scrutinized by the geologists, and found worthless. Nor are there any important coal deposits in the Ural Mountains, since all the strata, so soft and incoherent in Russia in Europe, are hardened and tilted up in mural forms and traversed by fine gorges, in which, however, scarce a shred or trace of coal can be detected. In short, the only coal-field in the Russian empire worthy of any notice is that known as the Donetz coal-field, between the Dnieper and the Don, described in Chapter VI. of Sir R. Murchison's work. The spot at which the discovery was made is far removed from any port. It is a dislocated and broken tract, in which various seams of coal, mostly anthracitic, and of small commercial value, are so thrown up at different high angles of inclination that they are difficult to work, and have never afforded any really valuable supply. The Donetz is so shallow in summer that the transport of coal by the stream to the Sea of Azow, which is one hundred miles from the nearest coal-field, is precarious and difficult; and the transport to the Don below the cataract is very costly. Even if this coal-field were accessible, its total produce is not equal to the smallest and worst of the coal tracts in our islands, and probably would not be worked here at all.

We shall now proceed briefly to consider what the real military strength of the Russian empire may be, from the data before us, which are probably exaggerated. We assume, however, that the Emperor of Russia can put in motion 600,000 men, exclusive of recruits and of local corps attached to the defence of particular posts. Such a force is already an enormous drain not only on the population of an empire, but on the resources of the state, by which it must be fed, clothed, armed, and set in motion; and, even if such a force were raised on an emergency, it remains to be seen how it could be reinforced and supplied. Leaving, however, out of the question all that relates to the financial and mechanical

chanical resources of war, which must press very heavily on a poor and thinly-peopled empire, we will confine ourselves to the manner in which such a war can be carried on. The two fundamental conditions of military tactics and strategical combinations are to overcome SPACE and TIME. He who can concentrate the greatest available force against the enemy on any given point, and at any distance, with the least possible delay, is infallibly the successful party in war. The Russian army, be its numbers what they may, has to occupy, to defend, and to traverse an empire which covers nearly 8,000,000 of square miles; or, one-seventh part of the terrestrial globe, and one-twenty-seventh part of the surface of this planet. The area of Russia in Europe alone is sixteen times the extent of the United Kingdom; and it may be said to cover a space indicated on the map by 45 degrees of longitude and 25 degrees of latitude. The distance from the Ural Mountains to the Polish frontier exceeds 2500 miles, and that from Finland to Georgia 1750 miles; and this does not include the tracts lying beyond these uttermost confines of Russian civilization. The distance from Kalisch to Petropawlosk, at the extremity of Kamschatka, is upwards of 10,000 miles, and from Lapland to the frontier of Persia 3000 miles.

In such an empire, thinly peopled, every movement of troops, and even the collection of recruits, involves the necessity of moving men over immense distances. From St. Petersburg to Moscow is as far as from London to Edinburgh. From St. Petersburg to Odessa is 1792 wersts, or 1350 miles; from Moscow to Odessa 1371 wersts, or 1050 miles; from Warsaw to Odessa 600 miles; and from Odessa to Bucharest and the present theatre of war about 300 miles further. Add to this the badness of the roads, the want of shelter over vast uninhabited plains, and the necessity of transporting large amounts of provision for man and beast, and we may conceive the state of an army which has to open a campaign by a toilsome march of upwards of a thousand miles, and must have spent from two to three months on the way. All armies are unavoidably weakened as they advance from the point they start from: the sick, the foot-sore, and the feeble sink and die by thousands; and to young troops these severe marches are a dreadful trial. For these reasons the Russian forces marched against Turkey have hitherto all arrived slowly, and in a state bordering on exhaustion. The base of operations on the frontier may be compared to the base of a pyramid, and the further troops advance from that line of departure the more their available force contracts.

The same causes,—namely, immense distances between places separated by tracts of uninhabited country, and connected by miserable

miserable roads, without any strong lines of positions—render it impossible for the armies of Russia operating simultaneously on the prodigious frontiers of the empire to render any assistance to each other. The two different modes of attack to which an empire like that of Russia may be exposed offer a simple but striking contrast. The campaign of Napoleon in 1812 was directed against the centre of the monarchy. In spite of the enormous forces then united under the imperial eagle of France, the plan of operations was framed on that system of central movement which Napoleon had carried to the highest perfection. But the enormous extent of the territory invaded drew out the line of operations to excess, and rendered a defeat disastrous, and a retreat all but impracticable. The campaign of 1812 carried the French army to Moscow, but it ended there, and was followed by the most frightful disaster in military history; for though the actual force of the Russian army at that time did not exceed 200,000, the vastness of the territory proved the grave of the invader. These conditions would be entirely reversed in operations of war directed not against the centre but the circumference of the empire; for, from the extent of the territory, the frontier is in many parts more accessible to the enemy than to the Russian forces. Moreover, as any part of the maritime provinces may suddenly be attacked, all must to a certain extent be prepared, and the concentration of the army becomes almost impossible. Let us briefly consider the number and force of the divisions or separate armies absolutely required for the defence of the Russian territory when threatened by sea, and from the contiguous states by land. To begin from the north: Finland demands an army of at least 40,000 men to garrison Helsingfors and the Isles of Åland, and to keep in check the population excited by the possibility of a Swedish invasion, whilst the allied fleets may operate simultaneously or alternately on the northern and southern coasts of the Gulf of Finland. The corps of grenadiers, and a large division of artillery, would be retained to garrison Cronstadt and defend the capital. The guards, forming another army of 40,000 men, with their cavalry and artillery, advance to the Baltic provinces to cover Riga, Revel, and the road to St. Petersburg, whilst they observe, not without suspicion, the Prussian troops concentrated round Königsberg and Dantzic. Warsaw and the kingdom of Poland are the advanced positions of the Russian grand army of operations, consisting still of the 1st and 2nd divisions of the army, and numbering at least 100,000 men. Some portion of this force has been moved by échelons on Volhynia and Bessarabia; but in the present state of the relations of Russia with the German Powers, it will be impossible for her to weaken that vital part of her dominions.

dominions. The 3rd and 4th divisions form the army of operations under Prince Gortschakoff in the Principalities; and the 6th division, usually quartered in or near Moscow, is now advancing to reinforce these corps, which have already suffered most severely. The 5th or General Lüders' division occupies Odessa and the neighbourhood, whilst a part of it has been sent to the Caucasus. The defence of the Crimea, especially when the Black Sea is held by an enemy of superior maritime power, requires an army of 40,000 men or more to garrison Sebastopol, as well as Kaffa, or to provide against the contingency of an invasion. This force is wholly cut off from direct communication with any other corps. Reinforcements and supplies can only be transmitted to it over a vast extent of sandy deserts and steppes; if indeed the isthmus and lines of Perecop may not be threatened. The Sea of Azow, from Kertch to Taganrog, is too shallow to be exposed to formidable attacks, but the flotilla which defends it must be manned. Troops are necessarily scattered along the places on the Circassian coast, for even in the wretched little frontier fort of Chevketil the Turks found upwards of 1000 men; and by similar military posts, all liable to sudden attack, the communications are kept up with the Trans-Caucasian provinces. The army of the Caucasus, including the Georgian levies, certainly exceeds 100,000 men, and consists of excellent troops; but these again are exclusively engaged in local warfare, their reinforcements and supplies are rendered very difficult, and they can contribute nothing at all to the general defence of the empire. We say nothing of the corps on the frontier of Orenberg, or of the forces still required for the service of the interior, which cannot be inconsiderable. But we affirm that this enormous dissemination of troops over thousands of miles of frontiers entirely prevents that concentration which is the first element of success in war. Half a million of men are lost in these sporadic detachments, and the radius of the empire is so great that it is physically impossible to operate with rapidity from the centre on any point of so vast a circumference. The modern additions to the art of war, which enable us as a maritime power to convey an army with all the velocity of steam, are unattainable by Russia. Time and space in the campaign of 1812-13 were in her favour, and destroyed at last the prestige of Napoleon's victories. Time and space are, on the contrary, much more within our control than they are in hers, and may consequently be turned against her. It is an event without a parallel in history since the days of the Roman empire for a state to be simultaneously conducting hostilities in defence of its own territories from the Gulf of Bothnia to the shores of the Caspian, and from the

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the Eruba to the Vistula. In war a concentric mode of attack is always superior to a divergent system of defence, and the same principle holds good in strategy and in tactics. The Russians have gone on repeating that it is the destiny of the empire of the Czars to conquer and supplant the empire of the Caliphs—that the Muscovite race is waiting for the hour which is to give it the empire of the world—and that all the other nations and races of Europe are effete and exhausted—until these propositions have become part of the national faith. But that faith is based on ignorance and fanaticism. Russia has yet to learn that her schemes upon the East or against Europe are wholly impracticable unless she has found means to paralyse the resistance they are calculated to excite. When that resistance is aroused and organised Russia is unable to surmount it.

We have now passed rapidly in review, with the assistance of the works before us, the chief elements of Russia's power, as far as we can discover them from the existing institutions of the empire. In an absolute monarchy, in which the Government is everything, and the emperor is the Government, there exist, indeed, none of those checks or impediments to the direct and energetic action of authority which are to be met with in freer states; but neither is it possible that they should derive any additional strength from the external resources or free co-operation of public opinion or of society. In the person of Nicholas of Russia the world was long inclined to believe that the empire had found not only a ruler, but a civilising and progressive power, capable of wielding his enormous might exclusively for noble ends. His undaunted courage in moments of danger, his bold and imperial bearing, his indefatigable activity, and his strong sympathy with the national character of the Russian people, which none of his predecessors since Peter the Great have possessed in the same degree, undoubtedly marked him out for the head of a great empire; and we confess that it is not without painful regret that we have witnessed the fall of such a character from those engagements of truth and honour which he had himself invoked. But it is impossible to follow the narrative of the transactions of last year without arriving at the conviction that his craft is at least equal to his force, and that he has pursued his own visionary schemes with a criminal disregard to the welfare of his own subjects and to the peace of Europe. Without such a head the empire might languish, corruption and deceit would flourish unrebuked, the resources of the country would decline, and the progress of the nation be suspended. With such a head a more active and wholesome movement might undoubtedly be given to society, but it may also be given for mischievous

chievous purposes and injurious results. Under this condition a Government may seek to give an impulse to the nation, but it can receive none in return, for there is a total absence of spontaneous energy and original power. For this reason an appeal is made to religious fanaticism, which is probably the strongest independent sentiment of the Russian people—if, indeed, any sentiment can be termed independent when even devotion and religious enthusiasm have been studiously trained into a superstitious veneration for the person of the Czar. The Russians, however, will not easily be persuaded that their religion is attacked, and though such an event as the march of Napoleon to Moscow roused all the patriotic ardour of the country, we doubt whether the people of the maritime frontiers will have the same determination to face the dangers of impending hostilities. The nobles of Russia are, with few exceptions, quite unable to render to the Government any independent support. They are, as a class, embarrassed and frivolous men, who owe their only importance to the honours or duties the Government may vouchsafe to confer upon them. Moreover, it is to a great degree on them that the burden of war falls; for to raise levies of men, such as have recently taken place on their estates, is to take from them the most valuable portion of their property. Estates in Russia are computed not by the extent of desolate acres, but by the number of serfs, and to depopulate the country is to ruin the landowner. The voluntary contributions talked of for the war have chiefly been exacted by a power admitting of no refusal. In fact, the very first symptom of impending hostilities is a suspension of trade, a check to labour, and a scarcity of capital which must already be felt throughout the empire. These hardships fall as much on the mercantile classes as on the nobility, and it is difficult to foresee what compensation any aggressive war can bring to them who are the first to suffer by it. The peasants, who pay the heaviest of all contributions in life and blood, have not even the satisfaction of fighting the battles of free men. Military service emancipates them from serfdom, but it leaves them to perish in the ranks, or turns the veteran adrift on the world. The army which such a war compels the Emperor to call into existence, if he hopes even to protect himself against humiliation and defeat, is the burden and the curse of his dominions. Men he may sacrifice without stint or limit, though in Russia the vast amount of the collective population is no test of local population, which is sparse and rare in almost all parts of the empire. But with a revenue not amounting to 20 millions sterling, and no facilities for contracting loans, how are materials of war, clothes, arms, food and supplies to be furnished to a
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million of combatants, at distances of thousands of miles from each other and from the capital? The magnitude of these military preparations is an additional cause of weakness, for to defend one point which is attacked a hundred others must be prepared for resistance.

For all these reasons we hold it to be a political error of the first magnitude on the part of the Emperor Nicholas to have challenged the two greatest maritime powers in the world to bring to the test his powers of endurance, to prove that Russia is assailable both in the Black Sea and in the Baltic, and to hazard a campaign which must in great part destroy the *prestige* of his forces. Even in the last winter campaign of the Turks, Russia has lost an incalculable amount of reputation, and she can only escape from her present position by the loss of a great deal more. The Western Powers have staked their honour and influence in the world upon the restoration of peace in the East by honourable means, and we trust that, having once engaged in this quarrel, they will not lay down their arms until they have obtained trustworthy securities for the future. Russia, on the other hand, has staked and forfeited the alliances she professed to cherish, her old connexion with England, the deferential gratitude of Austria, the affectionate esteem of Prussia, and, what the Emperor valued most, the leadership of the counter-revolutionary party in Europe. Success in this career is impossible for him; for even if he were to break up the Western alliances, to complete the overthrow of Turkey, or to wrest from the trembling Sultan compliance with his demands, the only result would be to prolong a fierce and terrible war, which he cannot even hope to direct to its close. We see no reason to believe that the Russian empire possesses either the genius or the resources which can carry a sovereign with success through such a struggle; and if this contest is to be waged between the forces of civilization and liberty against those of a semi-barbarous empire aspiring to crush the independence of Europe, we neither doubt nor dread the issue of the war in which England and France have been compelled to engage.

ART. V.—*A Letter to the Lord Chancellor, containing Observations on the Answers of the Judges to the Lord Chancellor's Letter on the Criminal Law Bills of the last Session of Parliament.* By C. P. Greaves, Esq., Q.C., and J. J. Lonsdale, Esq., Barrister at Law (Secretary to the late Criminal Law Commission). London, 1854.

THE very important subject of a Digest of the Criminal Law has for the last twenty years occupied much of the attention both of the legal profession and of the public at large. A commission of eminent lawyers was employed in preparing that Digest; among others Mr. Justice Wightman; Sir Edward Ryan, Chief Justice of Bengal, and author of valuable reports of Crown Law Cases; Mr. Starkie, whose well-known works on Criminal Jurisprudence are in the hands of all lawyers; Professor Amos, long employed on the Indian Code, and now Downing Professor of Law at Cambridge. The result of their labours was fully approved by successive Chancellors, Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Cottenham, St. Leonards, and Cranworth, as well as by the Lord Chief Justices Denman and Campbell. Bills founded upon it were three times sanctioned by the House of Lords, and referred to the examination of select Committees; namely, Lord Brougham's Bills of 1845 and 1848, and Lord St. Leonards' of 1853, when, with Lord Lyndhurst's approval, it was resolved to divide the Digest and pass it in parts. The last of those Committees sat upon the latest of those Bills,—a Digest of the Law respecting offences against the person,—for twelve days, and was attended by all the Law Lords, as well as Messrs. Lonsdale (Secretary of the Commission) and Mr. Greaves, Queen's Counsel and an eminent practitioner in Courts of Criminal Jurisdiction. The larger part of the provisions were discussed with great care, and the Bill was reported to the House as revised and amended. It was there unanimously resolved that as the Lord Chief Justice had been absent on the Circuit during part of the sitting of the Committee, and as one or two important points had been deferred, the further proceeding should be postponed for the present, and he as well as the other Law Lords expressed their confident expectation that early in the next Session it might be successfully carried through (together with the other parts of the Digest), so as to pass both Houses. But it was agreed that the opinions of the Judges should in the mean time be requested upon the details of the Bill reported; and the Lord Chancellor undertook to be the medium of communication.

His Lordship, instead of this, referred the whole matter to those

those learned persons, not only asking their observations on the frame of the clauses, but desiring their opinion upon the general subject of a criminal law digest, in favour of which the House of Lords had pronounced three several times—in 1848, 1849, and 1853. It is obvious that it must be below the dignity and contrary to the practice of Parliament to consult any body of men, however eminent, as to whether it had wisely exercised its legislative functions in solemnly affirming the principle of a pending measure. But as the details are not settled in the House till after the second reading, and as this stage had not been entered upon, it would have been regular and constitutional to invite the comments of the Judges upon the special provisions of the Bill. These learned functionaries were favourable to a digest of the statute, but strongly opposed to the codification of the common or unwritten law. Their objections were stated in their answers to the Chancellor's letter, and are mainly grounded upon the errors which they have pointed out in the work of the Commissioners in the revised form in which it came forth from the Lords' Committee. If (they argue) a digest framed by such men as the Commissioners and the Committee is so full of errors, the forming of any digest must be hopeless, and codification impossible. Under these circumstances the learned gentlemen who had assisted the Lords' Committee, addressed to the Lord Chancellor the letter of which the title stands at the head of this article.

It was thought more regular by the Lord Chancellor only to present to the House the answers of the Judges, and have them referred to the select Committee which will be appointed again to consider the Digest Bill; but his Lordship refused to produce the letter of the learned counsel, though he promised that it should be laid before the same committee. As this committee could not meet for many weeks, the public and the profession had only one side of the question before them during this important interval. Therefore no one can complain of the present publication, which has, it is understood, been fully permitted by his Lordship.

It is not our intention to give anything like an abstract of the work before us. They who take an interest in the great question of codification will of course read both the statements made by the learned Judges, and the full and detailed answers or explanations given in this pamphlet. One thing seems certain, that the Judges were called upon to examine a Bill consisting of 169 clauses, and a schedule repealing in whole or in part 15 statutes, at the busiest season of the year, Michaelmas Term—for although the Chancellor's first letter was in October, the residue of their long vacation was sure not

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to be devoted to this extra work, and the second letter was in December. It is a hard thing indeed to call upon judges at such a season, perhaps at any season, to depart from their province of applying the law, and give their opinion upon the details of a measure for altering or consolidating it; and it is probably not a good thing for the law itself that this confusion of functions should be attempted. But, whatever doubt may be entertained on this point, there can be no doubt at all that the remarks of those learned, able, and experienced persons are entitled to the most respectful attention, and that all must examine them not only with a great bias in their favour, but with every disposition to find their criticisms well founded. It is with such an inclination that every candid reader will peruse the answers of the Judges; and with a proportionable reluctance will he find himself under the necessity of agreeing with the authors of the reply, even although they are defending the work of very learned and accurate men, and the provisions sanctioned by the high authority of the Lords' House of Parliament.

No doubt it must strike every one who considers this matter as *à priori* eminently improbable that a work so elaborately framed, and which had undergone, and repeatedly undergone, such careful revision by so many minds, of such various descriptions, should be found to contain the multiplicity of errors, not a few of a glaring kind, which some of the Judges have, in the unavoidable hurry of business, thought that they had detected. What increases the presumption against the validity of the objections is that while the very eminent lawyers who considered the measure in the House of Lords sat together, and had the advantage of all the knowledge which each could furnish, the Judges only went through the Bill in their individual capacities, and returned separate answers. That some slips might have occurred even with such men as the Commissioners, and escaped detection by all the Law Lords of the Committee, was no doubt possible; but that the Digest thus prepared and thus revised should abound with the most palpable mistakes—nay, that any considerable number of those should have found their way into it—must on all hands be regarded as in the highest degree unlikely.

The work now before us converts the likelihood into a certainty. It appears that in most of the instances the error exists not in the Digest of the Lords but in the remarks of the Judges. Some criminal lawyers of eminence, we understand, have examined the answers of the Judges and the explanations of the Assessors to the Lords' Committee, and have declared that in almost every instance the remarks of the Judges have been

satisfactorily answered. We will not go so far as this; we conceive that the learned Judges have very probably detected material errors; we doubt not that their remarks will meet with the most respectful attention from the Lords' Committee to which they are referred; but we hesitate not to affirm that the objections of most importance have been met, and that due attention bestowed upon the work submitted to their consideration would probably have prevented nearly the whole of their criticisms.

We shall give one example as sufficing to show how plain it is that the ceremony of reading any work under review (we speak with some nervous feeling as reviewers), which should be gone through by those who assume the office of criticising it, has in this case been omitted by the learned Judges in many instances.—Three of them object to the Digest that it does not punish a battery. '*Unless I am greatly mistaken,*' says one, 'if a man knocks another down, doing him no bodily harm, he will not be liable to prosecution or punishment;' and his Lordship refers to Sec. 133. '*It is at least doubtful,*' says another learned Judge, 'whether he could be punished.' And he adds, 'the Sec. (133) does not in express terms include a battery, however violent, and there is no section, *I believe,* that does.' Such expressions plainly show that their Lordships were conscious of not having fully examined the enactments—and no more had they—for Sec. 127 *does* include a battery, though not by name; and it clearly comprehends the case of knocking a man down, even supposing it possible this operation could be performed without doing him any bodily harm; for it applies to any one who causes bodily harm '*or does any violence to the person of another.*' 'It seems,' say the authors of this tract (p. 62), 'to have escaped the recollection of the learned Judges, that no battery can possibly take place unless an assault, as defined by Sec. 133, has taken place:' and again (*ib.*), 'one of the learned Judges has fallen into the error of supposing that an assault, in legal signification, includes a battery.'

Sometimes the learned Judges object to provisions as superfluous from not adverting to cases actually reported, and very recently, which prove those provisions to be necessary; sometimes they treat as absurd definitions which such cases have in terms sanctioned. Thus, Mr. Justice Talfourd, 'than whom,' say the authors of the Letter most justly, 'a more sincere lover of truth, right, and justice never adorned the bar, nor graced the bench,' ridicules the definition of 'wound' by mention of 'the skin being divided either externally or internally,' remarking that 'the latter branch of the alternative denoting a possibility of wounding by dividing the internal cuticle without dividing the
external,

external, must be intended to anticipate some future discovery of science.' But so far from being dependant on a future discovery, the words were introduced in consequence of an antecedent fact, it having been expressly held in the case of *Reg. v. Smith*, 8 Car. and Payne, 173, that a wound was within the statute 'where the skin was broken internally but not externally.' The same learned judge dwells at some length on the 'introduction for the first time of the term *excuse* into the criminal law,' adding that, though new, it is not good, arguing that what is termed excuse must mean defence, and further complaining of the bad grammar as well as bad legislation which makes the Act excuse when only the Crown can do so. We must confess that in the impartiality which we really feel in this great question, nothing can seem more triumphant than the answer given by the tract before us to all these charges. Four chapters of Lord Hale are cited (Hale, c. 5, c. 6, c. 7, c. 8), in all which 'excuse' is the technical term used, and used grammatically in the same way the Digest uses it. Thus, c. 5, 'concerning casualty—how far it *excuseth* in criminals.' Then as to the 'law only justifying or condemning, and never excusing;' excusable homicide is an instance to the contrary. And when the same learned judge, observing upon the expression *present* fear, asks, 'how can fear exist unless it be present?' he has entirely forgotten that '*present fear of death*' is the term used in the books.

Thus, too, Mr. Justice Erle regards it as absurd to consider that a party acting with good motives under a mistake of his legal rights, and causing damage, can act maliciously—yet the absurdity is in the law as laid down by the most eminent judges—for Mr. Justice Littledale, in *Macpherson v. Daniel*, 10 B. and C., 272, defined malice in its legal sense to denote 'a wrongful act done intentionally without just cause or excuse;' and other judges have held exactly the same language,—*Rex v. Harvey*, 2 B. and C., 268. In fact, as Mr. Justice Best remarked in the latter case, 'the legal import of the term differs from its acceptance in common conversation.'

The work before us adduces several such examples of oversight, but we only give a few instances to show the consequences which flow from having imposed on the learned Judges the task of examining the numerous enactments of the Bill when otherwise occupied with their ordinary and proper duties. The instances, beside the one we first mentioned, are numerous in which they ask why provision is not made for cases connected with one clause, and yet the tract before us refers to some other clause where that provision is made. But instances even occur where they complain of that as the enactment of the Digest

which is the enactment of some statute—as where Mr. Justice Erle objects to s. 110 respecting ‘*Legal Liability*,’ and omits to consider that the phrase is used in an act only passed three years ago, on which that whole section is framed—14, 15 Vict. c. 11, s. 1. If such criticisms make nothing against the Bill, as little, we are anxious to add, does it tell against the learned Judge. Of the vast mass of legislation which is annually added to the Statute Book, a large part can only be considered by the Bench as occasions arise for its application. A most distinguished and careful judge, a man thoroughly awake to the times he lives in, has been heard to say, ‘I know pretty well what the law was ten years ago, but I am not quite so confident what it is now.’

Before closing these remarks upon the very important subject of the Digest and the answers of the learned Judges, it is necessary in justice both to those eminent persons and to the framers of the document, that the course unfortunately pursued by the Lord Chancellor should be borne in mind. Not only did his Lordship promulgate the answers of the Judges without the reply and explanations of the Commissioners, but having submitted to the Judges the Digest in some important articles unfinished, their remarks, valuable as they would have proved* in aid of the House of Lords when putting the last hand to the work, were not reserved for that stage of the proceeding, but made public immediately. Thus it happens that several matters of great moment being purposely left for further and final consideration, nay in some instances, alternative enactments being actually given in the margin, the observations of the Judges are given upon one alternative, or upon matter professedly still under consideration, and a condemnation apparently pronounced as if the ultimate resolutions of the Lords had been formed. Most clearly the commentaries of the Judges should have been regarded as themselves hypothetical and intended for the use of those about to be engaged in completing the work, instead of being promulgated so as to render that completion more difficult, by enlisting against the whole scheme the prejudices so naturally raised when judicial authority seemingly, not really, was interposed. This course so unhappily taken has led to the publication of the reply to which we are desirous of giving all possible publicity; for if the story told of Alexander that on a complaint being made to him, he stopped one ear with his finger, saying that he kept it to hear the other side, is seldom acted upon in ordinary matters, there is no chance that it would prevail in a case in which the Judges had been supposed to have pronounced an authoritative decision upon a question of criminal law.

* The remarks of Mr. Justice Coleridge are peculiarly valuable. Mr. Justice Cresswell's have also great merit.

ART. VI.—*Treasures of Art in Great Britain ; being an Account of the chief Collections of Paintings, Sculpture, Drawings, Illuminated Manuscripts, &c.* By Dr. Waagen, Director of the Royal Gallery of Pictures at Berlin. 3 vols. London. 1854.

THERE is no greater mistake than to suppose that connoisseurship in the formative arts is a knack or an instinct with which favoured individuals are born, or which they acquire in some manner not to be clearly accounted for. On the contrary, if there be any study in life in which the gift of ardent enthusiasm will do little without unwearied diligence, sound sense, and true humility, it is pre-eminently the study of that outward form of a mysterious inward poetry now-a-days talked and written about, with more or less truth and eloquence, ignorance, folly, and bad temper, under the hacknied but ever glorious name of Art. The education of the professed critic in art is essentially the same as that of the student in the exact sciences. Nothing is left to feeling, predilection, or wish—his stand must be taken upon a slowly gathered accumulation of facts, each one resting securely on that beneath it. Works of art must be treated as organic remains, subservient to some prevailing law, which it is the critic's task to find out and classify by a life of observation and comparison. For though not to be compared with the works of nature in invariability of system, yet every master has a certain prevailing hand-writing, inseparable from his individual temperament, though influenced by the schools he passes through and the course he runs, the signs and secrets of which a critic has to explore with a care and modesty analogous to that exercised by a Davy, or an Owen. And the comparison does not end here ; for, as the inquirer into one physical science must bring to the task the knowledge of many others, so he who aspires to be a true connoisseur of art must come furnished with stores of collateral information, to which it would be presumptuous to assign limits. All forms of knowledge minister to this one—the highest and the lowest—history and poetry—truth and romance—languages and manners—mechanical materials and chemical processes : no student can have his scale too full, or his grasp too wide ; the workman's tools must be as familiar to him as the poet's feeling and the scholar's lore. Our readers will perhaps suspect that, under all this superstructure, the enthusiasm we put first on the list will be fairly stifled. But there is no fear of any such result. Nothing indeed save that alone, which in its pure and engrossing character stands only second in the human heart to the natural affections, will keep the professional connoisseur steady in his path, for the toil is great and the disappointments many.

many. And nothing but this, after all his labour—for here art and science part company—will lead him safely to his goal. In this, indeed, consists the line of demarcation between the true connoisseur and the mere dealer. The latter is a safe guide for signs and molemarks, elaborated with patience and registered with care; but there are occasions when he goes no further, and will lead you in triumph to a work of art which contains all these in undeniable abundance, but lacks that higher something of the master which the heart alone can recognise. Far be it from us to mean the slightest reflection upon the class; many a dealer is guided by the truest and most refined feeling—and even when he is not, it is no reproach—he does his part, and the labourer is worthy of his hire. They want nothing more, and certainly deserve nothing more, who purchase a picture merely on such grounds.

The work before us we unhesitatingly pronounce to contain more of the essence of true connoisseurship than any other of the same class that has yet come before the public. Dr. Waagen's name is too familiar to the art-world to require any introduction. He graduated, it may be said, like his friend and fellow-labourer M. Passavant, in that wonderful school which the Paris of 1814 afforded. A young volunteer in the war of liberation, the service brought him to the then teeming capital, where our embryo connoisseur drained his slender pocket to pay substitutes to mount guard while he spent his hours diligently in the Louvre. Since then the ceaseless researches of his life are evidenced in his writings; while the Museum of Berlin—the peculiar interest and instructiveness of which surpasses that of many galleries of greater extent and value—owes much of these qualities to the labours of its Director.

As a writer, too, addressing himself exclusively to the English public—for the work is only published in its translated form—Dr. Waagen is peculiarly adapted to suit our prejudices and principles. Too solid to be a dreamer, and too humorous to be a pedant, he steers clear of faults we are prone to attribute to our German brethren; and, what is perhaps more important still, he steers equally clear of faults we are sure to find at home; for, be the subject what it may, the vindication of new friends, or the demolition of old idols, his opinion is given with a simplicity, distinctness, and temperance of language particularly refreshing after the violence and dogmatism, the flippant and fine writing, with which the criticism and philosophy of art has of late been treated among us. Nor can we omit another merit which has struck us agreeably in the perusal of this work. The higher types and forms of art lie in very sacred ground, and the

the connoisseur can hardly enter into any description of them without touching the most solemn chord of a Christian's heart. The manner in which he performs this—the most interesting—portion of his task—is a test of no common kind. Dr. Waagen has done what was right. Without parading uncalled-for sentiments, he approaches these subjects with unaffected reverence—on some occasions even rising into a high strain of devout emotion, which elevates the whole character of his criticism.

'The Treasures of Art in Great Britain,' justly so called, have long needed numeration, analysis, and valuation. Our riches are now no longer limited to a few great galleried mansions, but one general auriferous district seems to be spreading gradually over the country. It was in 1835 that Dr. Waagen began that task of exploring, the results of which he gave us in his 'Art and Artists in England.' Parts of that work are incorporated in the present, which, however, may be said to supersede, rather than continue the first. His researches this time have been of a far more comprehensive character. Those galleries of wondrous invention, and frequently exquisite execution, which lie concealed on bookshelves and in portfolios, no less than those displayed on our walls, are here opened to us. The old illuminated manuscripts, drawings, and engravings, have poured forth their treasures, showing us metal of quaint and strange workmanship, but guinea-gold notwithstanding—progenitors, especially the miniatures, however humble, of the glorious full forms of art with which our eyes are more familiar, and for which they supply many an early link in the chain of genealogy. Who shall say how remotely that chain begins? It is comparatively easy to define the date of a work, but not that of the thought that quickens it. The early schools of Christian art, however rude, retained at all events that wise law transmitted from the Greeks, by which every invention pronounced to be beautiful and appropriate was in its essential points adhered to, being repeated only with increasing beauty and freedom, or leading to new ideas invented in the same spirit. Invention, for invention's sake, was held no merit then, and borrowing no disgrace. The chain of artistic descent does indeed lose itself in the very fountain head of art, for Dr. Waagen expresses his conviction, *à propos* of some Greek vases in the British Museum, 'that many a thought of the Greek painters is embodied in the finest forms of beauty we possess.'

It is to the miniatures that we must look as the great storehouse in which these thoughts lay for centuries embalmed—often mummy-like, it is true, in their calligraphic deadness and disfigurement, but still holding fast the true tradition, till the sun

sun of art rose again and made the dry forms live. And again, as art attained its meridian, the fresh thoughts of great masters were in their turn faithfully laid up in the miniatures of the day. Speaking of a MS. in the possession of Professor Johnson at Oxford, Dr. Waagen says, 'Were the works of Michael Angelo and Sebastian del Piombo lost to us, we should obtain through this MS. a complete idea of the last named painter, and become acquainted with various ideas from the first.' We see this in one of its miniatures of particular beauty—the Visitation,—taken from the picture by Sebastian del Piombo, the fragments of which, formerly in the Fesch gallery, were exhibited last year in the British Institution by Mr. Davenport Bromley, of whom they were purchased by the Duke of Northumberland. The finest early masters also, both Flemish and Italian, were miniature painters themselves. Whoever has had the good fortune to look through the miniatures by Memling in Cardinal Grimani's Breviary in the Ducal Palace at Venice, has experienced pleasures as refined, and laid by reminiscences as exquisite, as any gallery could afford. The feeling of Giotto, of Sandro Botticelli, and of Orcagna, are seen more clearly in this shape than in the stained and mouldering remains of their frescoes and tempera pictures. Doubtless the Arundel Society is doing the wiser part in securing records of such fast vanishing remains—for the miniatures are in better preservation—but still it does seem surprising that the new editions and translations of old works have not been enriched from this source of adornment. What could better illustrate Mr. Pollock's admirable re-translation of Dante than facsimiles of the interesting pen-drawings in the MS. of '*La Divina Commedia*,' at Hamilton Palace; many of them by the hand of Sandro Botticelli, and, as Dr. Waagen truly says, the finest and most original with which Dante has ever been illustrated. Nor is there any fear in proper hands of their being modernised in the process; no one would preserve their true and quaint spirit more faithfully than Mr. George Scharf.

The chief object of Dr. Waagen's researches among the illuminated MSS. in this country, was to ascertain the course and characteristics of our native pictorial art, which, we may broadly assert, has, during the space of above a thousand years, left us scarcely any records but those preserved in MSS., and but scantily even in this shape, for the fury of the reformers fell upon them no less than upon the more ostentatious forms of artistic skill. Our first art, it would seem, we received, as we did our first learning and religion, through the Irish, and to them also we are, perhaps, remotely indebted for the humour
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and fancy which are still such predominant qualities in the sister Isle. But, on the other hand, it is equally characteristic of ourselves that we showed a less rigid *superstition* in the adherence to Byzantine types and traditions. Our figures, it appears, could, at a very early period, stand on their feet, and also sometimes move, which was an immense achievement. A decided tendency to dramatic sentiment is observed in the most ancient Anglo-Saxon miniatures, dating as far back as the 7th century, and also the germ of those two opposite qualities peculiar to our art and poetry, the fantastic in conception and the realistic in execution. This reality is seen in a more earnest expression of the feelings. A certain affectionateness of manner—apparent of course almost exclusively in the more loving relation between the Virgin and Child—tells of English domestic habits not entirely forgotten in the monastery; while the subject of the murder of the Innocents, is nowhere so early given, with so painful a truth as in English miniatures. Throughout the fluctuations which befel the school, which rose and fell with the vicissitudes of the land, these characteristics may be considered as permanent, while the abundance of fun and drolleries which fill the borders, in which the church is never spared, show the national impudence and the freedom it enjoyed—always healthy signs—to be perpetually on the increase. It was merry England indeed in her old miniatures—a shorter step from the sublime to the ridiculous than could be found elsewhere—things sacred and things absurd (not profane) put in the closest juxtaposition. Many a page reminds us of a schoolboy's exercise—the set task, whatever it might be, done soberly enough in the middle, and the margins scrawled over with all sorts of *harumscarum* inventions. For instance, the Coronation of the Virgin is seen above, and on one side a fox, with a bishop's mitre and staff, preaching to four geese—David gravely playing on the Psaltery, and, round an initial in the border, an ass playing the lute, a monkey the violin, and a hare striking the cymbals—the three Kings appearing before Herod, and tournaments below, some figures with animals' heads, some without legs, tumbling off their horses, much in the style of a Christmas pantomime—or, on other occasions, grotesque animals racing and chasing each other with all kinds of frolic impertinence, like the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens. In some instances the freak is introduced into the picture itself. Who but a mad-cap Englishman of the dark ages would have represented the daughter of Herodias making mill-sails, by way of dancing, before Herod? The reign of Chivalry too is abundantly delineated in these works, and Cervantes admirably illustrated ages before he appeared. Also true English sports

sports and pastimes appear—wrestling and falcon flying, and even a cock-fight, which Dr. Waagen gravely opines to be one of the oldest representations of such a subject—the MS. in which it appears being about the date 1320. It is worthy of remark that the representations of animals are far better and truer to nature than in the contemporary miniatures of other nations. Then, as regards the purely mechanical part, we are famed for beauty and brilliancy of colours, and for great precision and neatness of execution—indications, if not in an æsthetic, yet in a practical sense, of a people who, as the phrase goes, turn out a better article in mere manufacturing respects than most of their rivals. Nor does it appear that when the English had fair play they betrayed any incapacity for the higher elements of pictorial art; on the contrary, the support which art received in this country during the reign of Henry III. and the three Edwards, has left its fruits in English miniatures which, we are assured, excel those of all other nations of the same time, with the exception of the Italian, and are not inferior even to them.

It would take too long to pursue the subject of native art in all its hindrances and developments. Dr. Waagen gives so admirable a summary of them, and of the political causes which nipped our talents in one respect and fostered them in another, in his Chapter on the Vernon Gallery, that we cannot do better than transcribe it:—

‘This is a suitable occasion for inquiring into the reasons why the real school* of painting and sculpture arose so late in England as compared with other nations, and also why it developed those peculiarities which distinguish it from other schools. I have already shown, in my observations on English miniatures—with which, be it remarked, some larger pictures still preserved correspond—that the English, up to the middle of the fifteenth century, had developed a certain degree of originality in painting, while many works in their Gothic ecclesiastical buildings testify the same in the department of sculpture. I have pointed out that in the wars of the Houses of York and Lancaster may be traced the chief interruption to the further progress of native art, which then gave place to an imitation of Netherlandish art, at that period in the most flourishing state of development, and which, in its realistic tendency, coincided the more with the foregone English school. But when once an original and indigenous mode of art is supplanted by a foreign style of superior development, it becomes doubly difficult to revive it, and in this case the difficulty was increased by the number of excellent Netherlandish artists who continued to flourish in England under English patronage: so great a genius as Holbein under Henry VIII.; so able a portrait-painter as Sir Anthony More under Queen Mary; and a whole succession under Elizabeth and James I. How was it possible that the long-discouraged native art should contend against such agencies as these? Thus, if it be clear that the great
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and original talents for art, of which the English gave such ample proof, were by this means hindered in that further and riper development which took place in the sixteenth century so conspicuously among the Italians, and next to them among the Germans, Netherlands, and French, it is no less true that the national feeling for art found vent in that form of which language is the expression—namely, in the richest emanations of poetry. This sister art is, from various reasons, less affected by political disturbances or public calamities, and less dependent on external support. She does not require expensive mechanical aids, nor by any means the same outward encouragement; nor is the maintenance of a school, in the strict sense of the word, with all its personal and living traditions, and its scientific and technical endowments and advantages, necessary as a condition of existence to the art of poetry, though indispensable to the other arts. Hence we find the original tendency of English poetry, as it showed itself in Chaucer in the fourteenth century, continuing in the sixteenth century in Spenser, and attaining its fullest development in Shakspeare. This great genius presented to us, as in a magic mirror, the romantic spirit of the middle ages, just when that period had come to an end; while he became the founder of a new epoch in poetry, of which profound thought, bitter irony, and intellectual humour are the chief elements. Precisely in this Janus-like, double character—embodying a great past and divulging a pregnant future—lies the true and undying significance of Shakspeare, and the wondrous spell he exercises, and ever will exercise, over every impressionable heart, while any feeling for the great, the noble, and the beautiful exists. In this great man, therefore, the national genius for art found its golden age. He was to the English what the cinquecento age was to the Italians. Whether the formative arts would have attained to such an elevated rank in England as they did in Italy and the Netherlands it is impossible to say, but I am convinced that considerable originality and excellence would have been developed. That no original English art, however, should have been developed in the seventeenth century—a time which saw a second rich harvest of painting in the Netherlands, an important period of art in France, and a considerable revival at all events in Italy—that even this century should have done nothing for England, is a fact for which I think sufficient reasons may be alleged. Although so distinguished a foreign artist as Vandyck enjoyed the chief English patronage under the protection of the art-loving King Charles I., yet such valuable masters as Old Stone and Dobson, as well as the admirable miniature-painters Isaac and Peter Oliver, although they attached themselves to the manner of that great painter, testify the existence of very considerable native powers, from which an original school of English art would doubtless have sprung, had not the reign of Puritanism under Cromwell intervened. If that dark, narrow, and joyless spirit, inimical to every species of art, interrupted even the feeling for the drama, so deeply rooted in the English, and so highly cultivated from the time of Shakspeare, how should the struggling germ of the formative arts be expected to have survived? By the time of the Restoration, in 1660, the English had

had assumed quite a different character. We no longer find them the same joyous, cheerful, and poetic people, who delighted in innocent games and jubilees, and whom Shakspeare had so spiritedly described to us, but we find them rather a narrow, serious, reflective, and prosaic nation. To this was now added that element of frivolity imported by Charles II. from France, an element not only quite foreign to the English character, but destructive to all real feeling for art, and which, favoured by the Court, influenced also the literature of the day. From this combination arose a spirit of rationalism and scepticism, and a narrow-minded system of education, which was in the highest degree pernicious to that fancy with which the artist has most to do. These unfavourable agencies show themselves largely in the works of English poets of that time, of whom I will only particularise Swift—who excelled in that form of verse which nearest approaches prose, namely, in satire—and Pope, the representative of the French "*esprits*." This was not the atmosphere in which any native art could expand, therefore we need not wonder that the chief patronage of art should have been engrossed by foreigners,—by Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller as portrait painters, and by Verrio the Neapolitan and Charles de la Fosse as executants of that insipid and flimsy form of historical painting which was still in request in the palaces of the great. With the confirmed stability of the House of Hanover under George II., the power and political consequence of England became greatly augmented. Private wealth increased, and a sense of peace and security returned, to which the national mind had long been a stranger. A natural consequence of this was a reaction in art and literature, in which that combination of reality and humour, indigenous to the English character, once again appeared on the stage, and took that form which suited the spirit of the times. In literature this reaction was achieved by such men as Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, in whom sentimentality was an additional feature; and in art by Hogarth, who, to a realistic and humorous tendency, added a moral aim in his pictures. But it required all the extraordinary talent and energy of Hogarth's character to assert and maintain this totally new tendency against that cold and affectedly ideal form of art which still prevailed. He was 53 years of age before his six pictures of the *Mariage à la Mode*, which he then sold by public auction, found a purchaser; nor did they realise more than the paltry sum of 110 guineas. The realistic school was now taken up by Reynolds and Gainsborough, while the more idealising tendency of the landscape painter Wilson, which, in its beautiful forms borrowed from Italian nature, and in all its poetic subjects taken from Greek mythology, has a certain affinity to Claude, found so little favour with the English that it was difficult for him to dispose of his pictures even at the lowest prices. Nor did Barry, who pursued much the same tendency, fare better. Not till Flaxman, the great sculptor, appeared, endowed as he was with the richest powers of invention, and a rare feeling for beauty of form and grace of movement, did this tendency find any favour with the public, and then not in the degree which his exalted merit

merit deserved. Greater success attended the efforts of Stothard, who, with his versatility of talent, combined both the realistic and ideal tendencies, and whose productiveness continued into an advanced age. As the transmission, however, of correct technical principles, which in the painting schools of the middle ages had been perpetuated from generation to generation, had, with the extinction of the early English school, long been lost, the new school was compelled in this, as in every other respect, to evolve the principles of art afresh.

We turn now to those maturer forms of art which invest a dwelling with the highest intellectual sanctity, the daily companionship of which is one of the best pleasures wealth can enjoy, and one of the few poverty may envy. Odious is the luxury, even in a worldly sense, which has not the redeeming element of art. England would have been by this time the most detestable of *nouveaux riches* had she not applied some of the mammon her prosperity has given her to obtain that which may help to correct it. But we shall best estimate the treasures of art we now possess if we take a short retrospect of our former penury.

There are two ways in which a nation can honour art—by the development of native genius, and by the acquisition of works which shall kindle and inform it. In both respects England has been peculiarly hindered from running the race with other countries. And there are two different points from which the taste and demand for art may start—the one the court, and the other private individuals. England began, as was natural, from the first. The fashion showed itself in the English court as early as in any other north of the Alps. Henry VIII., probably in mere emulation of his more genial brother Francis I., formed a small collection; but the taste, if he had it, was not transmitted to his children. It is true Ticozzi mentions Titian's having painted a picture, '*di divoto argomento*,' for Queen Mary, but Elizabeth at all events had no sympathies of the sort; and it was well, as Horace Walpole says, that her successor had none either, or he would have introduced as bad a taste into the arts as he did into literature. Taught, therefore, probably by the precepts and example of the Earl of Arundel and the Duke of Buckingham—the first enlightened patrons of art in England—the two sons of James I., though of a descent—Scotch on one side, Danish on the other—little favourable to such tastes, developed an early partiality for paintings, and were both enthusiastic collectors from their youth. Prince Henry, who died at the age of eighteen, had already formed an interesting cabinet. To Charles I., however, belongs the merit of having gathered together a gallery which, as a whole, has never since been equalled in England for extent and

and quality. The chief contents had been accumulating for 150 years in their native soil. The family of the Gonzaga, Dukes of Mantua, were second only to the Medici in the patronage of the arts; and the purchase of the great Mantua gallery constituted the main body of Charles's irreplaceable collection. We may well say irreplaceable, since thirteen Raphaels and forty-five Titians, the one including the Pearl, the other the Venus del Prado, with numerous gems of Correggio, Giorgione, Palma Vecchio, and others, can hardly be drawn together again in a single gallery even by English wealth and energy. Their spoils enrich to this day Vienna, Paris, and Madrid. The restoration of the House of Stuart brought back, it is true, a portion of the dismantled gallery, but it did not bring back the *taste*; this had taken flight more irrevocably for the time than the pictures themselves. Hampton Court, St. James's, and Windsor were again adorned, but the scale of excellence was far lower. Whitehall alone recalled in some measure its former glories, for here were deposited the pictures which the States-General had restored, together with such as Charles II. had been elsewhere able to reclaim. But a fatality worse than revolutions awaited them. The palace took fire, and Raphaels, Leonardos, Giorgiones, Titians, and Holbeins perished miserably in the flames.

Next ensued fresh political disturbances—the country again changed its rulers, and, as respects art, certainly not for the better. Neither Dutch nor Hanoverian sovereigns sought recreation from the toils of government in the refined company of the arts; religion disowned, and luxury did not adopt them. At the beginning of the last century we might be said to be comparatively destitute of this great element of civilisation, which was neglected alike by court and nation. Foreigners came, not like Dr. Waagen, to profit by our 'Treasures,' but to spy out the nakedness of the land, and write theories on the incompatibility of mercantile pursuits and æsthetic sympathies. Voltaire himself sneered at our apathy, and denied our capacity for the fine arts,—but the sneers and denials of the arch-infidel were doomed to be as false as usual. The Englishman bided his time. He had much to do before he could be ready for artistic enjoyments, and his first step, sordid as it might appear to his more elegant neighbour, was to put himself in a position to afford them. The last century, ugly and uninteresting though it may look to our present more fastidious eyes, was essentially a time of recovery. Great affectation and odious taste there was, when any taste was pretended to, as we see in many a passage alluding to the arts in the Vicar of Wakefield and other writers of that period. But the frippery lay on the surface. John Bull was always *real* at the

core—

core—and meanwhile the lump was being slowly leavened. We were at least spared the spectacle, elsewhere seen, of elegant rulers and a wretched people; the one was as little our portion as the other. Nor are countries, not yet conscious of the want of the fine arts, at all the better for having Raphaels within their palace walls; the atmosphere of England for a time was one in which their sweetness would have been wasted, as it is to this day in that land where the Houghton and the Barbarigo galleries are virtually entombed.

Nor can we feel it any disgrace that such collections as began to be formed in this country towards the end of the last century were indicative of very moderate aspirations. The only disgrace in such matters is pretension. Our first collectors acted up to their light, and we shall never do better than copy their principle, however much we may excel them in the application of it. The real and right view of the subject is that our grandfathers, bad as might be their taste, were far in advance of the court, and were sincere and independent. Although, therefore, the few galleries founded in those times may abound overmuch with Luca Giordano, Carlo Dolce, and Salvator Rosa, yet all honour be to them, for they owed their existence neither to the fashion set by a sovereign nor to the cost of a people. And if this latter sentence be not altogether applicable to the Houghton Gallery—the finest the country could boast—we at all events profited little by it. It left these shores for perils by sea and dishonour by land—was shipwrecked in the Baltic, and, when landed, was retained in its cases till the death of the monarch who wanted it only for its name.

But now the time was approaching when the same fearful agency which had depopulated England of pictures was to restore them, and in some instances to bring back the identical works it had formerly dispersed. The French Revolution found the houses of ministers of finance and farmers-general furnished with the most exquisite cabinets, and a people who gathered nettles for their food. Collections were consigned over to England by men who loved them next to life and liberty; and some were parted with to assist the best, and others to further the worst causes. The last years of the eighteenth century and the first year of the nineteenth are memorable in the annals of art. The great Orleans Gallery, containing many a *chef-d'œuvre* from the treasures of Charles I., was sent over to this country, exhibited to a wondering public for six months, and then drafted off into the different houses of its fortunate possessors, carrying with it sources of undying pleasures throughout the land. The main portion of it constitutes some of the finest collections we yet can boast, while a few of its
single

single prizes founded Mr. Angerstein's collection which founded the National Gallery.

The flood-gates were now fairly thrown open, and crowds of minor galleries and pickings of galleries followed in the same track. The storm of the Revolution, as it passed in turn over the countries of Europe, shook this glorious fruit in deplorable plenty into our laps. Wars and rumours of wars—tributes, confiscations—fears and necessities—all brought pictures, as they brought their refugee owners, to that country where they were sure of liberty and a market. Time-honoured possessions, and recent ill-gotten spoils, alike came to the hammer. English enterprise and capital took a forward part in transactions that were both adventurous and profitable. 'No sooner,' as Dr. Waagen says, "was a country overrun by the French than Englishmen, skilled in the arts, were at hand with their guineas." Napoleon helped us to the purchase of treasures which he snatched but could not hold himself; and, having enriched us with the stores of Italy, Holland, and Belgium, he was finally the means of opening the tight-locked palaces and monasteries of Spain to our negotiations. Picture-dealing was a finer thing then than it can be now, or, we hope, will ever be again. Great difficulties had to be encountered, for which great energies were required, and men like Messrs. Buchanan, Smith, Neuwenhuys, and others who were chiefly instrumental in importing such works, are richly entitled to the gratitude of the country, for they imported not only the fruits of art but the germs.

Nor did the harvest of fine works of art end with the restoration of peace and order, though it has been more deliberately gathered. A strong picture current has continued to set towards our shores. To supply the growing wants of improving taste we have kept up prices such as few can pay but ourselves. English purchasers are foremost in the continental sales, while the home market has seen a succession of glorious prizes pass through it. Immense numbers of pictures have continued to cross over from France. The flower of Bourbon, Buonaparte, and of later Orleans collections, have, in turn, pointed a moral in this land. In 1841 the Duke of Lucca's pictures were sold here,—in 1847 the beautiful Hoffman collection, and the best pictures of the Verstolk cabinet, also came to the English hammer. Ghent has lost its Van Scamp and other collections, and their gems must now be sought for here; the same may be said of the Bisenzio and Fesch collections, and of the magnificent gallery of the late King of Holland, while the possession of the Louis Philippe and Standish pictures complete our cycle of schools.

Having enumerated some of our golden opportunities in respect
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to pictures, Dr. Waagen thus sums up his opinion as to the use we have made of them, and of others of a kindred nature affecting art in some or other of its forms, with a little tribute of regret at last for such as we have missed.

‘In the warm interest I feel for the advance of art in England, I have been the more delighted to observe the progress it has made since my first visit in 1835. Not only do I remark a great increase of feeling for works of art, both of the old and modern schools, but also an incomparably greater catholicity of taste, and a growing conviction of the high importance of the arts, no less as a means of moral culture, than as the assistants in various branches of manufacture. The truth of what I state has been brought before me in very various ways. Above all, the Government, both by what it has done by the advance of already-existing institutions, and for the foundation of new ones, has proved that it acknowledges the duty incumbent upon it. Thus the treasures of art belonging to the British Museum have been increased in a really magnificent spirit. By the acquisition of the Assyrian and Lycian sculptures, the collection of large works of sculpture has become the finest in the world. While in 1835, as regards the department of antiquities, vases, and coins, the British Museum stood far below the continental museums, it has now, by a series of fortunate acquisitions, been advanced to a level with them. The purchases of manuscripts, with miniatures of the middle ages, of various countries and schools, have been so important that this department may now compete with collections of the same kind in the Vatican, in Vienna, and Munich, and is only surpassed by that in the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris. The collections of engravings also, formerly but poor, has been so enriched by judicious purchases, that in rare specimens of all the schools of the fifteenth century, and in the etchings of the Dutch masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it need not fear comparison with the first collections of this class in Paris, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, and Munich. In point of drawings by the old masters, however, though possessing single examples of great distinction, the British Museum is still far in arrear, which is the more to be lamented, since the sale of such collections as that of Sir Thomas Lawrence and of the King of Holland are never likely to recur.’

We have something to say as regards this old complaint. A foreigner naturally looks on these things from his own point of view. He is accustomed to Governments who ostentatiously supply their subjects with such intellectual food, quite as much from motives of policy as from a love of art, and to a people as little encouraged as able to cater for themselves. But it is different with us. The Government of this country has till lately been in the habit, whether rightly or wrongly, of looking on these higher luxuries of life as things which a free and prosperous people might take or leave as they would a country-house or an opera-box, but which it was as little bound to

supply. The nation shared the same views. No one cried shame on Mr. Pitt for declining to purchase a glorious Rubens—none but Haydon inveighed against the tardiness of Ministers in securing the Elgin marbles—and certainly both the people and the Government that brought in the Reform Bill were far from associating the honour or the shame of the country with a set of drawings by the old masters, however fine. The question we should rather ask ourselves is, whether it be more advantageous to a people, and more honourable too, that the taste for art and consequent patronage of it should spring from the Government or from the nation?—and there can be no hesitation as to the answer. With us, as we have shown, the taste of the country has had its root in private impulses. All the prizes have been thus obtained. The British Museum began from a legacy—the National Gallery was founded by the purchase of one private collection, and the bequest of two others—the finest monuments in the land were erected by private persons. Shall we stigmatise a Government which has made individuals freer than itself? and though doubtless it has lost opportunities without number, who, with this book before him, can say that the country has lost pictures, drawings, or anything else? It is wise and right to have a National Gallery; and, if we compare ours with the accumulations of foreign sovereigns, it is but an insignificant affair; but we have only to let things take their native English course, and we have no doubt that future Committees of the House of Commons will see it the finest in the world, for the proceeds of private liberality and taste will flow into it as into a natural centre. Meanwhile, what other nation can boast of a British Institution, through which the finest pictures in the country are gradually passing, providing the most enchanting feast for cultivated eyes, instructing young amateurs in the way they should go, and with such inexhaustible resources to draw upon that there is no fear of any failure in the supply? Let us at all events give good Governments the credit for that inestimable, if unintentional patronage of art, which consists in securing us the prosperity that has thus enriched our own mansions, and saving us from the convulsions which have stripped so many galleries abroad.

Dr. Waagen examined no less than 157 collections during his three visits to England, besides single pictures of value. Added to which he gives a catalogue of such as he was told of, but was not able to inspect, either from want of time, or of leave of admission. This latter, however, was of rare occurrence, though too often, however rare; and we should do injustice to the gratitude he often expresses did we not admit, on his evidence, the great improvement in this respect. It is true, he met with some Cerberuses

Cerberuses no sops could satisfy, and was driven through galleries by awful ladies in black silk, whom no imploring appeals from his spectacles could propitiate. We need not mention where this happened, but only refer the owners of those collections—as we may gratefully do every one in better things still—to the highest example in the realm. The Queen's housekeeper should be a pattern to all. No fine lady ushers you into the private apartments at Windsor, but an unassuming, cotton-gowned woman, who waits your time and pleasure—speaks when she is spoken to, and then not like a parrot, and, moreover, respectfully refuses all gratuity.

We refer the reader at once to the index, which tells marvellous tales! It is constructed on a greatly improved system, placing a census of the picture population—its number and locality—directly before us, and offering results which will be found to exceed our most vain-glorious expectations. The combined forces of England lie gathered together here in vast numerical strength. We shall have occasion presently to mention some of these surprising sum totals; but first we must draw the reader's attention to the fullness and completeness of the specimens illustrative of the long series of schools and styles, which the acquisitions of the last twenty years have supplied.

Much has been said, and not least by Dr. Waagen, regarding a more earnest taste and the comprehension of those masters who preceded the blossoming time of art, whose pictures he remarks *à propos* of Lord Ward's remarkable collection,

'have that intensity of feeling, and that exclusively earnest and enthusiastic character, which afford the highest enjoyment to those connoisseurs with whom the moral significance of a work of art constitutes the essential merit. To such connoisseurs no meagreness of forms, hardness of outline, erroneous perspective, or defective keeping, outweigh the pleasure inspired by the deep significance of these productions, especially when compared with other works of art, as for instance those of the Carracci school, which, though possessing in perfection every quality in which these older pictures are deficient, convey none of that earnestness of meaning and thorough comprehension of the subject which touches the feeling.'

The late Mr. Ottley, the most refined connoisseur we can boast, was the first to open the way to the appreciation of such works in this country. And indeed he may be altogether looked upon as the leader in this early taste and knowledge, for he preceded the Boisserée movement in Germany, though that was directed exclusively to the old German schools, and may be said to have contributed to it. His collection fully illustrated and bore out the definition given above, and all the pictures it contained are stamped with a certain prestige of excellence. Many of them

have passed into the collections of Mr. Fuller Maitland and Mr. Davenport Bromley, which, with those of Lord Ward and Mr. Barker, represent that period of the Italian school—the fifteenth century—when the deep things of art seemed to stand in closer communion with the mystery of the human mind—spirit, if we may so say, witnessing to spirit. Fiesole, the angelic monk, whose pure image is only associated in the mind with those ineffable realms which none have depicted like himself, has several specimens scattered about the country. He is seen in all his sweet characteristics in his *Last Judgment*, now at Lord Ward's—or we should rather call it his *Paradise*—for who looks at the other side of the picture!—a work which words are not intended to describe, 'for art stands alone in this her holiest province.' Benozzo Gozzoli, too, the scholar of Fiesole, who grafted a grandeur of his own upon the purity of his master, is now felt to be a needful link in the chain of development. Four of his pictures appear on the list, but he is seen in greatest perfection in the *Adoration of the Kings* at Mr. Barker's, and in a little gem, one of his rare easel pictures, at Miss Rogers's. Another old master also, coeval with Fiesole, Pesello Peselli, too little known even in his own land, may be studied in this country in his master-piece—a picture at Mr. Davenport Bromley's, which, according to Dr. Waagen, marks a boundary-line in the progress of art, for while still embodying the strict ecclesiastical forms of composition, it displays a grandeur of conception, a dignity in the heads, and a drawing of the nude quite in advance of them. This specimen has double credentials, being mentioned by Vasari, and further accredited by Mr. Ottley. Sandro Botticelli, too, worthy to stand in the Florentine genealogy, between Giotto and Michael Angelo, has his vehemence of feeling well characterized in the pictures in Mr. Fuller Maitland's possession, also from the Ottley collection, while Dr. Waagen reports a work at Hamilton Palace, such as Italy herself does not possess, viz. his largest altar-piece, formerly in S. Pietro Maggiore, at Florence.

But though we may fondly accept the works of Fiesole, and also of Raphael, as the true exponents of their own finely-constituted natures, which walked in closest union with their high vocation, yet it would be vain and unphilosophical to suppose that it was any happy immunity from human corruption in the painter which gave that stamp of spiritual purity to the works of the fifteenth century. Many things worked together to produce that result. Much was owing to the types and subjects to which they were restricted, but more still to the reserve and frugality in the means of Art herself, which rendered her disciples powerless for evil, and yet turned their very incapacity into a beauty. Life and

and movement were only just beginning to display themselves in the pictorial efforts to keep pace with nature. It was not in the painter's power to infuse anything more stirring into his figures than the most solemn passiveness; yet, as this was the true and utmost expression of the age, it rightly assumes in our eyes the aspect rather of a voluntary abstinence than of an involuntary restraint. We see this in the expression of the human countenance—a thing unknown till then—the first attempts at which have a reverential timidity, which suggests not so much the inability of the painter to do more, as the awe with which the imitation of his Maker's image inspired him. But for these hindrances which hedged art round with what, in its childlike helplessness, now appears as a divinity, it would be hard to account for the frequent discrepancy between the man and the painter—as to wit, in Fra Filippo Lippi. Not that the worst looked on their vocation lightly. Earnest they all were, and devout they sought to appear, for, we must remember, they were teachers then, not playfellows as now, and they taught from a rigid text-book.

There was an actual beauty moreover which characterised these times, and which all the painters possessed too much in common for any one to claim as an individual merit. What Dr. Waagen says of the mental emotions produced by the effects of light, though he says it of as opposite a school and time as can well be imagined—viz. the pictures of Peter de Hooge—is applicable here. It is in the exquisite rendering, if not strictly of aerial perspective, yet of atmospheric space, in these ethereal old pictures, that much of their spirituality of expression lies. The commonest figures, nay even an inanimate object, when steeped in these unfathomable vaults of air—which, as art matured in more material and sensual respects, gradually vanish from the scene—give rise to emotions which no amateur needs us to describe.

But while admitting the increase of pure taste which the value set upon these pictures argues, we must not disguise some symptoms which portend rather the reverse. It is always a critical moment in this country when a taste becomes a fashion, and more especially when it is in any way connected with antiquity. We are an antiquarian people, and once bitten with a mania for anything, and particularly for the oldest specimen of anything, no degree of frightfulness can disturb our relish. And to this reason—for antiquarianism enters most illogically both into our enjoyment and criticism of art—we must ascribe the appearance of a class of pictures which, however interesting as chronological curiosities, must ever be regarded by the true amateur as the remains of barbarism rather than as the first fruits of art. This was the touchstone

touchstone of Mr. Ottley's admirable taste—no Gothic atrocities found a place in his collection.

We may turn now with justice to the patriarchs of the Flemish school, for the most memorable step in the development of art—the invention of oil-painting—is owing to them. The increasing earnestness of the age, we hope in everything, has brought Van Eyck and his scholars also more among us. The two exquisite specimens of Jan van Eyck in the National Gallery, cover a multitude of sins of commission and omission. No psychological theories are necessary here—we converse at once with the master's mind. The largest specimen of Jan van Eyck is at Chatsworth, but it appears to be not the most interesting. Dr. Waagen discovered and identified a beautiful little picture of the Virgin and Child at Ince, the seat of Mr. Blundell Weld, deciphering, in further corroboration, the quaint motto 'als ich chan,' which also appears on the small portrait in the National Gallery. His scholars are seen in a remarkable tryptich, by Rogier van der Weyden, acquired by the present Marquis of Westminster, and in a most interesting specimen of the rare master Justus van Ghent, in the possession of Sir Charles Eastlake. The first is the type of the strictly ecclesiastical feeling of the period—a memento mori of stern character, softened only by that delicious atmosphere the spiritualising power of which we have just mentioned. A pen study, by the master, of one of the heads, is in the British Museum. The picture, however, does not do such credit to the recent invention of a richer vehicle as the Justus van Ghent—a composition of numerous figures before the high altar of a Gothic cathedral—which has a depth of colour, and a picturesque historic reality, which needs no allowance to be made for the age.

Of the much to be coveted Memling, the sweetest in colour and expression of the early Flemish school, we possess—judging from the standard at Bruges—no adequate specimen. An early work of Mabuse—the Adoration of the Kings—at Castle Howard, although of a later period, may be allowed therefore to complete the group of this highly significant class of pictures now in England. It was exhibited in the British Institution of 1851, and must be fresh in the recollection of the amateur public. Dr. Waagen, before his attention was drawn to the inscription of the name, seems to have adjudged this work to Mabuse solely from internal evidence, having overlooked the testimony supplied in Horace Walpole's anecdotes of painters, which we subjoin:—

'His (Mabuse's) most capital and distinguished performance was a picture painted for the altar-piece of the Abbey of Grammont. It represents the Wise Men's Offerings—a composition of several figures admirably

admirably grouped, with a fine expression of the heads, and the draperies and accessories coloured and finished in the most beautiful manner. It appears by the register of the Abbey, that this picture occupied the painter for seven years, and that he was paid 2100 golden pistoles for his labour. When Albert and Isabella were governors of the Netherlands they purchased it of the monks, and placed it in the private chapel of their palace. After the death of Prince Charles of Lorraine it was sold with the rest of his pictures, and afterwards brought to this country. It is now in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle.

This was an Orleans picture, and was sold under the name of Albert Durer; and it is significant of the little appreciation which a *chef-d'œuvre* of this class then received, that even under this appellation it passed into the hands of the present earl's father for the sum of 21 guineas.

We return now with increased interest to the land—'che il mar circonde e l'Alpi'—where the practice of oil, though not indigenous, was destined to reap its highest triumphs. Every school had now progressed, *pari passu*, in the means of expression and in the secrets of colour. This novel and fascinating vehicle was more especially favourable to the genius of such painters as Giovanni Bellini, Francia, and Perugino, with whom depth of colour takes the place of force of action, so that but for that their power would have been greatly restrained. Such was the 'blended softness which Francia the Bolognese and Pietro Perugino,' according to Vasari, 'began to put into their works, that the people ran like madmen (*"corsero come matti"*) to see this new and more vivid beauty, the which it absolutely appeared to them nothing ever could excel.'

It is amusing to contrast this opinion, as regards Perugino, with that entertained of him in the last century, when his name was only so far rescued from the oblivion which attended those of Francia and Bellini as to be accepted as the byword for pretension and affectation. The Vicar of Wakefield, in satirizing an empty prig of a 'cognoscento,' states the whole art to consist in two rules, 'the one, always to observe that the picture might have been better had the painter taken more pains; the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino.' This feeling seems to have been still in force at the sale of the Orleans Gallery, where a large picture of the master—the Entombment, his favourite subject—fetched 60*l.*; a Madonna and Child, 5 guineas; while the third picture, subject unmentioned, remained unsold. The last twenty years have brought these painters in more honour amongst us. Dr. Waagen allows us twelve genuine specimens of Bellini: the two best—in each of which the influence of Antonello da Messina, the first importer of the art of oil-painting

ing into Italy, is visible—are in the possession of Lord Northwick and of Sir Charles Eastlake. Francia is duly represented in our National Gallery by a couple of the most beautiful pictures we, or any other nation, possess; and by nine other genuine specimens, the most interesting being those at Lord Ward's, at Mr. Labouchere's, at Lord Northwick's, and a picture, alone in its sweetness, at Sir Frankland Lewis's. Perugino is scarcer among us: three compartments of a predella picture at Mr. Sackville Bale's, and a greatly restored work at Mr. Labouchere's, seem, according to Dr. Waagen, to be our only genuine examples; but, in default of other testimony to vindicate his fame, we have only to look at Raphael's Holy Family, at Blenheim, painted when he was about two-and-twenty, to form some notion of the colouring and expression of his master.

Mantegna is no stranger here: none of the three last-mentioned had any representatives in Charles I.'s gallery, but the master who was taken from his sheep to study the newly-discovered antique, and for whose birth Mantua and Padua contended, came over in great strength with the Mantuan Gallery, and has never deserted us. Dr. Waagen leaves the English public, who now-a-days throng the palace of Hampton Court, no excuse for not appreciating the still discernible beauties in the Triumphs of Cæsar; though he evidently expects no such discrimination from a class whom he observed loitering delighted before West, and hurrying past the cartoons. Our chief possessions in Mantegna of a recent date are two characteristic pictures, which passed at the sale of Mr. Coningham's collection into the possession of Mr. Barker and Mr. Labouchere, and a grand specimen in chiaroscuro, belonging to Mr. Vivian, and now engraving in a slight form for Kugler's Italian Handbook.

Nor did Charles I.'s collection possess any specimen of two giants of the Tuscan school, Domenico Ghirlandajo and Luca Signorelli, who each acted as a fresh and powerful lever in the onward progress—the one by a realistic strength of conception which bore down old prejudices, an indication of which may be seen in his introduction of the actual portraits of his friends and townsmen as the *dramatis personæ* of his pictures—the other by a grandeur of thought and an anatomic science, the fruits of which Michael Angelo did not disdain to adopt. We muster very few tokens of their prowess. Domenico Ghirlandajo is scarcely to be seen in his own person, except in an altarpiece very characteristic of his realistic distinctness, in the collection of Mr. Barker. This gentleman also possesses four pictures by Luca Signorelli—one of them the Madonna and Child, in a circular form, imported direct from Florence, and showing the

master

master in his maturest vigour ; but the chief specimen mentioned by Dr. Waagen is a large altarpiece, with ten figures, life size, at Hamilton Palace, which he calls 'one of the most important pictures by this great precursor of Michael Angelo.' A Luca Signorelli of value is also recorded as in the possession of Mr. Stirling of Kier. Considering that there is no specimen of the master either in the Louvre, the Berlin Museum, or the Munich Gallery, and only one in the Belvedere, it seems strange that there should be two in Scotland.

These two masters and Leonardo da Vinci were born within three years of one another—Leonardo in 1452. Vasari designates him as the founder of a third manner, which he agrees to call the *modern manner*. The terms sound strangely misplaced as applied to a painter who came into the world above four centuries ago. Yet, if we consider, we shall find the real line of demarcation between a period in art which went before him, and another which is not gone yet, to consist in his works. We must not look at his 'Vierge aux Rochers,' at Charlton Park, beautiful as it is, for that still belongs, with its fantastic background, to a foregone mode of conception. We must rather point to the great Last Supper, familiar to every cultivated eye by the fine engraving, and of which we possess the best version in the world, in a contemporary copy by Marco d'Oggione, one of his pupils, which belongs to the Royal Academy. What is there in that Last Supper which we do not aspire to still, or which we have in any way outgrown? What is there that is crude, peculiar, or old-fashioned?—what beauty that it does not develope, or what promise that it does not fulfil? It remains still the type of just conception, glorious drapery, faultless expression, and, we have no doubt, originally exquisite execution. It is the '*moderna maniera*' still, and there is nothing new to us in it to this day, except its excellence. This great work, which, in its original elements, has long perished from off the face of the convent wall, but the arrangement of which every English child of average observation knows by heart, was completed about the year 1495, in the prime of his manhood, when Michael Angelo was twenty-one, Titian eighteen, Raphael twelve, and Correggio one year old. Who shall limit what it has done for the world!

The time is past when pictures by Leonardo da Vinci are talked about at every corner, as if he really were to be had, like any other master, for money. Nevertheless there is one period of his unceasing activity which has never been satisfactorily accounted for in his works—when he ceased to be the scholar, and had not begun to be the master. All writers repeat the tradition of his scholarship having terminated with the painting of

of the angel in Verocchio's picture of the Baptism of Christ. It would be hard to assign the precise date of that event, but there can be no doubt that a genius so advanced, and, like all such, far less fastidious in youth than in riper years, must have thrown off many a picture between the days of his pupilage and the age of thirty, when he removed to Milan. Although, therefore, as Nagler observes, 'it would be difficult and daring to point out works belonging to that time,' yet there is much probability in Waagen's conjecture that certain pictures miscellaneously ascribed to his scholars, or, in cases more wide of the mark, to other masters, were executed by Leonardo da Vinci himself in this intermediate period. Speaking of a picture at Thirlestaine House, assigned, he says, without the slightest cause, to Domenico Ghirlandajo, he thus remarks :—

'Pictures like this, which have a resemblance to Lorenzo di Credi, Leonardo's fellow-pupil under Verocchio, but which show a purer feeling of beauty—a greater energy, and more profound knowledge, may, I am convinced, be considered to be pictures by Leonardo da Vinci himself, previous to his migration to Milan. The early development of Leonardo's genius is a well-known fact; and before his thirty-first year, at which time he went to Milan, he must have painted a much larger number of pictures than the few which Vasari mentions—especially as in his well-known letter to Ludovico Sforza, he pledges himself to satisfy all demands in painting. Such a declaration from one who was no empty boaster, shows that he was completely master of painting, a result not obtained without much practice. Such pictures, of course, have not that perfection of art as those of his later time, but they have the advantage over them of being finished entirely by the hand of the master.'

Dr. Waagen says the same of a picture of great beauty in the possession of Mr. Davenport Bromley, there assigned to Bernardino Luini. It is pleasant for once to see the master mistaken for the scholar, and not *vice versâ*.

The time is past, too, for lightly endowing works with the great name of Michael Angelo, but even here it seems that we may prove to be richer than could be supposed, though the caution in accepting such a prize must be proportioned to its value. Nevertheless, whoever has seen an unfinished picture at Mr. Labouchere's seat at Stoke, called a Domenico Ghirlandajo—the favourite *nom de voyage* apparently for all incog. royalty in art—will have felt that the highest name could hardly add to its power over the imagination, and will feel more than commonly disposed to bow to Dr. Waagen's mature connoisseurship; for the question is one which connoisseurship alone can decide. Youthful productions there must have been, as with Leonardo, and, at all events, the want

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of external evidence is the best fault a picture thus affiliated can have,—it would be difficult to point out any other in this case.

Let us hear our connoisseur upon it,—

‘By far the most valuable work of art in Mr. Labouchere’s collection, however, in my opinion, is a rather large circular picture, purchased by Mr. Labouchere as a work of Domenico Ghirlandajo, but which I am persuaded is a youthful production of Michael Angelo. Having devoted the closest attention to the works of Ghirlandajo at Florence and the surrounding country, in the galleries of Naples, Paris, Berlin, and in the private collections in England, I may venture to assert that my admiration for his pure and kindly feeling for nature, for his masterly execution, both in fresco and tempera pictures, is founded upon knowledge. In no work of his, however, have I ever seen so great a freedom of lines, such nobleness of forms, and so high a character of expression, as in this. His Virgins never rise in form beyond a portrait-like individuality, nor in expression beyond a maternal and decorous feeling. The Virgin in this picture, however, expresses such a lofty purity, so elevated a consciousness of divine maternity, as no artist but Michael Angelo could have attained. The manner also in which the right leg is placed over the left is an action of his own, and which appears often in his later works—for instance, in the Holy Family with the sleeping Child. Also the exposure of one breast is as consistent with the feeling of Michael Angelo as it is opposed to that of Ghirlandajo. The head of the infant Christ standing at her feet, and reaching towards the book in her hand, and that of St. John pointing to him, are quite in the style of Michael Angelo; the same may be said of the four angels at the sides, who are about to chaunt the *Gloria in excelsis* from scrolls they are holding; one of them, with a melancholy expression, is peculiarly attractive. Two of the number are unfinished, being only in outline. The draperies are of shot materials, kept white in the lights. This picture is far finer, and, as an example of the feeling of the youthful Michael Angelo, far more important, than the well-known and somewhat later circular picture in the Tribune at Florence. It is greatly to be wished, for the sake of all who worship this great man, that it should be worthily engraved, and that soon.’

As regards Raphael, too, there is much cause for gratulation. Till lately the only specimen of his larger pictures had been the altarpiece we have already referred to at Blenheim—an early picture of the utmost charm, and shortly destined to be more generally known by Gruner’s forthcoming beautiful engraving. Now, however, the public is indebted to Lord Ward—and indebted literally, for he and Mr. Holford make their galleries public property—for the acquisition of a picture which would be sufficiently interesting had it no other merits than those of being the first altarpiece and only Crucifixion of the master, and executed

executed when he was at most seventeen years of age. Nor will any true Raphael worshipper fail to perceive the budding time of the great mind here,—though Vasari, with a strange blindness to the difference between this juvenile touch and the then matured hand of his master, states that, but for Raphael's inscribed name, no one would believe it to be his work, but rather that of Perugino.

Thus furnished with the earliest and latest types of the master, this Crucifixion and the Cartoons at Hampton Court, we may be said in one sense to have a more complete view of Raphael's mind than other countries possess. Nor is the intermediate space contemptibly filled up. Seven indubitable Madonna and Holy Family pictures—the Madonna dei Candelabri having been acquired by Mr. Munro at the Duke of Lucca's sale—are in England, with a fair portion of other specimens—the St. Catherine and the Vision of a Knight in the National Gallery, the Gabrielli picture, Christ on the Mount of Olives, at Mr. Maitland's, and an interesting picture at Blaise Castle, the seat of Mr. Harford, a repetition of the Spasimo, yet evidently an independent work, regarding which Dr. Waagen challenges the opinion of such connoisseurs as may be acquainted both with the picture in Spain and this. The *disiecta membra* also of Predella pictures are scattered in different collections; three, once forming a whole, being in the respective possessions of Mr. Rogers, Mr. White of Barron Hill, and at Leigh Court, while a picture at Bowood originally formed the centre of the Predella of the altar-piece at Blenheim. The picture at Bowood has been very poorly engraved: we shall hope to see it in course of time undertaken by Mr. Gruner, and the upper and lower compositions so far brought into possible contiguity. Dr. Waagen does not appear to have seen the picture of the Madonna dell' Impannati, at the Rev. Mr. Sandford's, which, in the opinion of some, disputes the palm with the supposed original at Florence.

Raphael's scholars are also not unrepresented among us. Giulio Romano was an early favourite, and came in with the Orleans gallery. Fine repetitions by him of Raphael are in the collections of Mr. Munro, and at Oakover Hall; while Lord Northwick has a characteristic specimen of his own manner. Of Perino del Vaga we have several pictures, and nowhere can he be seen to more advantage than in a large picture at Lord Ward's.

We now stand in the full midsummer of art—the wondrous cinque cento time—when every school sent forth its legions rejoicing in their strength, and things of beauty grew up like the
flowers

flowers in the field. There were giants in those days, and the least of them did marvellous things. The Venetian school especially, which may be said to represent the complete development and triumph of oil-painting, has long asserted its radiant supremacy among us. We have long eagerly exchanged our gold for him whose works are worth their weight in it—the monarch of colour! to whom nature was prodigal of gifts, and time of years, and the world of honours. In old days Vasari says a painter did a picture once in six years, now, he adds, they do six in a year. Titian did far more than that. We, for instance, are rich in his minor productions—if such a term as minor can be applied to anything which came from the great master's palette—though we possess not a single specimen of his large religious works. Those were not intended to be wanderers on the face of the earth; a few comparatively have changed places seldom, but the greater part never. The palaces of Venice have given up their portraits and allegorical pieces, but the churches remain unstripped, or have only transferred their altar-pieces to the Academy. Spain, who divided Titian with Italy, holds fast, it is reported, no less than eighty-two pictures, comprising the flower of his religious works, for the Escorial in all its portions abounds with treasures, as well as the Madrid Gallery, while the other collections which shared the Titians of Charles I.'s gallery have treasured them as jealously as we ought to have done. The few large pictures we do possess have been long among us, and may be summed up in the great Cornaro Family at Northumberland House, which passed from one English Duke to another, in the mythological works from the Orleans gallery, now in Bridgewater House and at Cobham Hall, and in the Bacchus and Ariadne at the National Gallery—the Diana and Actæon in the Bridgewater gallery being the finest specimen we possess, and one of the finest of the master. Nevertheless, who shall say we are not richly endowed in quantity? for, even making deductions for scholars and copies, more than seventy pictures have passed muster before our censor's eye; while as to quality we have but to point to such works as Mr. Holford's Holy Family; Mr. Munro's picture of the same subject; the *Noli me tangere* at Mr. Rogers's; and many others that could be mentioned, which fill the eye with his splendour—for Titian was like the sun in beauty of colour—no dewdrop is too small to reflect his rays.

As regards a dearth of Giorgione, whose brush dropped gems as rich as they were rare, no reasons need be given. Our author adjudges two small pictures to him which passed under other names, but it oftener fell to his lot to reverse the arrangement. The zeal of some families in christening their pictures is apt to outrun

outrun their discretion, and they omit to ascertain how far certain names and dates can reasonably be coupled together. Thus, a picture at Wentworth Castle, inscribed with the year 1537, is fondly assigned to Giorgione, who died in 1511; and, what is more, corresponds with him, as the Doctor gravely informs us, quite as little in every other respect. Such courageous misnomers in the very teeth of inscriptions often disturbed the learned connoisseur's equanimity: in one instance, where faith was altogether independent of sight, the discrepancy extended to 103 years. Certainly it was no fault of the owners if Giorgiones do not stand as thick in the index as Titians. The Orleans picture in the Fitzwilliam Museum is the finest perhaps in character; the small St. George at Mr. Rogers's the most indubitable in external as well as internal evidence, being a sketch for the same figure in his grand altar-piece at Castel Franco—the finest existing, though there with a helmet on.

We must pass rapidly over other grand and delicious names of the Venetian school, all of whom have much increased of late years among us. Demigods they were in their works, though not exactly divine in their studios, painting with drawn dagger at their side, ready either to attack or be attacked. Porde-none, the cooler Titian, numbers thirteen pictures in England; his two *chefs-d'œuvre*, according to Dr. Waagen, to be seen at Burleigh House, are there called Bassanos. Palma Vecchio, with the slowest grown but mellowest fruit of all the school, numbers fifteen, and is seen in his finest character in that grand miscellaneous granary of mixed wheat and tares—Thirlestaine House. Bonifazio, too, who, whenever purchased for a Titian, gives his owner no great reason to complain, has twelve specimens; two fine ones at Mr. Holford's, a *chef-d'œuvre* of the Last Supper (recently acquired for the Royal Institution, Edinburgh), and a beautiful picture, the Adoration of the Kings, at that other splendid *omnium gatherum*—Petworth. Next comes Tintoretto, whose pictures, if quicker executed, have been quicker ruined than any others, especially his larger works, so that there is as much of his character to be read in the better preserved class of smaller specimens amongst us as in the chaotic grandeurs at Venice, which can hardly be read at all. That he should be fifty-four strong in Waagen's work is nothing for the little dwarf who painted like a giant. We have splendid specimens of his portraits, while his finest sacred subject—an old Charles I. picture—is Esther before Ahasuerus, at Hampton Court. Paul Veronese comes now, as great a painter as any: the precursor of Rubens in power and splendour, whose scenes are palaces and his figures noblemen. We have no adequate speci-

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men of his pompous entertainments, except the noble sketch for his Feast of the Pharisee, at Mr. Rogers's, which Dr. Waagen has omitted to mention: but the master is seen in another phase of his grand nature in the four splendid allegorical pictures at Cobham, from the Orleans Gallery. And last, though not least—for those who love the Venetian school in its colour unadorned—we have twenty-five Giacomo Bassanos, including the two dogs from the Duke of Bedford's which enchanted the eyes of the public at the last British Institution, more perhaps with their tones than their forms, and which Dr. Waagen adjudges, doubtless most correctly, to this master instead of to Titian.

Sebastian del Piombo must stand between Venice and Florence, for he appears in his twenty-one pictures chiefly as the follower of Michael Angelo. The Raising of Lazarus our connoisseur unequivocally pronounces as 'the most important picture England possesses of the Italian school'—now no relative compliment. Next to it, and in close affinity, he classes the Holy Family with the Baptist and the donor, belonging to Mr. Baring, formerly at Stratton; and a picture containing portraits of the most lofty conception, at that fine collector's, Mr. Labouchere.

We turn to the school of Florence. If her first monk, Fra Angelico, was the first to clothe the ecclesiastic types with the feelings of humanity, her last monk, Fra Bartolommeo, was the last to imbue the forms of humanity with the strict ecclesiastic feeling. He stands among his great contemporaries like one left behind from a former age—with them, but not of them. His pictures show alternately the influence of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, in a sweetness, power, and earnestness only inferior to each; but these attributes are combined with a solemnity of his own, which falls heavily on the mind like the sense of the past. This is particularly seen in his picture at Panshanger, the Virgin and Child and St. John, the most beautiful specimen of the master with which Dr. Waagen is acquainted. Raphael has given these three figures more touching spirituality, but not even he such intense mournfulness. This picture has been long in England, the Panshanger Gallery having constituted, in its elevated character, a solitary exception to the usual taste which characterized the first collections of the last century. Another grand Florentine keeps him company in the solitude and freshness of this lovely country seat—Andrea del Sarto, who has some grand portraits here; but, upon the whole, as Wilkie discovered on visiting Florence, we can form but little idea of this painter, who, though '*senza errori*,' had not the art of concentrating his beauties like other masters.

It was different with Correggio. His glorious pictures in the
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National Gallery contain his whole essence, and fully account, if need be, for the numerous followers who looked no higher and fell far lower than himself. He is essentially the painter of humanity—alive with the fullest throb of life and excitement—but not glorified, hardly idealised. His figures dazzle us with their glow and ardour, but, when seen through the radiance, they are but happy or yearning, suffering or sympathising, men and women. However exalted above the comprehension of the spectator in the glories of his art, Correggio always comforts him with his fellowship: for perhaps we might best designate the young Lombard as the painter who puts, not the most spirituality or power or dignity or even sweetness into his subjects, but the most expression of a human *heart*. Lord Ashburton's remarkable Correggio is another of those youthful productions, puzzling connoisseurs, which have found their way to these shores, and which are to be prized not only for their own intrinsic interest, but as affording a sure starting-point for a future chronological series.

Parmigianino can be also done full justice to in our National Gallery. No finer specimen of him exists than his great Vision of St. Jerome; while his picture at Mr. Morrison's, with the Virgin and St. Catherine, looking like portraits of tall high-bred countesses by some Italian Reynolds, shows the graceful affectation of his later manner. As combining both the qualities of Correggio and himself, Mr. Harford's Marriage of St. Catherine appears to be the finest example.

Ferrarese masters also, with their intense colour, homely piety of conception, and minute execution, now begin to appear in our galleries. Mazzolino da Ferrara, and Lorenzo Costa, and Ercole Grande, with Garofalo—a cross between Ferrara and Rome—more graceful, but also more conventional. These masters have the advantage over others in England from their size, inasmuch as the small pictures which best suit our houses are their best and usual scale. There is an interesting provincial air about them, as if they had lived out of the current of great ideas, and were behind the other schools in force and originality of action, yet inferior to none in what earnest men may do in retired homes, working out their modest aims with conscientiousness of execution and slow-wrought glowing harmonies.

Nor can we omit another painter, Ferrarese by name, but Milanese by birth, and partly Roman in education—Gaudenzio Ferrari—whom Lomazzo places as one of the seven lights in his Temple of Painting—the other six being Michael Angelo, Polidoro, Leonardo, Raphael, Mantegna, and Titian. The scholar may be excused for thus extolling the master. His light has been comparatively extinguished even in his own land, and

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has never till lately shed a ray in our galleries. Judging, however, from Mr. Holford's exquisite picture—the Virgin and saints adoring the Child, and boy-angels fondling it—this master will be gladly added to the national favourites, for his mode of conception, with its wayward reality grafted on great dignity, especially addresses itself to English feelings.

Not so the Sieneſe ſchool—too abſtract in its contemplative piety to feel the need of that true imitation of nature which is the principal condition with the Engliſh mind under every form of excellence. From the earneſt ſpirituality which characteriſed their firſt maſters, moſt of the early ſchools derived a pure foundation; but as the feeling for the life and variety of outward forms developed with the power for it, the Sieneſe were contentedly left behind in the race, and even the period of their prime offers but few intereſting names. Razzi is their greateſt painter, and, as Dr. Waagen ſays, ‘ranks in his beſt pictures with the beſt Italian maſters.’ Lord Elcho has a good ſpecimen of him.

But we muſt hurry on, and place ourſelves at the expiration of that great period which will ever rank as one of the intellectual wonders of this world. Each ſchool had now worked out the character proper to itſelf, and ſpent power had gradually ſubſided into inſipidity, manneriſm, or extravagance, as the tendency might be, when another ſchool aroſe, which ſtrove to kindle its fires at the aſhes of each of its predeceſſors. Great was the energy of the Eclectics—let no one undervalue that. They threw themſelves into the ſtruggle of the painter's life with every property fitted to endow it ſave the one polar ſtar of native feeling. They ſucceeded in their undertaking, as none but men of marvellous power could have done; but their ſplendid mediocrity in ſuch incongruous walks was at once their greateſt merit and their greateſt miſfortune. As the leader of a ſchool, no painter ever exerciſed ſo wide an influence both over his own and ſucceeding generations, as Annibale Carracci. By his unassisted vigour he made head againſt the great rival body of painters which at that time divided with him the empire of the arts; but this, the aim of his life, was the miſtake of it; for every picture in which he yields to his native bias ſhows us that, had he not vowed himſelf to the oppoſition of the *Naturaliſti*, he would himſelf have been the great redeeming leader of them. The Carracci, and their grand and graceful followers—Domenichino, Guido Reni, and Albano—have reigned paramount in England. Our oldeſt galleries are rich in their fineſt works; but, though no preſent collector of the Italian ſchools would conſider himſelf complete without them, yet it

may be said that their day is over in this country. The causes for this change lie in their very eclecticism; they will ever come in and go out with the ebb and flow of deep artistic feeling. Formerly their assumed ideality was extolled as the type of that fallacious attribute—quite distinct from the painter—the watchword of affectation—called ‘the grand style.’ Now their suppressed reality offends a generation who have begun to feel that the secret of true art lies in the fidelity with which it expresses the master’s own mind. Their pictures, as Dr. Waagen said above, have every attribute that can please the eye and satisfy the reason, but we remain unmoved before them, for they represent no form of that individual nature which makes the whole world kin.

No better example of this principle can be shown than Nicolas Poussin, whose nature, though of a very unnatural kind, yet finds its way to our sympathies, simply because it was true in him. Classic subjects were his native tendency. Arcadia was his Paradise: he painted nymphs and fauns, as Fiesole did angels and Teniers boors. Even when we feel his classic forms, which we moderns associate with the buskined stage, to be out of their element in sacred subjects, we yet perceive them to be at home in him, which is the only candid view of a painter. Our galleries abound with fine examples of this master; and it is remarkable that we engross both sets of his Seven Sacraments—the one at Bridgewater House; the other, less known, at Belvoir Castle. Dr. Waagen gives a decided preference to the latter.

As regards the Eclectic school, however, it would be assuming too much on the advance of the age in true taste not to admit that other causes may have ministered to the diminished demand. The great increase of the Spanish school, which offers very much the same incongruous qualities, shows rather that the taste has been transferred. The Spaniards have ever been a nation of realists in art as well as in literature. Their early miniatures show the strongest realistic tendency, combined, as with us, with the fantastic humour that seems its natural accompaniment. Netherlandish painters, from Memling to Teniers, have ever been their favourites; and had Titian been more ideal, it may be questioned whether Spain would have engrossed his eighty-two pictures. But adventitious reasons, whilst they for a time extinguished the natural life of art with us, have always sorely cramped it there. How little the Spaniard is disposed to select themes of an elevated nature for the employment of his pencil, is proved by the fact that, though superstition dictated to him the religious subjects which his modes of conception so little adorn, yet hardly a Spanish painter can be quoted who

who has voluntarily chosen history or mythology. Cean Bermudez, in his brief notes on the style and taste of the Seville painters, assures the reader that 'Luis de Vargas, Juan de las Roelas, Antonio del Castillo, Bartolomeo Estevan Murillo, and many other professors of great credit in the *Escuela Sevillana*, never painted a passage from profane history or mythology;' while Passavant, in his recent 'Christian Art in Spain,' describes a mythological Velasquez, in the Royal Gallery at Madrid, as something between the lamentable and the laughable. From this frequent discord between the painter and his subject no high development of feeling could reasonably be predicated; but no one really suspected how much the art on the other side of the Pyrenees owed to the charm of romance and the dignity of history with which the brilliancy of one writer and the gravity of another had invested it, till it appeared itself in sufficient force to dispel the illusion. The exhibition of the Louis Philippe Spanish pictures last summer was a great puller down of *chateaux en Espagne*. Messrs. Ford and Stirling had sought and wooed the bride for us, and sang her praises in our ears: and she was beautiful—till she lifted the veil. Not that the world has anything to complain of in the disappointment: as regards the writings of those accomplished individuals, we are greatly the gainers, while, as respects the Spanish school, we stand where we did. Murillo and Velasquez are indubitably great masters; but with them, we humbly venture to think, the glories of the Spanish school pretty well begin and end.

But now we must turn our regards once more to the north, and inquire how oil painting has further progressed in the land of its birth. Strange are the results that meet the investigator. The rich seeds of homely, earnest conception, fine feeling for colour, and profuse powers of imitation, sown by those intense early pictures we have described, were never reaped. The descendants of Van Eyck repudiated their birthright to run after strange teachers. Those who should and could have been independent leaders in their own Brabant, each working out his own individual feeling, and thus step by step adding to the upward scale of true art, were better pleased to be tame renegade imitators in Italy of what they could never attain. They committed that most fatal mistake in any walk of life, of not knowing and respecting the excellence proper to themselves. Mabuse, whose Castle Howard picture proves him to be an honest, genuine Fleming, glorious in his homely truth and individuality, ended as a miserable make-believe Italian with no individuality at all. The same story may be told of Bernhard van Orley, Martin Heemskerck, and others. 'This frantic pilgrimage to Italy,'

Italy,' as Fuseli calls it, 'ceased at the apparition of two meteors in art, Peter Paul Rubens and Rembrandt van Rhyn, both of whom, disdaining to acknowledge the usual laws of admission to the temple of Fame, boldly forged their own keys, and, entering by their own power, each took possession of a most conspicuous place.' Before the genius of Rubens all false gods fled away. The great master, whom canvas could not contain, showed his greatness in nothing more convincingly than in his rejection of all forms in which he was not constituted to excel. No influence and no example ever made him waver in his instincts. Italy, Spain, and France, with their great works, past and still present, were familiar to him: he learned and studied wherever he went, but melted down his gatherings by the fervour of his genius, till they were resolved into his own glowing elements. It would be difficult to imagine two men or painters more dissimilar than Rubens and Rembrandt, but it was sufficient that they were alike in self-reliance. Instead of being tempted into any imitation of Rubens' radiance, Rembrandt is reported to have been stimulated the more to work out his own aims by a directly opposite process. Great was the personal power of these men over their fellows—one great painter refined upon Rubens, another vulgarized him, and many imitated Rembrandt; but their influence was most convincingly showed in the fact, that from their time no Netherlandish painters attempted to expatriate their instincts. Foreign styles and foregone types were abandoned, and native art sprang up in sturdy independence, levying its nourishment from the commonest things around it, and proclaiming to the world how abundantly nature gives, and how little art needs, where the true feeling for each exist in the breast. The painter was now monarch of all he surveyed. Dutch landscape, Flemish physiognomy—the gatherings of men in their daily life—their brawls at play, their bargains in the market, their struggles in fight—a solitary woman at her spinning wheel—a solitary girl with a sunbeam—the varying countenance of heaven—the restless surface of the sea—all became his property. He little favoured the romantic, he knew nothing of the ideal, and he forgot the antique; but he adored nature, and he idolized art, and he found the Beautiful in all that he saw, albeit in the flattest country, and, judging from their pictures, among the ugliest people in the world. These were the painters for John Bull, ever as real in his tastes as they in their subjects. These were the men he felt himself competent to admire; never fearing to find himself out of his depth, as in that Grand Style which he had bowed before more in humility than pretension.

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The Englishman has the right instincts of the connoisseur at his heart after all, for he loves the commonest every-day objects, even a stagnant ditch, or a pollard willow, when it has passed through the mind of an artist (though Mr. Ruskin does not); and no blame to him also if he judges sometimes by his understanding instead of by his imagination, and is further even guided by his convenience in choosing a style of art which suits him in size as well as in subject; for we English, as Dr. Waagen has frequent occasion to remark, *live* with our pictures more than any other nation, and therefore are justified in preferring those adapted in scale to be our daily companions.

The Dutch and Flemish, or, what we are now taught to call the *Netherlandish*, schools, are therefore most numerously represented in this country, for the taste has never fluctuated since Englishmen began to collect at all; though no one could be prepared for such an enormous sum-total which such a work as this alone could lay before us.

It is not so much the popularity as the fertility of certain masters which Dr. Waagen has brought to light. Vandyck lived and flourished within these shores with numerous pupils doing all that could be done under him, and his 240 pictures—almost exclusively portraits—scattered through the land, however enormous the amount, might in some measure be expected. Nor does Rubens either, the hundred-handed, with his 148 specimens, and glorious ones among them, so entirely take us by surprise. But it is the 115 Rembrandts, the 147 Teniers, the 72 Ruysdaels, the 91 Cuypes, masters whose exquisite and characteristic work no one did or could assist in, and in which the experienced connoisseur is least likely to be mistaken, which fill us with amazement, and tempt us to ask either what manner of men these masters were, or whether this country alone engrosses the whole labour of their lives. Considering also the drain upon the Continent that has been unceasingly kept up for more than half a century, it would be little surprising, if that should prove to be comparatively the case. Holland, as Dr. Waagen says, has been regularly explored by the picture-dealers, like a hunting ground; notice been given in the small towns by a public crier that all who possessed old pictures might come forward and sell them, till we verily believe very few of certain masters can be left behind. It would be absurd to pretend to any correctness of comparison as to the relative amount of the principal *Netherlandish* masters abroad and in this country; nevertheless such a criterion as the chief public accumulations of the Continent afford we offer to the reader—setting against our private collections and insignificant National Gallery the aggregate contents of the Amsterdam, Hague, Antwerp,

Antwerp, Aremberg, Cassel, and Brunswick galleries—of the Louvre, of the Madrid Gallery—of the Belvedere, and the Esterhazy, the Munich, and the Leuchtenberg galleries—of the Berlin Museum, the Städel'sche Institut at Frankfort, the Dresden Gallery, the Pitti and the Brera, the Naples, Genoa, Turin galleries—of the Vatican Gallery—and of the Imperial Gallery at Petersburg; and if, as we know to be the case, some addition, though not considerable, must be allowed for the private collections of these countries, it must also be remembered that what Dr. Waagen has registered here by no means comprises all we are worth.

The pursuit of Rembrandt through all these collections shows some strange results. He appears to be more abundant everywhere than in his own land. The public galleries of Amsterdam and the Hague number but seven of this great man between them. Of those nearest in locality, if not in affinity, Antwerp has none—the Aremberg collection but one; while Paris has 17, Petersburg 12, Munich 18, Vienna 10, with other galleries in due proportion; three even at Genoa—two in the Pitti, and one in the Brera: in all amounting to 103. Most of these pictures are known to connoisseurs; nevertheless, we have little doubt that, if a comparison could be made in quality as well as quantity, the 113 specimens in England, which this writer has described, would be found to stand the scrutiny equally well. The national predilection is seen most naturally in the number of Rembrandt's portraits, and in his rarer landscapes; but our treasures also include some of his finest and most peculiar sacred pieces, in which the religious solemnity of mere light compensates for the absence of every other solemnity of expression. The portraits comprise the *élite* of his works in this department—grand, real creatures, living and labouring in their generation, and ennobled by a light which sheds a dignity over the most homely features and scenes. Amongst them may be distinguished Lord Ashburnham's splendid picture of a Man and his Mother; a stately figure at Lord Brownlow's; two grand full-length representations of the English clergyman of Rembrandt's time at Amsterdam, and his wife, in the possession of Mr. Colby, of Norfolk; and the Shipbuilder and his Wife, so called, at Buckingham Palace. We possess also no less than fifteen out of the twenty-one genuine portraits of Rembrandt himself, with various versions of his mother, his wife, his daughter, and an old grandmother, usually called his mother, but eighty-three years old when he was twenty-eight, from whom, if there be anything in resolute physiognomy, he must have inherited more than mere external likeness. His landscapes are headed by the glorious mill—an Orleans picture—at Bowood; while, as peculiar specimens

specimens, not elsewhere seen, may be mentioned an equestrian portrait of Marshal Turenne, at Panshanger; a genre picture of a nursemaid and children, with a goat, at Sir Anthony Rothschild's; and an allegory of the Deliverance of the United Provinces from Spain and Austria, at Mr. Rogers's.

With Teniers the discrepancy in numbers is still smaller. He lived till eighty years of age, and painted with light heart and cool head, as well as steady hand, as is proved by his so called *après-dinners*—little pictures performed in one afternoon. Strange to say, his place knows him no better than in the case of Rembrandt: Amsterdam has but six of his pictures; the Hague two; while Antwerp, his native city, where he filled the position of director of the Academy, possesses only one! If not a prophet in his own land, however, it would be difficult to say in what other country he is not; Paris numbers her 15, Munich 14, Vienna 19, even Turin has 6; altogether, there and elsewhere, mustering 141. This amount falls doubtless greatly short of what the Continent really possesses; but, on the other hand, there is no question that a large number exist in England of which Dr. Waagen knew no more than we do, while the numerous small copies at Blenheim are not included at all in the 147 which he noticed among us.

It would be in vain to enumerate his *chefs-d'œuvre*; what particularly strikes the reader of this work as singularly exemplified in England is, the full scale of that eccentricity and diversity of subject in which Teniers is unique, and which is least to be regretted in a master whose sovereign beauties of tone and touch remain the same in all. We have his marvellous Village Feasts; an unrivalled specimen at Woburn Abbey; others at Lowther Castle, and at Lord Ashburnham's; we have his dignified representations—half landscape and all portrait—of his family and his château, at Grosvenor House and Hopetoun House. Mr. Heusch has his capital Market at Ghent, Mr. Baring the finest landscape known by him. Two of his five pictures of the Seven Works of Mercy are with us—one at Lord Ashburton's, the other in Mr. Morrison's town collection; we have every variety of his boor and sot, bar-maid and cook, pot and pan, guard-room and kitchen; we have several of those fantastic devilries, the taste for which he imbibed from his father, but still more from his wife's uncle, Hell Breughel—a tendency originally derived from Jerome Bosch; we have two of those representations of the Archduke's gallery, originally at Brussels, which, in the apathetic absence of all food for imagination, argue a mind the very antipodes of that shown in the foregoing—one at Petworth, the other at Mr. Phipps's. We have his Four Elements
and

and his Four Seasons. We have a picture at Lord Ward's, unrivalled in discrepancy between treatment and subject—Christ crowned with Thorns—the figures, boors; the scene, half-kitchen half-alehouse—altogether a painful curiosity; while Belvoir Castle shows us one form of subject strangest of all, for it is the last to have inspired any painter—viz. a representation of Dutch Proverbs!—‘a large landscape with the most strange and senseless occurrences going on in all parts; for instance, a man filling up a pit after his cow had fallen into it; another, throwing money into the water; a pig being sheared, &c. This fantastic subject, which hardly belongs to the department of art, is painted with all the master's power, in his warm but transparent flesh-tones, and with his silvery sky.’ But this is illustrative of Teniers; so long as he could revel in his silvery tones and matchless touch, he cared not to what subject they might be applied, and perhaps his truest admirers will confess the same. Finally, we have further proofs of his unlimited versatility in his imitations of the most divers masters—of Rubens, Gonzales Coques, Rothenhammer, and Palma Vecchio!

We now come to a sweet painter whose chief strength, it has long been suspected, lay in this country, though we could have no idea of the extent of the monopoly till figures placed it before us. No less than 91 Cuyps are among the collections mentioned in this work, and others, such as Lord Hardwicke's, might be cited from personal observation, while, in the whole range of foreign galleries quoted above, the sum total amounts only to 14! He has been imported neither to Petersburg nor to Madrid; there is only one specimen of him in the Belvedere, one in the Dresden Gallery, and none in the Louvre, while Amsterdam and the Hague are satisfied with three between them. But the disproportion in our favour is neither so surprising nor so unfair, when it is remembered that the English were the first to appreciate his merits. We adopted the painter whom his fatherland neglected, and that of our own choice, for there were no Cuyps in the Orleans Gallery to graft the taste upon us. According to Mr. Smith's Catalogue Raisonné, it appears that, on reference to numerous Dutch catalogues of the principal sales in Holland down to the year 1750, there is no example of any picture by Cuyp fetching a higher sum than 30 florins—something less than 3*l.*—Cuyp having died shortly after 1672; so that his countrymen had had plenty of time to repent; while Dr. Waagen mentions a small and exquisite landscape at Sir Robert Peel's, originally purchased in the town of Hoorn, in Holland, for about *one shilling English!* and which passed into Sir Robert's hands for 350 guineas. Nor is there anything surprising

prising in the English love of this master. His landscapes agree with the quiet peaceful pulses of English country life, while they greatly resemble our individual scenes. They represent not so much our sunshine as our sunshine and mist together; our own soft exhalations on Midsummer Eves, seen in every flat country over winding streams, rising to follow the day that is gone, and destined to return to us in kindest dews. No matter what the features of the landscape, where all is gold and soft gradation, and where the rudest things have a halo of glory. One remembers nothing else in those pictures of his in every great English gallery—the landing of the Prince of Orange at Bridgewater House—Five Cows in a meadow at Mr. Hope's—that view of Dort, once cut in halves by some Dutch stepfather, at Mr. Holford's—another at Lord Brownlow's: all so many peaceful, joyful, glowing atmospheres, in which ships and boats lazily float, and cows and sheep, and all good men are happy. We suspect there is something in our predilection for Cuyp which has trained us for Turner's sometimes kindred atmospheres.

Hobbema is another child of our adoption, redolent of oaks and fresh air, such as our English soul loves. He, too, was overlooked in his own land; and his works, by a natural attraction, have congregated here—few anywhere, but in the proportion of 38 in our private galleries to eight in the public resorts of the Continent. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Hatherton, and Mr. Ford, possess masterpieces—the latter gentleman one of the largest he painted. 'The fact of this picture having been in the possession of Mr. Ford's family for four generations proves how early this great master was appreciated by the English.'

Ruysdael, too, with his mournful, cloudy morning lights, is plentiful among us, and not failing anywhere. We number 80, and the public galleries abroad 37. This painter is the very antithesis to Cuyp—inviting neither man nor sunshine to enliven his works. His figures, when he has any, are wanderers or fugitives through his scenes, not dwellers among them. His animals are startled from their thick coverts, not ruminating in safe pastures. His sun is struggling in a few watery beams through thick clouds, or entirely obscured by them—not consuming them in his path, as with Cuyp, or sending them forth as golden messengers before him. No painter inspires such a sense of loneliness; the mighty spirit of Nature reigns undisturbed in his foaming waterfalls, or dark, cool, placid pools, with water-lilies calmly floating; or it triumphs overwhelmingly in his rough darkening seas, on which we would willingly trust no human life.

But it would be in vain to enumerate further our treasures in
this

this form of art. Sweet Van de Velde—one for land, the other for sea—64 by William, and 50 by Adrian—showing a great surplus over the public galleries of our neighbours,—with Carel Dujardin, Both, and Berghem, and other dainty and delicate painters, who make daylight fresh and moonlight warm; and 88 Wouvermans, of silvery tone and painless minutiae of touch; and Gerard Dow the finished, and Metzu the refined,—men who all did thoroughly what it belonged to them to do. And then the host of jolly good fellows who follow in the train of Teniers,—Isaac and Adrian Ostade, Maas the forcible colourist, Adrian Brouwer, and last, though not least—for we have no less than 63 of his uproarious scenes—that cleverest of all clever vagabonds, Jan Steen.

Nor can we stop to dwell upon other national favourites, Claude Lorraine and Gaspar Poussin—the one with 96 pictures—his *Liber Veritatis*, and numerous other drawings among us—the other with 78 pictures—masters who take us back to Italy, and yet who are, strictly speaking, as distinctly sundered both from Italians and Netherlanders as they are from each other.

Where shall the different schools of paintings be now seen if not in England? Surely it would be wise for ourselves and generous to our neighbours to permit some of these great men to appear from time to time in their single strength at the British Institution, as we have seen Reynolds, Lawrence, and West already—and Etty and Mulready at the Society of Arts. Every true painter is best studied in his rising strength or declining glow—for when a master is setting, his rays of colour linger last, while, in the acquirement of those sound principles by which all should be viewed, the concentration of one form of mind is far more beneficial than the variety of an unconnected succession.

But it would be unjust to ourselves and to the writer to conclude this notice without adverting to a portion of his task for which we give him greater credit than in apparently more difficult undertakings—we mean his observations on the modern English school. Contemporary criticism, common as it may be, is the most difficult of all. We look for sympathy from living artists and poets, but it is for sympathy with our fancies. They very surely, and not always undeservedly, command the admiration of the day who respond to the foibles of the day. The whole man in his strength or weakness is seldom seen till he is far off, and with him the fashion of his time. The foreigner, therefore, who is neither removed as to period, nor near as to prepossession, has a two-fold difficulty to overcome, and if he succeed in so doing we may listen to him with the same sort of deference as to a voice

voice from the future. Dr. Waagen bespeaks our confidence by the respect he shows to the elder children of our affections, though they are not all the best treated; and if he views them frequently from a different point to that we usually select, the exchange of one beauty for another will be felt to be no robbery. Our Sir Joshua is a long established 'great master' in Dr. Waagen's eyes—he pauses before his dignified portraits with a profound sense of their worth, and extols 'the lovely bloom and artless innocence of the beautiful race of English children' with a zest that argues a tenderer sentiment than a mere connoisseur's. Gainsborough and Wilson also are fully appreciated; the former more for his portraits than his landscapes, in which we subscribe; and even West has his due in one way as being acknowledged as 'the founder, in some measure, of that mode of representing coeval history of which Horace Vernet's works are such brilliant examples.'

But we hear him with more interest still touching a master whose great and original power is at once expressed by the fact of his dividing the English public into opposite extremes of opinion—one who was and is the test of a certain class of perception among us, yet of a perception we should never have imagined to be exclusively English, did not the treatment of the grand Valhalla picture at Munich, and other indications, witness to a total incapacity for his comprehension among foreigners generally. We have had him defined at home by a brilliant imagination, not over particular, as it has proved, as to the consistency of what it plays round; now let us submit him to that sound understanding which Dr. Waagen applies to all he views. We need not apologise for the preamble:—

'The strong feeling for the various beauties and peculiarities of nature, which distinguishes the English nation, sends them travelling over all parts of the globe; and it is not too much to say that the greater number of the English tourists of each sex return home laden with sketch-books commemorative of their impressions. Hence it is quite natural that scenes from nature, when assisted with every appliance of skill and taste, should be very attractive to the public. Next to subject-painting, therefore, no department of art is so richly supplied in England as landscape-painting, in which must be included marine scenes—also a national taste easily accounted for. At the same time the realistic tastes of the English have influenced the style of landscape-painting, which inclines far more to the rendering of the common scenes of nature than to the free and poetical line of composition, or to the so-called historical style. That the English, however, are fully alive to the beauties of these last-mentioned departments of art is proved by the admiration for Claude and Gaspar Poussin, and by their devotion to the late celebrated painter *TURNER*, the chief representative of this ideal

ideal landscape-painting, which he united in a singular degree with the realistic tendency.

‘Of all the English painters at the period of my first visit to England I knew least of Turner, having seen very few of his works, and those almost entirely of his later time. In my two last visits, 1850 and 1851, I endeavoured to repair this omission, and, having succeeded in examining a number of his pictures and drawings of the most various periods, I feel myself qualified to give my deliberate opinion upon them. It appears to me that Turner was a man of marvellous genius, occupying some such place among the English landscape-painters of our day as Lord Byron among the modern English poets. In point of fact, no landscape-painter has yet appeared with such versatility of talent. His historical landscapes exhibit the most exquisite feeling for beauty of lines and effect of lighting: at the same time he has the power of making them express the most varied moods of nature—a lofty grandeur, a deep and gloomy melancholy, a sunny cheerfulness and peace, or an uproar of all the elements. Buildings he also treats with peculiar felicity; while the sea, in its most varied aspect, is equally subservient to his magic brush. His views of certain cities and localities inspire the spectator with poetic feelings such as no other painter ever excited in the same degree, and which is chiefly attributable to the exceeding picturesqueness of the point of view chosen, and the beauty of the lighting. Finally, he treats the most common little subjects, such as a group of trees, a meadow, a shaded stream, with such art as to impart to them a picturesque charm. I should, therefore, not hesitate to recognise Turner as the greatest landscape-painter of all times, but for his deficiency in one indispensable element in every perfect work of art, namely, a sound technical basis. It is true that the pictures and drawings of his earlier and middle period overflow with an abundance of versatile and beautiful thoughts, rendered with great truth of nature; but at the same time his historical landscapes never possess the delicacy of gradation and the magical atmosphere of Claude, nor his realistic works the juicy transparency and freshness of a Ruysdael, while many of his best pictures have lost their keeping by subsequent darkening, and with it a great portion of their value. In his later time, however, he may be said to have aimed gradually rather at a mere indication than a representation of his thoughts, which in the last twenty years of his life became so superficial and arbitrary that it is difficult sometimes to say what he really did intend. Not that I overlook even in these pictures the frequent extraordinary beauty of composition and lighting, which render them what I should rather call beautiful souls of pictures. The raptures, therefore, of many of Turner’s countrymen, who prefer these pictures to those of his early period, I am not able to share, but must adhere to the sober conviction that a work of art, executed in this material world of ours, must, in order to be quite satisfactory, have a complete and natural body, as well as a beautiful soul.’

Let us hear him also on another of our great men, on whom there was no difference of opinion, and who lived and died as true a painter as this world ever knew.

‘SIR

'SIR DAVID WILKIE, as the greatest subject-painter, not only in England, but of our time, stands first on the list here, taking a similar place in the English school to that occupied by Hogarth in his time.

'In the most essential particulars Wilkie has the same style of art as Hogarth. With him he has great variety, refinement, and acuteness in the observation of what is characteristic in Nature; while in many of his pictures the subject is strikingly dramatic. Nevertheless, in many respects he differs from him. He does not, like Hogarth, exhibit to us moral dramas in whole series of pictures, but contents himself with representing, more in the manner of a novel, one single striking scene. His turn of mind is also very different. If I might compare Hogarth with Swift in the biting satire with which he contemplates mankind only on the dark side, and takes delight in representing them in a state of the most profound corruption and of the most frightful misery, I find in Wilkie a close affinity with his celebrated countryman Sir Walter Scott. Both have in common that genuine refined delineation of character which extends to the minutest particulars. In the soul of both there is more love than contempt for man; both afford us the most soothing views of the quiet, genial happiness which is sometimes found in the narrow circle of domestic life, and understand, with masterly skill, by delicate traits of good-natured humour, to heighten the charm of such scenes. Also, as true poets, whether in language or colour, must do, they show us man in his manifold weaknesses, errors, afflictions, and distresses, yet their humour is of a kind that never shocks our feelings. What is especially commendable in Wilkie is, that in such scenes as the *Distress for Rent* he never falls into caricature, which often happened to Hogarth, but, with all the energy of expression, remains within the bounds of truth. It is affirmed that the deeply impressive and touching character of this picture caused an extraordinary sensation in England when it first appeared. Here we first learn duly to prize another feature of his pictures, namely, their genuine national character. They are, in all their parts, the most spirited, animated, and faithful representations of the peculiarities and modes of life of the English. In many other respects Wilkie reminds me of the great Dutch painters of common life of the seventeenth century—for instance, in the choice of many of his subjects, and particularly by the careful and complete carrying out of the details in his earlier pictures, in which he is one of the rare exceptions among his countrymen. If he does not go so far in this respect as Gerard Dow and Mieris, he is nearly on an equality with the more carefully-executed paintings of Teniers and Jan Steen. His touch, too, often approaches the former in spirit and freedom.'

Nor need we hesitate to introduce another great name—still, we may rejoice, in fullness of life and power among us—whom the Continent has long enthusiastically acknowledged, and in the honouring of whom future generations will rival, but can never surpass us. It is pleasant to have his encomium thus registered, while we know that we have himself as well.

'SIR EDWIN LANDSEER takes the first place in this branch of art. He

He distinguishes himself from other animal-painters, both of earlier and of present times, by his presenting to us his favourite animal, the dog, in those relations in which this animal exhibits a certain likeness to man, and even as playing a human part. This is exemplified, for instance, in his picture *Laying down the Law*, in which not only all the varieties of race are observed with the utmost delicacy, but also such traits of expression in which the canine and the human nature are found to agree, most humorously and shrewdly given. Next to dogs, horses and stags are his favourite animals, which he also presents to us with a variety of aspect and with an analogy to human nature which I have met with in no other animal-painter. In order to accomplish this with the more success, Sir Edwin has so carefully studied the human race, that, but for the circumstance that animals, properly speaking, constitute the chief subjects of his art, I should have assigned to him a distinguished place among the subject-painters of England. With this style of conception he unites the most admirable drawing, by which he is enabled to place both animals and men in the most difficult and momentary positions; his pictures also exhibit a finely-balanced general effect. His feeling for colour leads him both to choose his unbroken colours of a cold scale, and also to aim at a prevailing cool tone. In his earlier pictures the execution of every detail evinces a thorough love and understanding of nature. In those of his later time the touch is much broader and freer, and, when closely examined, every stroke will be found to express what he intended. After these few remarks, it is unnecessary to add a word as to the exquisite delicacy with which the physiognomy of both dogs in *High Life* and *Low Life* (No. 44) are expressed. *Highland Music* also is most admirable, not only in the different expressions of the dogs, but in the masterly keeping. If these two pictures may be said to exhibit him in his higher department as the historical painter of the race, the *Spaniels of King Charles's breed* (No. 90) show him as the portrait-painter—these little creatures being rendered with a love and correctness such as Leonardo da Vinci may be supposed to have exercised in the delineation of the *Mona Lisa*. Finally, we see him in his full dramatic power in the picture of *The Dying Stag* (No. 94): the expression in the head of the noble animal is quite touching.

Our other living painters also receive the tribute of Dr. Waagen's experienced discrimination, their leading merits and characteristics being defined in brief, sincere, and simple words, which, in many instances, we apprehend, will pass into a text. And it is a pleasant parting conviction, after all the treasures through which we have conducted the reader, that the Englishman, while feeding his eye and filling his house with the productions of other periods and nations, has not become indifferent, nor even affected indifference, to the excellence of his own living countrymen. The time will come when we shall hear where all the *Mulreadys*, *Stanfields*, and *Landseers* are dispersed; meanwhile such collections as those of Mr. *Sheepshanks*, Mr. *Bicknell*, and others, may justly make us proud of their owners as well as of their contents.

ART.

- ART. VII.—1. *Correspondence relating to Turkey presented to Parliament.* Parts I. to VII. 1853-54.
2. *Lettres sur la Turquie.* Tome II. Par M. A. Ubicini. Paris, 1854.
3. *Armenia : a Year at Erzeroom and on the Frontiers of Turkey, Persia, and Russia.* By the Hon. Robert Curzon. London, 1854.
4. *A Year with the Turks.* By Warrington W. Smyth. London, 1854.
5. *Journal of a Residence in the Danubian Principalities in 1853.* By Patrick O'Brien. London, 1854.
6. *The Greek and the Turk ; or, Powers and Prospects in the Levant.* By Eyre Evans Crowe. London, 1853.
7. *Travels in Turkey, with a Cruise in the Black Sea.* By Captain Slade, Admiral in the Turkish Fleet. London, 1854.
8. *Communications respecting Turkey made to Her Majesty's Government by the Emperor of Russia, with the Answers returned to them : January to April, 1853.*

AFTER many months of doubt and hope, the Speech from the Throne on the opening of Parliament announced to the country that peace was about to end, and that the nation was preparing for war. The terms of this announcement were still vague and unsatisfactory, and, in our opinion, neither worthy of the occasion nor calculated to call forth an earnest and unanimous response to the appeal thus made to the people of England. It is true that in the House of Commons, during the debate upon the Address to her Majesty, Lord John Russell, in a speech characterised by a straightforward and manly expression of the true policy of England, removed any doubts which might have prevailed with regard to the course the Government were bound to pursue ; but Lord Aberdeen, and those known to be immediately connected with or inspired by him, have used language, if not directly opposed to, certainly at variance with, that held by the leader of the House of Commons, and those who are supposed to think with him. It is this state of things, showing a very great divergence of opinion in the Cabinet, that has chiefly given rise to that uncertainty which has prevailed throughout the country, and which, we do not hesitate to say, has contributed greatly to the increase of our difficulties, to the embarrassment of our allies, and to the encouragement of Russia. All these doubts are now removed. The sword has been drawn, and the issue of the great struggle has been left to the fate of war.

To justify their policy, and to prove to the world that this mighty contest is one not lightly entered into or wantonly provoked,

voked, her Majesty's Ministers have presented to Parliament the correspondence and various state-papers connected with the recent negotiations between this country and Russia. The time is now almost gone by for any criticism of these state-papers, but we cannot refrain from adverting to them with some satisfaction as a complete corroboration of the views upon the Eastern question put forward in our previous Number. We now have the admission of the Russian Government itself, that Count Leiningen's mission was one of the causes of Prince Menschikoff's embassy to Constantinople. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in a despatch of the 9th April, declares that it had reached him from more quarters than one that among the motives of Russia for increasing her influence in Turkey was the desire of repressing Protestantism wherever it appears. The moderation shown by the French Government, and its readiness to withdraw any demands, however just, inconsistent with the claims or even pretensions of Russia, and which might tend to embarrass the Porte, is most fully proved, whilst the communications of the French Ministers afford the most convincing testimony of the honourable and straightforward conduct of the Emperor himself, and his desire to give effective and speedy support to Turkey. At the same time it is impossible to rise from the perusal of these papers without being deeply impressed with the fatal effects of a vacillating and undecided policy, and without a solemn conviction that, had the British Government adopted in the first instance a firm and vigorous tone in dealing with Russia, England would have been spared the terrible necessity of a war. Had doubts remained upon this point in the mind of any man after perusing the two volumes of correspondence first published, they must surely have been removed by the supplemental or fifth part subsequently added to them, and containing the communications respecting Turkey made to Her Majesty's Government by the Emperor of Russia during the early part of last year. The first despatch in the collection (Sir G. H. Seymour to Lord John Russell, January 11, 1853) gives the clue and key to the whole Eastern question, and shows beyond a doubt why the moment was chosen for hastening a crisis which might prove fatal to the existence of the Ottoman Empire. The supreme direction of the affairs of this country had, from a series of most unexpected occurrences, been confided to the Earl of Aberdeen. Unfortunately it was especially upon his foreign policy that his character as a statesman both at home and abroad was founded. He had aided the Emperor of Russia in striking the first great blow against Turkey in 1829. He had in 1842 done his best to hand over to Russia the important Turkish province of Servia; he had been duped by France in the
questions

questions of Algiers and the Spanish marriages ; and he had been declared by two of the most eminent statesmen of England to have a leaning towards the political principles of Austria. It has now transpired that in 1844 the Emperor of Russia had proposed to Lord Aberdeen, then the Foreign Minister in Sir Robert Peel's Government, the partition, on a certain contingency, of the Ottoman empire. A memorandum was drawn up recording the final results of the deliberations of the Emperor and three members of the British Cabinet. The real objects of this memorandum are shown by the two propositions which occur near its close. The two countries—or rather three, for Austria is assumed to be a consenting party—first pledge themselves to maintain the independence of Turkey, and secondly, to concert together what is to be done *should it be foreseen* that she were likely to fall to pieces. It would be utterly impossible to determine what symptoms were to be accepted as undoubted signs and proofs of dissolution, as this could but be a matter of opinion. Hence the great danger of this memorandum, and the fatal error committed by Lord Aberdeen. Russia well knew that she might at any time, through her intrigues and the influence she exercised over a portion of the Christian population of Turkey, bring about events which might be construed into the forerunners of the catastrophe she desired to hasten, and that she could, if not opposed, take advantage of them to execute her views. This extraordinary memorandum, unaccompanied by any explanatory documents, unsigned, and without any apparent mark of authenticity, was preserved as a state secret of the most vital importance, and was handed from Minister to Minister, in a separate box, as a political legacy too portentous to be even placed in the archives of the Foreign Office. These precautions give an additional importance to it, and render the circumstances under which it was drawn up, and the discussions which preceded it, still more suspicious and dangerous.

Lord Aberdeen soon after quitted office, and was succeeded by other Foreign Ministers, who were justly supposed, both from their characters and connexions, to be less open to any such proposals as had been made by the Emperor Nicholas in 1844, and they were consequently not revived. Now begins the second act of this great drama, to which, whether for its all-absorbing interest, or its tragic results, a parallel may perhaps be sought in vain in history. The scene was shifted from London to St. Petersburg, where fortunately we had an Ambassador who in acuteness and high principle has shown himself worthy of the country he represented, and who has chronicled the details of the colloquies with a faithful and lively pen not unworthy of Boswell himself.

On the last days of 1852 a new ministry came into power in England. At its head was Lord Aberdeen. The news of this event could scarcely have reached St. Petersburg before the 11th of January. On that day a festival was held in the palace of a member of the Imperial family—the Grand-Duchess Helena. Sir Hamilton Seymour was invited to meet the Emperor. In the midst of that brilliant company, the Czar eagerly sought the British Ambassador. He graciously and warmly expressed his pleasure at the intelligence of the formation of a new government in England under the guidance of a nobleman whom he had known for forty years, and for whom he entertained equal regard and esteem. He lost no time in proving the genuineness of these sentiments and showing the extent of his confidence in his friend, for in the next breath he recurred once more, after the long silence of nearly ten years, to his favourite scheme for the partition of Turkey. The astonished diplomatist naturally shrank, with feelings somewhat akin to horror and dread, from such dangerous advances. But what must have been his astonishment when, some time after, the Emperor, on repeating to him the views which he entertained with regard to Turkey, declared that, if he could have but ten minutes conversation with one of the British ministers, with Lord Aberdeen for instance, who knew him so well, and who shared a mutual confidence, he could come to a complete and satisfactory understanding with England upon them? Ten minutes to resolve one of the mightiest political problems that has ever been submitted to a statesman, and to perfect the schemes which had been for nearly two hundred years the great end of Russian policy!

Lord John Russell, and afterwards Lord Clarendon, rejected these overtures, but not with the spirit which might have been expected from British statesmen upon such an occasion. We detect in their somewhat vague and indecisive replies the evil influence of the head of the Government. Here was the first great error, one of the principal causes of all our subsequent difficulties and our present embarrassments. It is of the conduct of the British Government in this stage of the proceedings that the Emperor of Russia has, we must admit, to a certain extent, good cause to complain. We should then have declared explicitly that England would not tolerate any interference in the affairs of Turkey; that, however much inclined a ministry might be to view with indifference or favour any steps taken by Russia to hasten the dissolution of the Ottoman empire, yet that the state of public opinion in this country was such as to render any understanding or connivance for this object impossible; but that any attempt to dictate to the Sultan or to invade his territories would inevitably
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lead to war. Had such language been held in a firm though friendly tone, who will now question whether the Emperor would not have avoided engaging in a contest which, if properly conducted, can only end in his own overthrow or humiliation? We therefore repeat that the Emperor of Russia *has* some grounds of complaint against the British Government.

How, we next ask, in the face of the indisputable proofs of double dealing on the part of Russia which both the secret and public despatches of Sir Hamilton Seymour afford, and with a full knowledge of the scheme which had been for years uppermost in the Emperor's mind, could Ministers accept the assurances given last spring, so far relying upon them as to neglect such ordinary precautions as would have saved us at least from commencing a war at a subsequent period under the most manifest disadvantages? And how, moreover, can Lord Clarendon justify his conduct in declaring to the people of England that he had the fullest confidence in the Emperor of Russia, and that there was no cause whatever for alarm, when he was acquainted with all these despatches, quoting in some instances, in support of the opinion thus unhesitatingly delivered to the British Parliament, documents which contained statements directly opposed to his assertions? This is indeed a serious charge against a British statesman—nothing less than that of wilfully misleading the country.

We are at a loss to understand how, under the accumulated mass of evidence furnished by the public and secret state-papers before us of the designs of the Emperor, and of the means he was adopting for carrying them out, some precautionary measures beyond the mere despatch of the fleet, which was destined to do nothing, were not taken during the summer and autumn of last year. The campaign on the Danube was allowed to be commenced and to be carried on without any official agent being present at the camp of Omar Pasha to furnish accurate information to the British Government. We believe that up to this moment the events which have occurred at the seat of war both in Europe and Asia have been entirely misrepresented; that the Turkish army is in a far worse condition than is generally believed; that its means of resistance, its numbers, its discipline, and the capabilities of its commanders, have been enormously exaggerated; and that the skirmishes on the Danube, which have been magnified into great victories, have after all been affairs of minor importance, which have inflicted little serious loss upon the Russians. Kalafat, although a position of considerable political importance as cutting off the communication between the Russian troops and the population of Servia, acts as a drain upon the resources of the Turkish army which is almost fatal to

its strength and its efficacy. In the meanwhile Russia has been leisurely accumulating her forces in the Principalities, and has now assembled an army probably double in numbers that of the Turks. It is more than doubtful whether Omar Pasha could successfully dispute the passage of the Danube in any one place, and whether he could meet the Russians in the field with even fifty thousand men. He must content himself with entrenching his detached divisions and defending place after place against the advancing enemy. It must always be borne in mind that this has been a last great effort on the part of the Turks—that their reserves as well as their standing army have now been brought into the field, and that with them every man lost is one that cannot be replaced. With Russia this is not the case. Her resources in men are almost inexhaustible; she may defy both war and disease.

In this momentous state of things no proper provision has as yet been made by the British Government. Prudent statesmen, with a crisis such as the present impending over them, would have at least prepared themselves to meet it months ago. But we learn from the most unquestionable authority that up to the time we are writing no steps whatever have been taken to get together in Turkey supplies necessary for an army, or the means of transport that are absolutely required to make it effective in the field. No one acquainted with the country has been hitherto entrusted with the management of the commissariat. The nature of the Turkish Provinces in Europe seems hardly to have been taken into consideration. It is perhaps not known, that they are at all times deficient in that which is necessary for the maintenance and for the operations of a considerable force, especially when composed of Europeans. And now that the Turks have exhausted the scanty supplies which the villages could furnish, we much doubt whether anything remains for those troops which are destined to succeed them. The means of transport will probably be found utterly wanting, and must be obtained from the islands of the Archipelago, or from the farthest corners of Asia Minor—those most remote from the seat of war. Months must elapse before they can be got together ready for a campaign. By that time the heats of summer, perhaps even the fevers of autumn, will have commenced—both equally to be dreaded in the case of British troops.

A mere entrenched camp for the defence of Constantinople we believe to be an utterly useless measure. When the Russians have repulsed the Turks on all sides—when Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, and Rumelia are in arms—it will avail us little to save the capital. It is then that our difficulties will really commence, and

and that we shall find ourselves in a position from which the most sanguine and able statesman might fairly recoil.

But whilst on land we have been thus negligent, what terms of condemnation sufficiently strong could be found to apply to the unaccountable want of decision, energy, and common vigour, displayed by the fleet? We are utterly at a loss to explain the accounts we receive on this subject from the East. So far back as last October the British Admiral appears, from the published despatches, to have been placed in a position not only to protect the Turkish territory, but to have closed the navigation of the Black Sea to the Russian fleet. The massacre of Sinope is an event which has not been explained, and which as much needs explanation as any slur that has ever been cast upon the British arms. But if there had been any doubt as to the powers of the Admiral previous to that fatal occurrence, surely there could have been none whatever afterwards. Instructions of the most distinct nature were forwarded to Constantinople. No Russian vessel of war was to be permitted to leave Sebastopol; and yet up to this hour we hear of detachments issuing from that arsenal, landing troops on the Turkish territory in Europe, carrying away the garrisons that were exposed on the Asiatic coast, and throwing men and supplies into Circassia and Georgia. The only step which we have hitherto taken appears to have been to send a steamer to report some of these proceedings, to make an ineffectual attempt to enter the Danube, and to reconnoitre the enemy's defences. What has led to this state of inactivity—we might almost say, to this disobedience of positive orders from home? Have the disagreements, which have so unfortunately broken out between the Ambassador and the Admiral, paralyzed the action of the latter; or have there been secret instructions directly at variance with those published, and with which the country has not been made acquainted? We know of no other way of explaining what has occurred. Had the English fleet done that which it would have done under a Nelson or a Rodney—cut off the Russian fleet on its return from Sinope, and struck a blow at that moment at Sebastopol, England might have dictated a peace, and Turkey been saved.

We appear to be doing our best to undermine and weaken the Turkish Government, whilst neglecting to afford it that immediate and effective aid which can alone save the Empire from destruction. Instead of sending a body of efficient troops and a few competent officers to the camp of Omar Pasha, thereby producing a moral effect of enormous importance at this moment—instead of covering the Black Sea with our cruisers, watching every movement of the Russian fleet, and encouraging by our presence
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the Mussulman populations on the coast—we are debating at Constantinople some new privilege for the Christians; wringing from the Turks, in the time of their utmost need, concessions which are contrary to the very principles of their faith and policy; weakening the really liberal and well-disposed, and strengthening the retrograde and intolerant party in the state. If in the midst of the present crisis a revolution should break out at Constantinople, and the Sultan's life or throne should be in danger, in what difficulties should we find ourselves! Would we send our troops to take part in a civil war, and to support one party in the capital against another, whilst the Russians, availing themselves of the moral effect that such an event would have throughout the Empire, were advancing with rapid strides to Constantinople? And yet such a state of things is not impossible. Already the fanatical party is gaining strength, and the ministry becoming weaker. Russian intrigues are at work, any unexpected outbreak might verify our most serious apprehensions.

We contend that the concessions now demanded of the Porte, however advisable in the abstract under different circumstances, are by no means indispensable to the welfare of the Christian population. At this moment no two opinions can exist as to the impolicy of pressing them, at every risk, upon the Sultan's ministers. We believe that the time will come when all we seek may be obtained without danger to the safety of the Empire. Many concessions of vast importance have been made, and those who are now at the head of affairs in Turkey are willing to extend the rights and privileges of the Christians still further. It is only by the course we are now taking that their hands will be tied, and that their good intentions will be frustrated.

If the Christians were really suffering from oppression and misrule to the extent that some travellers would have us believe—if they really were the hopeless victims of injustice and intolerance they have been described—it might be necessary, before aiding the Turks in maintaining their dominion in Europe, to exact some direct pledge or guarantee for the future better government of this portion of their subjects. But such is not the case; and in order that much misapprehension on this subject may be removed from the public mind, we will endeavour to convey some more accurate information than that which generally prevails upon the relative position of the Mussulmans and Christians in the Ottoman Empire, and more especially upon the true condition of the latter, than which no subject has been more liable to misunderstanding and exaggeration. This may be the natural consequence of a tendency in the human mind to generalise, especially when the feelings are excited, and the sympathies engaged. Isolated acts
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of cruelty, oppression, and intolerance have furnished grounds for charges against a whole people and a whole system. The origin of such acts, and the character of their victims, have been forgotten or wilfully overlooked. As a rule, the Christian is always assumed to be right, and the Mohammedan always wrong. Even the just punishment of a notorious criminal, or the necessary rigour displayed in putting down an insurrection, has been converted into the wholesale massacre of an innocent community, whilst its supposed authors have been held up to the indignation of the world, and have, in many instances, been visited by the most unmerited punishment. In making this assertion, we do not, of course, mean to deny that acts of great cruelty and oppression have frequently been committed; but we could quote a vast number of cases in proof of the exaggeration which is habitually employed to excite very undeserved commiseration. Mr. Warrington Smyth, whose admirable little work, '*A Year with the Turks*,' is written with a full knowledge of the people and the country, furnishes us in his Preface with a case in point. He refers to a recent work on Turkey, by Mr. E. Michelsen, in which it is stated that the Mohammedan Albanians, during an outbreak, plundered and burnt down many Christian villages; and that even 'Vrania, a considerable town, inhabited by Christians, did not escape this fate; the churches having been destroyed, the men massacred, and the women and children dragged away into slavery.' Now it appears, unfortunately for the veracity of this story, that Mr. Smyth himself, having been in Vrania at the very time these atrocities are alleged to have been committed, is able to give an entirely different account of the whole transaction, which fully warrants him in asserting that—1st, he heard of no case of a village having been plundered or burnt down; 2nd, that Vrania is not a Christian but mainly a Turkish town; 3rd, that a church was destroyed, but by a party of Albanians who had risen against the Turkish authorities; 4th, that nobody was massacred, the only loss being on the side of the Turks, with whom the quarrel commenced; and 5th, that the carrying away of the women and children into slavery was a pure piece of fiction. In fact, it was one of those outbreaks which were not of uncommon occurrence during the struggle between the Turkish authorities and the wild tribes of Albania, when the Porte was endeavouring to enforce its new system of administration and reform. They were undoubtedly caused in many instances by the misconduct of the officers sent to carry out the just and enlightened views of the Government; and these agents, who alone were responsible, frequently met with condign punishment. Unfortunately the Christian communities were but too often the victims

victims in the insurrections; but whilst the wrongs they endured have been enormously exaggerated, it is unjust to attribute even what they did suffer to any spirit of intolerance on the part of the Turkish Government, or to lay it to the charge of the *Turkish* population.

It has more than once been observed, that all the internal wars in which the Porte has been engaged during the last ten years—wars which have entailed upon it very considerable sacrifices of life and treasure—have been waged in defence or on behalf of the Christians. The campaign in Albania in 1843 and 1844 was undertaken to compel its wild tribes to accept the *tanzimat*, or system of reform, which conferred equal privileges upon the Mohammedan and Christian subjects of the Sultan, and the introduction of which was long opposed by the Mussulman population of the provinces most distant from the capital. During the insurrections which ensued, the Christians, being looked upon as the cause of the obnoxious interference on the part of the Turkish Government, naturally became the object of the vengeance of the insurgents. But the chiefs of the rebellion were ultimately seized, and are still, we believe, undergoing in the galleys the punishment of their excesses and crimes.

The Albanian insurrection had scarcely been suppressed by Omar Pasha, when that distinguished general, who has during his military career rendered such eminent services to the Porte, was called upon to command an expedition against the Kurds.* Beder Khan Bey,† the fanatical chief of those ferocious tribes, which had never been brought under complete subjection to the Sultan, had committed a most barbarous massacre among the Nestorian clans. To avenge this atrocious act, and to reduce the Kurds to obedience, the Porte fitted out a considerable army. After several engagements, in which the Turkish troops were always victorious, behaving with great gallantry, and showing remarkable qualities when contending against a vastly superior force, in an almost inaccessible mountain district, and in the midst of a hostile population, the Kurds were completely defeated, and Beder Khan Bey, with their principal chiefs, were taken prisoners.

Shortly after his return from the Kurdish campaign, Omar Pasha was sent to put down a formidable insurrection which had broken out in Bosnia. In this instance again the Mussulman

* In the Albanian and Kurdish campaigns Omar Pasha had the real command of the troops, and brought the war to a successful issue, although the nominal authority was given in the one instance to Reshid Mehemet Pasha, in the other to Osman Pasha.

† Beder Khan Bey is the chief with whose arts many of our readers will have become acquainted through Mr. Layard's work on Nineveh.

population had risen against the Turkish authorities, mainly on account of new privileges granted to the Christians. The tenure of land in this province differed from that in other parts of the empire. The Mussulman landholders were feudal proprietors. The peasantry, chiefly Christians, were, to a certain extent, attached to the soil. They were subject to many vexatious exactions, and services or *corvées*; amongst the most grievous were the obligation to work without pay so many days in the week for the landlord, and to perform other gratuitous labour. By the *tan-zimat* all such abuses were abolished. Bosnia, being the most remote from the capital of the Turkish provinces in Europe, was the last to receive the new law. The Mussulman population rose against its enforcement, and a long struggle ensued, in which the Sultan's troops were again successful, and the Christians were freed from the hardships under which they had previously suffered.

A most unjustifiable interference on the part of the Austrian Government prevented Omar Pasha from completing the work which he had commenced in Bosnia, by reducing to obedience the wild inhabitants of Montenegro. Austria, by the most unfounded misrepresentations, succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of part of Christendom on behalf of a tribe of notorious robbers who continually ravage with fire and the sword the Turkish provinces, are no less dangerous to her own Dalmatian territories, and whose almost inaccessible mountains have become a focus for Russian intrigue among the various Sclavonian populations of the East of Europe. We remember the time when the late warlike Bishop of those wild mountaineers, after showing his visitors the heads of a few miserable Mussulmans who had been slain in the forays periodically made by his flock over the Turkish border, and which adorned a tower opposite the windows of his episcopal abode, would lead them into a room of his palace-convent, hung round with epaulettes, arms, and white uniforms, and triumphantly point to those spoils from his opposite neighbours. We confess our inability to understand the grounds of this interference on the part of Austria,—so diametrically opposed, it would seem, to her interests, and so inconsistent with her true policy. Nor can we find any excuse for the disgraceful conduct of the Austrian authorities, who, after guaranteeing the unmolested retreat of the Turkish troops, permitted the Montenegrins to fall upon their rear, and to use the advantages which had thus been ensured to them to inflict bloodshed and suffering upon the retiring army.

But to return to the position of the Christians under the Turkish rule. We repeat, that we do not mean to deny that acts
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of cruelty and oppression are too frequently committed by those who are acting under, although abusing, the authority of the Sultan, and that the smouldering fanaticism of the Mussulman population in some of the most bigoted cities of the empire is occasionally fanned into a flame, and leads to deeds of violence against the Christians. The massacre at Aleppo, which occurred three years ago, and in which many Christians were unfortunately slain, is but a recent instance. But we wish to guard our readers against the exaggerations and misstatements to which the most trivial events give rise, and to impress upon them that these misdeeds are neither authorised nor tolerated by the Turkish Government—very rarely even by the authorities entrusted with the local administration; but that, on the contrary, means are taken—not always, it is true, efficacious—to prevent them, and that they are as much condemned by the most enlightened of the Turkish ministers as they are by the most earnest advocates of the Christian cause. The very massacre of Aleppo will furnish us with a proof of this fact. This rising was part of a wide-spread conspiracy directed against the Turkish authorities, but more especially against the Christians, because they were believed to have been the cause of the introduction of the reformed system, and to be the principal objects of the solicitude of the Government. The parties to the conspiracy were the most fanatical sections of the populations of the principal cities of Syria and Mesopotamia—and the insurrection was to take place simultaneously, or nearly so, in these places. It first broke out in Aleppo. The Turkish authorities and troops behaved with great vigour and courage. After some days of fighting, during which much blood was shed on both sides, they succeeded in defeating the insurgents and protecting the Christians. Essad Pasha, a very old and faithful servant of the Sultan, since dead, was at that time governor of Diarbekir. Having received information of the plot, he seized the Syrian post, and found letters to the head men of the city, announcing the attack on the Christians at Aleppo, which they were to support by a similar demonstration. Calling those to whom the letters were addressed before him, he bade them read the news. ‘I am an old man,’ added he, ‘and have but a year or two more to live. It signifies little, therefore, whether I die to-morrow or a few days later: let a man raise a finger against the Christians in this city, and either every one of you perish, or I and those who are with me will be buried under the ruins of this palace.’ By this energetic conduct he checked an insurrection which might otherwise have extended to Mosul and Baghdad.

We cannot excuse the exaggerations into which travellers are frequently

frequently led when they treat of events which they have themselves witnessed. It is not surprising that the Christians themselves should endeavour to enlist the sympathies, and to obtain the support and countenance of influential persons, by either giving grossly overpainted descriptions of the suffering they endure, or by stating that which is positively untrue. No traveller in Turkey ever yet entered a town or village inhabited by Christians in which he was not immediately surrounded by a crowd of idlers, with the Khodja-Bashi or primate at its head, all anxious to relate to him some tale of cruelty or oppression. If he be ignorant of the language, before these various stories are reproduced to him through his Greek dragoman the victims will have increased in number as rapidly as Sir John Falstaff's men in buckram. Should he really desire to investigate the various complaints made to him, he will find that for the most part they are utterly untrue, or that they rest upon the smallest possible foundations. It is probable that the very persons accused have been standing by all the time, or that his own Mussulman cavass has been present whilst his co-religionists have been subjected to every manner of accusation and abuse. The impunity with which the Christians thus state and exaggerate their grievances proves how small are their grounds of complaint. Would the inhabitants of a village in Austria or Italy dare thus openly to appeal to a stranger? It is not an uncommon sight either in the capital or in the provinces to see a party of Greeks or other Christians in a coffee-house, heaping every term of abuse—and their language is rich in such terms—upon the Turkish government and the Turkish authorities, whilst a few old Turks are quietly seated near, treating all this treasonable language with the most perfect indifference. There is no secret police—no espionage. A Christian is safe in his own house; he may say what he pleases; he may read works the most hostile to the government under which he lives, and to the religion it professes. He prays on Sunday in his church for the Emperor Nicholas, and for the speedy overthrow of the infidel—to wit, his own sovereign;* and yet we are seriously told that he is living in the most abject slavery; that he is the victim of the most terrible oppression and cruelty!

It is surprising how much ignorance is shown with regard to the nationality, if we may use the term, of the Greeks—and by the Greeks we mean such as speak the Greek tongue, profess the Oriental or Greek faith, and claim descent from the ancient Greeks. Those who in the House of Commons and through

* Prayers to this effect have been introduced by the priests in the pay of Russia in many of the churches of Bulgaria and Roumelia.

the press urge the claims of this race to the sympathies of Europe, on account of the inestimable services which their ancestors rendered to mankind in the great cause of freedom and knowledge, and who found upon those claims arguments in favour of a restoration of the Byzantine Empire, appear to possess the vaguest notions of geography and history. We have shown in a previous article that the real Greeks, as we have defined them above, form a very small portion of the population of Turkey in Europe. In the most important provinces, in Bosnia, Bulgaria, Servia, Thrace, and even Macedonia, there are scarcely any Greeks at all. Even in Constantinople they are greatly outnumbered by the Armenians. It is only in Thessaly and in Epirus, or Southern Albania, that they exist as the dominant Christian race. We had, until recently, considered it unfortunate that at the time of the settlement of the limits of the new kingdom of Greece, its frontiers were not carried farther to the north. Had the Greek population of Thessaly and of Epirus been included within them, not only, we believe, would Greece have been considerably strengthened and better able to meet the claims upon her, but a source of weakness would have been removed from Turkey herself. It is notorious that there is no sufficiently well-defined boundary between the Greek province of Livadia and the Turkish province of Thessaly, and that the frontier throughout was a mere conventional line, so devoid of great natural features, that we have heard persons engaged in laying it down relate, that the Greek villagers would frequently, at night, alter the position of the stakes and other marks placed during the day by the commissioners, and that considerable difficulty and delay were experienced in recognizing and rectifying the fraud. The result is, that the border districts have ever since been the scene of disgraceful acts of brigandage and outrage, openly encouraged by the Greek authorities, and against which there are scarcely any means of protecting the Ottoman territories. We must do the Turkish government the justice to say that, while taking every step in its power to repress these proceedings, it has acted with the most perfect good faith towards Greece since that kingdom has been separated from Turkey. We have never heard an instance of any attempt on the part of the Porte to violate the Greek territories, or to encourage discontent or rebellion in the Greek provinces. But how have its efforts to protect its Christian subjects, and its honourable regard for treaties, been responded to? We could mention numerous instances of direct protection given by the Greek authorities to notorious brigand chiefs, who, after crossing the frontier, burning both Mussulman and Christian villages, and plundering

dering and torturing their inhabitants, retreated to their strongholds on the other side of the boundary, where respect alone for international engagements prevented the Turkish officers from following them. On more than one occasion the British embassy at Constantinople has been compelled to send agents to the frontiers to put a stop if possible to this disgraceful state of things, and to make the strongest representations to the Greek government on the atrocities which they were publicly encouraging. When at length a notorious Klepht—one Valenza—who had committed the most brutal acts of rapine and cruelty within the Turkish territories, was, after the repeated demands of the Porte, brought to Athens and subjected to the farce of a trial, he boldly avowed his misdeeds, justified them by his ancient and glorious lineage, claimed the sympathy and applause of his fellow-countrymen, and was acquitted by the jury amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the court and spectators. What European nation, we would ask, would have permitted such conduct in a small and easily-punished neighbour?

As upon land, so upon the sea, the Greeks have committed the most flagrant violations of the Ottoman territories, and have inflicted the most serious injuries upon the trade of Turkey and of its allies. The friends of Greece may find some excuse for the swarms of pirates who issued from the Greek islands during the war—bloodthirsty monsters who spared neither friend nor foe; but how will they justify those who for the mere love of gain have continued these atrocities during a time of peace and upon the shipping of all nations? In a small work called ‘Words for the Windbound,’ a kind of guide for seamen in the East, ten cases of piracy are recorded on English, Austrian, French, Dutch, and Turkish vessels between 1836 and 1842; and several vessels are mentioned as having been met at sea, abandoned and plundered, which are supposed to have fallen into the hands of Greek pirates. A year never passes without such cases happening, even in the very harbour of Constantinople. A Smyrna paper of the 2nd of March gives details of several piratical attacks upon Turkish vessels near the island of Rhodes during the month of February last; and we learn that piracy is daily increasing to an alarming extent in the Archipelago. All these cases may be traced to boats fitted out in the Greek islands, frequently with the knowledge of the Greek authorities, and in some instances more than suspected to be sanctioned and protected by Greek consular agents. We trust that during the war British cruizers will deal summarily with these pirates, notwithstanding the sympathy they may command in this country, and that those who harbour and protect them will not escape the treatment they deserve.

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The only grounds we have now for doubting whether it would have been wiser to add Thessaly and Epirus to the kingdom of Greece, are furnished by the gross misconduct of the Greek government itself, and by the ruffianly state of the populations under its rule. We have seen it asserted that the inhabitants of the villages in Thessaly were migrating into Greece. Such may possibly have been the case in some instances and under peculiar circumstances, but it is certain that for many years the very contrary was the fact. We can affirm that whole communities have sought refuge within the Turkish territories from the acts of oppression and cruelty to which they were subjected by the Greek authorities, and could mention instances where expeditions have been fitted out to seize and even murder those who had thus crossed the frontiers.*

Although some of the outbreaks which have recently occurred on the frontiers are to be attributed to the misconduct of the Turkish authorities, we learn from a source upon which we place the most complete reliance that the rising was owing for the most part to the methods adopted to drive the Christian subjects of the Porte into rebellion, and to expose them to the suspicions, and consequently to the vengeance, of the Mussulmans. Forged petitions were published in the Greek newspapers, with the connivance, if not the direct sanction, of the government, purporting to come from the Christian inhabitants of Avlona and other towns in Thessaly, and calling upon the Hellenes to cross the borders for the purpose of liberating their suffering brethren from the Ottoman yoke. To these fabrications the names of the primates, clergy, and principal inhabitants of the places in question were attached. The wickedness and cruelty of such a proceeding are evident. Fortunately only two months before, these very people had sent, through a British consul, to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, addresses expressing their thanks for the assistance they had ever received from the British embassy, and begging the ambassador to assure the Turkish ministers of their allegiance to the Sultan, whose kind and benevolent interest in their prosperity and happiness they acknowledged with heartfelt gratitude. Had it not been for the existence of such documents, it is not improbable that the Turkish authorities might have been induced to distrust these Christian communities, and that some unmerited punishments might have ensued. Without wishing to justify any such conduct on the part of the Turks, let us consider the matter impartially, and ask ourselves in what European and so-called civilized country the result would have been different. We have

* M. Ubicini states (p. 22) that nearly 60,000 persons passed from Greece into Turkey in three years, 1834-35-36.

heard how the Russians have dealt with the miserable inhabitants of villages in Wallachia and Moldavia who were only suspected of having a leaning towards their lawful sovereign. How would we ourselves be inclined to treat British subjects whom we had reason to believe were during a time of war in open correspondence with the enemy?

We have already observed that those who advocate the Greek cause frequently display an unaccountable confusion of ideas on history and geography. It is strange to hear men of general information confounding the ancient Greeks—the Greeks of Athens and Sparta—with the mongrel races which made up the lower Greek empire. It is surprising to hear gentlemen rising in the House of Commons and urging the restoration of the Byzantine empire, with eloquent descriptions of the academies and battle-fields of classic Greece. We have not space to enter into the ethnological questions connected with the present Greek race, but it cannot be unknown to our readers that, in the opinion of some of the most trustworthy authorities on Byzantine history, not a drop of real Greek blood is to be found in the Morea or Peloponnesus. In the islands of the *Ægean*, which were not so completely overrun by the Illyrian, Sclavonian, and Italian races, descendants of the primitive Greeks *may* still be found. It is not impossible that the Greek communities on the coasts of Asia Minor may afford the best specimen of true Greek descent. No intelligent traveller can have failed to remark the striking difference in personal appearance between the population of the kingdom of Greece Proper and that of the Islands and ancient Ionia. In the one case we find a stunted, ill-featured, ill-favoured race, with many of the physical characteristics of the lowest Slave tribes; beauty whether of form or feature being almost unknown even amongst the women. Nowhere is this fact more strikingly brought to one's notice than at Athens. The constant intermixture with Illyrians and Sclavonians, and with those European peoples which have at various periods held the Morea, has produced this result. Such, however, is not the case in some of the islands of the Archipelago. Tinos, Naxos, Samos, and other favoured spots in the *Ægean*, still furnish types of that glorious race which gave models to Phidias and Praxiteles. In the men there may still be seen beauty of form and the most ample development of the muscles and limbs,—perfect symmetry united with manly strength. In the women the straight brow and nose, the delicately formed mouth and chin, the smooth and rounded neck—losing itself in the flowing curve of the shoulders, and bearing, like a pedestal of Parian marble, the exquisitely shaped head,—

head,—the graceful carriage, and the well-proportioned limbs. As the idler in the Christian quarter of Smyrna passes, on a summer's afternoon, the spacious doorways opening upon the shady courtyards, he may spy, seated beneath the trembling trees, female forms such as these; or, if he should seek the fountain of a Greek village on the coasts of Asia Minor, when, as the sun goes down, the women hasten to fill their pitchers at the crystal spring, he will see maidens of whom ancient Hellas might have been proud.*

At the time of the Turkish conquest of Constantinople Greek nationality had entirely perished. The very empire, miscalled 'a Greek empire,' had dwindled down to little more than the capital. For centuries previous to the fall of Byzantium, the advancing Slavonian and Bulgarian tribes had gradually extinguished the Greek race, which may once have been found to the north of Pindus and ancient Thessaly. The Greek provinces themselves had become the appanages of foreign princes, and had been divided into semi-independent kingdoms, governed and almost peopled by strangers. The Venetians and Genoese possessed the islands; Frenchmen and Italians ruled at Athens and in the Peloponnesus. The Byzantine Court was a scene and source of corruption, intrigue, cruelty, and vice, which have perhaps never been equalled even in the most barbarous of Eastern nations. The historian passes rapidly over its chronicles of treachery and crime, and the reader is wearied and sickened at even his hasty narrative. The glowing pen of a Gibbon has failed to create an interest in the lives and deeds of a long succession of bloodthirsty tyrants and impotent debauchees. The antiquarian points to the monuments of that period, and the numismat to its coins, as indisputable proofs of the utter barbarism into which the representatives of the two most civilized and powerful nations of the world had fallen; and in this condition be it remembered, the Byzantine empire lasted for many centuries. For more than a thousand years was a large portion of the human race exposed to a system of tyranny and misgovernment which it is now proposed to revive. True it is that during that period a little flame still flickered in the schools of Athens, and that on the fall of Constantinople a few learned men showed to Christendom that the wisdom and glory of Hellas were not forgotten, although they had passed away. It would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the debt we owe to those who, after the Mohammedan conquest, left their native land, and gave to Europe many of the works of ancient Greece which are

* There are many beautiful Greek women in Constantinople, but on inquiry it will generally be found that they are natives either of the Islands or of Smyrna.

counted amongst the treasures bequeathed to the whole human race. But although a solitary scholar in his closet, or a monk in his cell, might still ponder over the deeds and wisdom of those whose name he bore, the spirit of that mighty race had long since fled, if the race itself had not utterly perished.

The shattered remains of the Byzantine empire fell an easy prey to the hardy and warlike tribes which had gradually spread over eastern Asia, had invaded Europe, and had established their outposts almost at the gates of the capital. The Ottoman race had already been brought into contact with the Christian populations, had learnt to appreciate the arts, degraded as they might be, which the Byzantine Greeks still professed, and to profit by the little learning and knowledge which they owed to tradition and to a scanty acquaintance with ancient literature. The Turkish conquerors must not be looked upon as mere barbarians; they respected the Greek monuments of former taste and skill which they found in Constantinople, and they were disposed to respect the hereditary privileges of the inhabitants themselves. That magnificent edifice which Justinian had raised, and which was the glory and marvel of the eastern world, fell of course by the right of conquest into the possession of the conquerors, and was used for their own worship, but all other churches were equally divided between the Mussulmans and the Christians. Sultan Mahomet lost no time in calling before him the Greek Patriarch, and in confirming by imperial edict not only his spiritual, but even his civil and political rights and privileges; he gave him moreover rank amongst the highest dignitaries of his empire, and assigned to him a body-guard of janissaries for his dignity and defence. This Hatti-Sheriff is still recognised by the Turkish Sultans, and upon it are in reality founded the claims of those professing the Greek faith to the enjoyment of the rights and immunities guaranteed to them by the Porte. Justly, then, did the Turkish Government, on receiving the celebrated Vienna note, indignantly deny the assertion of the Emperor of Russia, that it was to the interference of himself and his predecessors that the Greeks owed what liberties and protection they enjoyed, and declare that those favours had been conferred upon them spontaneously by the Ottoman sovereigns themselves.

It is not to be denied that the imperial promises were on more than one occasion broken, and that the Christians were frequently exposed to persecution and violence. M. Ubicini, in his interesting and authentic Letters on Turkey, gives the most remarkable instances of these violations of the original Hattisheff: but they were but temporary; their injustice and

impolicy were recognised almost as soon as the cause for them had passed away. The prosperous state of the Greeks under the Ottoman rule furnishes the best proof that, notwithstanding some just complaints, they enjoyed on the whole a very great amount of protection and freedom,—far more than was enjoyed at the same period by any European population similarly situated. Montesquieu has borne witness to the improved condition of the Greeks under their new masters. Prosperous communities soon rose in different parts of the Turkish empire. Schools and colleges were founded, education received an impulse at that time certainly unequalled in any Christian state, commerce was protected by the government, and, above all, there existed the most perfect freedom of opinion.

We may judge of the state of prosperity to which the Christians may attain under the Turkish rule by referring to the three Greek communities of Ambelakia, Aivali, and Zagoria. On the rugged sides of Ossa, overhanging the wooded vale of Tempe and the winding Peneus, may still be seen a group of spacious and once handsome mansions, now fast falling into decay, and only tenanted by a few inhospitable Greeks. These falling edifices are the remains of the celebrated commercial community of Ambelakia, of which a French traveller of the last century has left us the following description:—*

‘Ambelakia by its activity appears rather a borough of Holland than a village of Turkey. This village spreads, by its industry, movement and life over the surrounding country, and gives birth to an immense commerce which unites Germany to Greece by a thousand threads. Its population has trebled in fifteen years, and amounts at present (1798) to four thousand, who live in their manufactories, like swarms of bees in their hives. Every arm, even those of the children, is employed in the factories; whilst the men dye the cotton, the women prepare and spin it. There are 24 factories, in which, yearly, 2500 bales of cotton yarn of 100 okes each (6138 cwts.) are dyed. This yarn finds its way into Germany, and is disposed of at Bude, Vienna, Leipsic, Dresden, Anspach, and Bayreuth.’

The decline and ruin of Ambelakia have been attributed to various causes—internal disputes, expensive litigations, European, especially English, competition, and that political intrigue which subsequently led to the Greek revolution. To the excitement caused by the prospect of an approaching struggle may with most truth be attributed that neglect of the more

* We take this extract, translated from Beaujour's ‘Tableau du Commerce de la Grèce,’ from Mr. Urquhart's *Spirit of the East*, a work which (with all its faults) contains perhaps more eloquent and truthful descriptions of the manners and condition of the Turks than any book in our language.

sober duties of life which led to the ultimate failure of the merchants of Ambelakia.

As Ambelakia was celebrated for its commercial prosperity and for the happy condition of its inhabitants, so Aivali, the Kydonia of the Greeks, was equally remarkable for its colleges and schools, and for the learning and the culture of its Christian community. But, like Ambelakia, Aivali is now a heap of ruins. Amidst the olive groves on the fertile slopes descending to the arm of the sea which divides the island of Mitylene from the mainland, may still be traced the streets and public edifices of this once flourishing colony. In 1740 it was a small market-town of Asia Minor, but in consequence of political privileges granted to the Greek inhabitants it had, as M. Balbi observes, rapidly become one of the most industrious, most commercial, and best regulated towns of Ottoman Asia. But its numerous manufactories, its tanneries, its oil-mills, its beautiful college, its library, its printing establishment, its fine churches, its 3000 houses, and 36,000 inhabitants, disappeared during the war of the resurrection of Greece.

Scarcely less remarkable than that of Ambelakia and Aivali has been the history of Zagoria; but fortunately here we have not to lament over a departed prosperity and a poverty-stricken community. As in the communities already described, commerce and learning were encouraged and flourished, so in Zagoria a few Greek villages, in the midst of a wild Mussulman population and protected by the Turkish Government, have preserved for centuries their ancient freedom and independence. To the east of the Lake of Ianina, and in the midst of the dark mountains of Pindus, there is a small district, broken into a thousand deep chasms and frowning precipices; in its fastnesses numerous Greek families took refuge on the fall of the Byzantine empire, but they submitted to the Mahommedan conquerors without provoking an assault, receiving in return a guarantee that their political privileges and religious rites should be for ever respected, and that no Mussulman should settle amongst them. The Greeks of Zagoria have since formed a kind of independent republic under the protection of the Porte. Forty-four villages, said to contain about 25,000 inhabitants, are almost buried in its narrow ravines or perched upon its lofty rocks. Each village elects a primate, whose duty it is to collect the taxes, to be in communication with the *vakeel*, or head primate, and, taking counsel of the chief men, to watch over and advance the interests of the community. The whole district, in order to be represented effectually and economically at the court of the Pasha of the province, chooses an agent,

who is called the *Vakeel* of Zagoria, and resides at Ianina, the seat of government. This officer is elected for six months, being changed in the spring and autumn by two representatives from each village, who assemble at Ianina, examine the accounts of the previous agent, sign them when found to be correct, and proceed to name his successor. The new *Vakeel* takes an oath to perform the articles of an agreement into which he has entered with the Zagorioties, and to maintain inviolate to the best of his power the privileges and liberties granted to them by different Sultans. It is his special duty to communicate with the Pasha on all business connected with the district which he represents, and especially as to the amount of the taxes, to take means to have those taxes paid when due to the proper authorities, to investigate all disputes between the inhabitants of Zagoria, to adjudicate in them, and to see to the execution of the decrees which he may pronounce.

The privileges thus conferred upon the Zagorioties have been faithfully respected by the Turkish government, and their territory has remained inviolate, except when a rebellious Albanian chief may have carried his marauding expeditions into their tranquil villages. The district is too barren and rocky to admit of much cultivation, and its inhabitants have not engaged in commerce and in manufactures, like those of Ambelakia, but they have carefully educated their children, and have fitted them for holding places of the greatest trust and responsibility. Each village has its schools; and perhaps few districts in the world could be cited where education is more general than in Zagoria. A traveller, whose journal is before us, writing in 1842, thus describes its state:—

‘ Each village has its school on the allelodydactic or Lancasterian system, and frequently a second school for common instruction. In Chapellovo and other villages there are also masters for such youths as have made some progress in the ordinary branches of education, and are desirous of instruction in the Greek classics. I found boys reading with fluency Demosthenes and Æschylus. The masters are paid by the communities, general rates being raised for the purpose. They are mostly well informed, and some of them are not unacquainted with French and Italian, in the rudiments of which they instruct their pupils. There appeared to be a lamentable deficiency of books, and especially of elementary works. In one village the whole library of the master consisted of an odd volume of Voltaire’s philosophical works and Rousseau’s political essays. The lower schools are not even furnished with the common religious works which are usually found in establishments of this nature. The primate complained much of this want of the essential means of instruction. The number of children attending the schools bears a very large proportion to the number of families. In

Frankades,

Frankades, a village of about 80 houses, there were 50 children in the school; in Kato-Sudina, with 100 houses, 60. In Vegades the numbers were about the same. In Chapellovo, a village of 120 houses, there were two schools—the lower containing 60 pupils, and the upper 30. This account was taken during harvest, when many of the children were absent in the fields, and the attendance was consequently thin; but I was assured that there were then 3958 children of both sexes receiving instruction, out of a population of about 25,000, or about one-sixth.*

In consequence of the comparatively high state of education in Zagoria, its male inhabitants have long been distinguished in the East for their intelligence and learning. After leaving the schools, the youths usually seek their fortunes in various parts of Turkey, in the Danubian Principalities, or in those European ports which trade with the Levant, and become lawyers, merchants, and schoolmasters. After a few years of successful industry, they return to their native villages, marry, reside a limited period with their friends, again seek occupation abroad, and visit their homes at distant intervals, until they finally retire from active life, and settle in Zagoria to finish their days. The traveller in Albania, after traversing some of its wildest districts, is surprised to find himself suddenly in the midst of a highly civilised community—to see around him spacious and elegantly furnished houses, so different from the huts to which he has been accustomed, and to be accosted by men of refined and gentle manners, speaking more than one European tongue. The women of Zagoria, too, afford an exception to the usual Greek population of Turkey and the Morea. They are remarkable to a proverb for their beauty. More lovely women are rarely to be seen than in this retired district.* They wear a picturesque though not elegant costume, which scarcely adds to their attractions. As the men are mostly absent during certain times of the year, the villages are frequently tenanted almost by women and children alone. But even in such cases the well-known hospitality of the Zagoriotēs—so different from that of the Greek communities in general—is not forgotten. The traveller no sooner arrives in a village than he is claimed by more than one eager lady as a guest; and it will be difficult for him to pass on without accepting at least for a night these cordial offers of entertainment. We speak of Zagoria as it was some eleven years since; we know not what Greek intrigue may have made it since.

We have cited the cases of Ambelakia, Aivali, and Zagoria,

* The women of Zagoria are so different in personal appearance from those of other Greek communities in Turkey in Europe, that we are almost inclined to doubt whether they are of the same race. The name of Zagoria we believe to be Wallachian.

to show how Christian communities may prosper and may enjoy a great amount of freedom under the Turkish government. M. Ubicini has given a detailed account of the various schools and seminaries which have at various times existed in Turkey, and of the learned men whom they have produced. These are no solitary instances. No one who has seen the Greeks of Constantinople and of the Princes' Islands during a feast would have the face to talk of the oppression and wrongs which at least this portion of the Christian population endures. In a very few days from the time we write, when the festival of Easter will be celebrated by the Oriental Church, nearly all the Greek inhabitants of the capital—we might almost say of the empire—will be seen congregated in the public places, dressed in their gayest dresses, indulging in the most extravagant display of jollity, and for the most part in a very forward state of intoxication. A few Turkish cavasses, or policemen, and a smiling soldier or two, will be observed lazily sauntering amongst the crowd to keep order and prevent any very serious drunken quarrel. Whilst gazing with some degree of wonder on the scene, you may be joined by a Greek merchant of your acquaintance bespangled with jewellery and dressed in all the extravagant foppery of a French beau. He will whisper to you that this holy season of Easter has been chosen for a terrible massacre of the unhappy Christians—that he has learned from the best source that the Turks have been buying up arms and hoarding gunpowder—that the Russian embassy has closed its great doors and demands a military guard—and that that very night the streets of Constantinople will flow with Christian blood. Such rumours prevail every Easter, and on every occasion throw into the utmost consternation the gobemouches of Pera. The bloody-minded Turks all the while are listlessly watching with a quiet contempt the drunken freaks of the victims of this fabulous treachery.

Let us go from the capital to the provinces. We are spending the evening of some Greek saint's day in a village on the Dardanelles. It is the summer season. The sun sinks into a bed of purple and gold. The rocky islands of Samothrace and Imbros, and the pyramid of Athos, throw their lengthening shadows over the motionless sea. Beneath our feet in those immortal plains glitter Simois and Scamander. Behind them Mount Ida lifts its wooded sides. The wide world will not match the scene. The sound of music breaks the solemn stillness. Seek the place from whence it comes, and you will see a happy crowd of men and women, boys and girls, joined hand in hand, dressed in many-coloured robes adorned with silk and gold braid, moving gracefully

fully round in a spreading circle. They are the villagers, and their friends from afar, celebrating the feast of the holy protector of their village, and dancing a dance as old as old Troy itself. The elders of the villagers are seated near, probably indulging in that greatest of luxuries—the abuse of those who are in authority over us.

Let the scene be changed to a Russian village. If it be a festive day, the noble owner of the lands is throwing nuts or bonbons to a scrambling mob of dirty, skin-clad, poverty-stricken serfs, scarcely human in their appearance or in their intelligence. Each family around is bewailing the loss of those who have been torn for ever from them and condemned to certain death from the bullet or disease in the ranks of an army that loses more men by the greatest neglect and contempt of human life than ever disgraced a civilised government. Would the Greeks of Turkey wish for the change?

We will not hesitate to affirm that, notwithstanding all the acts of injustice and oppression to which they have been at various times exposed, and the degradation which they may esteem their state of political and social inequality as regards their Mussulman rulers, the Greek populations of Turkey, whether of the towns or of the country, enjoy more real liberty, abuse it more, are more happy and prosperous, have better means of education, and are consequently more generally intelligent, than almost any peasantry in the world. We have seen that in many instances the great progress which they had made was suddenly checked by the unfortunate events to which the Greek revolution gave rise. How the condition of the Greeks who have become subjects of King Otho has improved, we will leave their own friends to determine, referring our readers to one of the most zealous advocates of the Greek cause, and the most liberal of the enemies of Turkey—Mr. Crowe. We confess we do not understand the preference which some men may assign to having their thumbs broken under the screw, and their eyes forced out by cords twisted round the head ('The Greek and the Turk,' p. 90), whilst their wives and daughters are exposed to equal tortures and public shame, for the sake of obtaining a vote for the government candidate, over a bastinado from a greedy pasha, to be avoided by the payment of a few hundred piastres! In the one case truly the victim has the satisfaction of living and suffering under a free, constitutional government—in the other he is the slave of a Mussulman despotism.

One of the principal causes of complaint of the Christians of Turkey is, that they are not placed on the same social and political footing as the Mussulman subjects of the Sultan, but
are

are looked upon as an inferior race. This charge is, to a certain extent, true, yet, like all others made against the Turks, has been most grossly exaggerated. It is the fact that Christians have not been admitted to those high political posts in which they might control the very destinies of the empire; and a moment's reflection will furnish us with sufficient reasons for their exclusion, however desirable, and even politic, it may be deemed by some that such restrictions should be removed. Are we prepared to confer such privileges upon our Mussulman subjects? Do we permit them to fill even the least important political offices in India, or to rise to any rank above that of a non-commissioned officer in the army? But it is untrue that the Christians in Turkey do not rise to any high political and social positions. It is scarcely necessary to quote the various instances of Greeks who, almost from the time of the conquest, have held the most distinguished offices in the state, and to whom have been confided the most important and delicate political transactions in which the Porte has ever been engaged;—of Panaioti, who, as grand interpreter of the Divan, enjoyed the full confidence and esteem of successive Sultans and their viziers, and through whose influence the Orthodox Church obtained that very firman upon which it now founds its claims to the Holy Places in opposition to the Latins; of Alexander Mavrocordato, an author of extensive learning, who took part in the great affairs of state, negotiated and signed the treaty of Carlowitz with Austria, and received from the Porte the new title of 'privy councillor.' The celebrated Greek quarter of Constantinople, called the Fanar, furnished the Princes of Wallachia and Moldavia, as it did those who were employed by the Divan and by the great officers of the empire in communicating with foreign powers and with their ambassadors—a duty which required in its execution the utmost delicacy, and involved the greatest responsibility. The diplomatic service is open to them, and we have seen Turkey represented at the same time at London, Paris, Brussels, and Berlin by Christians. The present Turkish ambassador in this country is a Greek, yet such is the ignorance prevailing amongst even well-educated persons upon this subject, that we have frequently heard surprise expressed that the worthy representative of the Porte at the Court of St. James's should allow his wife to be seen by the public, and that her Majesty should receive a lady who is supposed to hold a somewhat equivocal position, by sharing with several other fair partners the affections of her spouse.

With regard to the social position of the Christians, we have only to point, in direct refutation of the charge against the
Turks,

Turks, to the great commercial houses established at Constantinople, Smyrna, and other parts of the Levant, and to those wealthy Armenian bankers in whose hands are the very strings of power, and who are one of the curses of the State. The Baltazzis, the Rallis, the Mavrocordatos, and a thousand others, whose correspondents and agents are established at Marseilles and in Paris, at Manchester and in London—in almost every great commercial city of the world, and who are gradually establishing a trade which excites the wonder and jealousy of the most experienced and long-established European merchants—are really Turkish subjects, owe their wealth and prosperity to the extraordinary liberality of the Ottoman Government, and unhesitatingly prefer a residence at Constantinople to one at Athens. The confidential friend and adviser of the Sultan's mother, whose influence in the state was unbounded, was an Armenian banker. The same gentleman is no less honoured by her son, and has entertained on more than one occasion the Sultan himself and all the great officers of state at his country house on the Bosphorus. Even his Majesty has given banquets, to which the primates of the Catholic, Greek, Armenian, and *Jewish* communities have been invited, as they are now indeed to all public festivities: a degree of liberality which could not probably be matched in any civilized country of the world.

If the Greeks have to complain of any want of confidence and respect on the part of the Turks, let them reflect upon its origin and cause. Let them remember that an unbounded confidence which was once placed in them was most signally abused, and was turned to the very destruction of those who had implicitly trusted them. Let them not forget that the want of respect is justified by the proverbial meanness, the immorality, and the dishonesty of the Greeks of the Levant.

The religious and political privileges which the Sultans, from the time of the conquest, had accorded to their Christian subjects were confirmed and extended, soon after the accession of the present Sultan, by the celebrated Hatti Sheriff of Gulhanè, which has been termed the Magna Charta of Turkey. To give every possible solemnity to its promulgation, the diplomatic agents of the European Powers were invited to the ceremony, which took place on the 3rd of November, 1839, in the presence of the Sultan himself and of the great dignitaries of the empire. The equal rights before the law of all the inhabitants of the Turkish empire, whether Christians or Mussulmans, were now formally recognized. The protection of their lives, honour, and fortunes was guaranteed to them; a just system of imposing and levying taxes, and the establishment of a regular mode of recruiting

recruiting the army and fixing the term for military service, were declared to be the principal objects contemplated by the Imperial ordinance. The promises then made have been on the whole, as far as the Sultan and his Government are concerned, faithfully performed, and the best proof that can be adduced of such being the case is the vastly improved condition of the Christian populations, and the resources which Turkey has shown in the present war. Many other measures have since been adopted, equally liberal in principle and equally advantageous to the Christians. Councils for the administration of local affairs, whose duty it is to advise and control the governors, and in which the heads of the different Christian and Jewish communities have seats with the Turkish authorities, have been established in all the principal cities of the empire. The old law, which punished with death those who renounced the Mussulman religion, has been abrogated. All forced labour, *corvées*, and contributions for military and other purposes, have been abolished. The taxes have been put upon a just basis, and fairly assessed. Irregular impositions, presents to the authorities as *rishvets* or bribes, have been declared illegal. Courts of law, in which Christians are placed upon the same footing as Mussulmans, have been established for the settlement of commercial and other civil suits. And we now learn that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has obtained an Imperial firman, authorising the reception of Christian evidence in all cases whatever: a concession the importance of which can scarcely be overrated.

We do not pretend to assert that these good measures are always observed to their full extent. Far from it; they are perhaps violated every day in different parts of the empire. But we have this most important fact, that the principles they involve have been solemnly declared to be the basis upon which the Ottoman Government is at all times prepared to act, and upon which it will deal with its Christian subjects. It must moreover be borne in mind that these great reforms have only been introduced within the last fourteen years, and it is impossible to change a whole generation in a day. The enlightened ministers of the Sultan who devised and are prepared to carry out the improvements, cannot yet find the instruments to effect their purpose. Those who from education and personal character are most trustworthy are selected for the more important governments in the immediate vicinity of the capital; the distant provinces are necessarily confided to men who are less capable or less honest. It is exactly in these provinces, far removed from the control of the central authority, and frequently without an European consul or any other person in authority who can report

report to the Ministers, that the scenes of oppression and cruelty usually occur which have justly excited the indignation and horror of travellers. But even these abuses are gradually being removed. Every one who has been intimately acquainted with Turkey during the last fifteen years must admit the extraordinary improvement which has already taken place in the condition of the Christian populations and in the general security of life and property. We need only refer to the lively and instructive work of Captain Slade, now an admiral in the Turkish navy, as furnishing abundant proofs of the fact. If the Christians have any cause to complain, it is that they are being placed too much under those laws of police, which are injudiciously recommended for adoption to the Porte as the institutions of civilized Governments. We question whether any one who has enjoyed that perfect liberty of action, that unbounded hospitality, and that complete absence of all control which once formed the great charm of Eastern travelling, will prefer a system of passports and public caravanserais, and all the annoyances which the police regulations of European states inevitably entail.

But the real impediment to the rapid progress of the Greek communities of Turkey is to be sought in their own clergy. The ignorance and immorality of the Greek bishops and priests have brought them into merited contempt with the Turkish authorities, whilst their rapacity has exposed their flocks to endless vexations, and their intolerance has checked almost every attempt at education and social improvement.* Although now admitted into the municipal councils, their vices, dishonesty, and want of truthfulness destroy that influence which they might otherwise enjoy. We have before us an official report upon the condition of the Greeks on the borders, which furnishes details of the frightful immorality and misconduct of the bishops of nearly all the towns in that part of Turkey too disgusting to be more than referred to. The same description applies to the European provinces of the empire where Greek priests are placed over Slavonian and Bulgarian communities.

It was to remove this state of things that many of the reforms introduced by the Turkish government were devised; it is to maintain and encourage it that the Emperor of Russia has been mainly induced to make those demands which have led to war. As long as the clergy can keep the people in a condition as corrupt and brutal as their own, and can have the entire control over their civil as well as their spiritual concerns, the Czar

* There would be little difficulty in showing that the Russian clergy are no better than their co-religionists. We may refer our readers to an article on the subject in the number of Blackwood for March.

need not fear the possibility of the establishment of any strong Christian power in Turkey in Europe. But the Greeks are gradually emancipating themselves from this degrading yoke. The spirit of inquiry is abroad; and, for the sake of humanity and civilisation, we trust that the time is now come when the only check to it will be for ever removed.

We have hitherto only spoken of the Greeks. Most of our remarks, especially those which relate to the improved condition of the Christians of Turkey, will equally apply to the other Christian populations under the Sultan's rule. As in the case of the Greeks, so in that of the Armenians, many of the evils complained of are to be traced to their own hierarchy, and to the rapacity and immorality of the heads—civil as well as religious—of their sect.

Having thus given some account of the condition of the Christian populations of Turkey, our article would be incomplete were we not to devote a few remarks to that of the Mussulmans. We will confine ourselves to the Turks, properly so called; our space will not permit us to touch upon the various Mohammedan races which are found in the empire. By the Turks we mean all the non-Christian inhabitants of Turkey in Europe, except the Albanians, and those of Asia Minor who speak the Turkish language, including of course the great Turcoman tribes of its central plains.

We will take Mr. Crowe as a specimen of those travellers in whom it is difficult to separate misrepresentation of facts from inexcusable ignorance. This gentleman, on setting foot in Constantinople, gives us the following description of a people with whose manners and language he is completely unacquainted, and whom he sees for the first time:—

‘Once in the streets of Constantinople, the Frank cannot be mistaken in perceiving that he is surrounded by a crowd of barbarians, filthy fanatics, and furious ruffians, who regard him with ineffable yet undisguised contempt. The looks of the fellows sufficiently express this; but a very trifling accident, any collision with you or your dragoman, unless the latter be an official kawas, will call upon your Christian head, and upon those of your relations, a volley of filthy vituperation, at which the blood boils. The desire to have this rabble taught their true value and position in the scale of human existence is the strongest feeling that animates a stranger on first visiting Constantinople. Custom may blunt, and politics outweigh susceptibility, as well as the wishes it excites. But, however reckless one may become of Turkish execration, and however inimical to the idea of having Russia lording it in the capital of the East, it would afford infinite pleasure to most people to learn that the rabble of Constantinople was kicked into the Bosphorus.’—*The Greek and the Turk*, p. 183.

And

And this is said of a population which has distinguished itself by unexampled moderation under circumstances which would probably have driven into open revolt the inhabitants of nearly every city in Europe! We will not remark on the bad taste displayed in these unseemly and uncharitable paragraphs, but we cannot conceal our surprise that they should come from one who displays his complete ignorance in almost every page of his volume of the subject on which he professes to treat. He has scarcely seen the Turkish coast when we find him committing the egregious error, repeated, if we remember rightly, more than once in his work, of speaking of the migration of the Tartar tribes to replenish the Turkish race as still continuing, and attributing to it the present disturbed and neglected state of Asia Minor. 'The pastor-tribes of the north still continue the southward movement of the great migration, though they are not in masses or in any way to be heralded by history!' (p. 175.) No such migration has taken place for centuries, and any acquaintance with the political geography of Western Asia would at once show that it is impossible that it should. The Ourouk and other Turcoman tribes now found in Asia Minor are the descendants of those who for many hundred years have pastured their flocks in the same vast plains.

We open again, p. 188, and find three misstatements together. Mr. Crowe describes the meanness of the Greek houses in the Christian quarter of Constantinople called the Fanar, and upon this fact, attributable alone to the meanness of their inhabitants, he founds a sweeping accusation of oppression and intolerance against the Turks. He has not the candour to state that the finest mansions of Pera and the most spacious country-houses on the Bosphorus, furnished with every European luxury, surrounded by gardens, and almost vieing with the imperial palaces, have been built and are inhabited by Armenians and Greeks.* If you leave the Fanar, he tells us, and do

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* The author of 'Anadol: the Last Home of the Faithful,' who has had more experience of the Greeks than most Englishmen, in a few words describes the Armenian and Greek houses, and well hints at the causes of the flourishing state of the one and the ruined appearance of the other. 'Here are splendid Armenian dwellings at Ortakini, light and new; there, tumble-down Greek mansions, at Kuru Tshesme, black and old; wealth acquired by assiduous speculation, and ruin entailed by national ambition. Rich bankers and diamond-merchants, Allaverdis and Duzoglus (two of the principal Armenian families) are here, and uncommonly comfortable they look; but where is the Greek Prince Morusi, who signed away Bessarabia in the treaty of Bucharest; and where is Prince Soutzo, who informed the French Ambassador Sebastiani of the Turkish capitulation when Admiral Duckworth passed the Dardanelles? Where are they? Evidently not at home; both clean gone—beheaded. The miserable Patriarch of the Greek Church, Gregory, who joined in the revolutionary Hetairia of his nation, lived in this rickety

more than sneak through the bye-lanes around, to steal a furtive glance at the Mosque of Eyoub, your indiscreet curiosity may cost you your life! The entrance to the Mosque is undoubtedly forbidden to all but Mussulmans, but the traveller may loiter pleasantly enough for an idle hour amongst the trellised tombs rising amid the pleasant gardens overgrown with roses and wild flowers, and, if he be not bent on wilfully insulting the religious feelings—or call them prejudices, if you will—of those amongst whom he is a guest and a stranger, he may enjoy many a friendly and profitable chat with the students of the colleges, or the guardians of the sacred building.

Mr. Crowe, in the next paragraph, repeats a story current in Pera of the murder of the son—for we believe there was only one—of the Sultan's sister, in consequence of a barbarous law, or rather custom, which condemns to death at their birth all males of royal descent, except the Imperial children. We can state, however, on the authority of an eminent English physician, who attended the Imperial family, and was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, that, by the express command of the Sultan, the child was not put to death. Both mother and child died, but from natural causes.

Again, we open at p. 194, and find Mr. Crowe repeating a vulgar fallacy that, according to the Turks, women are not admitted into the Mohammedan paradise, and that any religious disposition in her is at least discouraged. This is completely false. Women in the east are as punctual at their prayers as the men, and perform with equal strictness all the duties of their religion. Before Mr. Crowe ventured to give us disquisitions upon the religion and the habits of the Turks, he might as well have read the Koran, and taken the trouble to obtain some information, however slight and superficial, upon the subjects on which he treats. He repeats the absurdest of vulgar errors on these subjects. He enormously exaggerates the extent and practice of polygamy, and

rickety building; what has become of him, too? Long since hanged, and thrown into the Bosphorus. . . . At Nichori few notabilities exist. There is no lack of large houses to be sure, with their own private quays towards the sea; the bridges over the street, and their terraced-gardens climbing the heights behind the villages; and they are occupied by wealthy Armenians, too. But there is a real live Greek magnate here, a good specimen of his kind (the well-known Logothete, the political agent of the Greek Church—the promoter and developer of all Russian intrigues). Clinging to old prejudices and pusillanimities, he makes a fair show of poverty in the external aspect of his habitation, though it contains sumptuous apartments within: for he is rich withal; nor has he forgotten the time when Greek well-being excited Turkish persecution; and, still paying a daily court in the antechambers of Pashas, he dreams of bowstrings and daggers, long since fallen into disuse and rusty, and calls the great men's meanest household slaves his valued friends, in the hope of securing thus his life and fortune, which, while enjoying by virtue of an altered system, he thanks his abject sycophancy for.—(pp. 7-13.)

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he is completely ignorant of the influence of women in the East, and the liberty they really enjoy. Every Turk must have, according to him, a well-stocked harem—a hundred wives appear to be but a small allowance. The law, according to its interpretation by that sect to which the Turks belong, permits four wives; but the expense—to say nothing of public opinion, which goes a good way—enables only the most wealthy to have more than one. With a few exceptions, the ministers of the Sultan and the principal dignitaries of Constantinople have but one wife. Sir Charles Fellows states the same fact of the poorer inhabitants of the provinces:—‘Though the law,’ says he, ‘allows several wives, it is a liberty of which the people seldom take advantage: I have seen, in thousands of instances, the Turk in his tent with his one wife, appearing as constant in his attachment to her as a peasant of a Christian country’ (*Travels and Researches*, p. 224). The influence, too, which Eastern women exercise over their husbands and families is very considerable—quite as great perhaps as in the West. The Sultan’s mother, it is well known, was consulted, and took an active part, in all the principal affairs of state. Children treat their mothers, and husbands their wives, with the utmost deference and respect. And as for the liberty enjoyed by Turkish ladies, a very slight acquaintance with Turkish society will suffice to show that it might perhaps be restricted with advantage to their morals, and without much interference with their personal freedom; for a lady in her veil may go where she likes and may defy recognition—even from those to whom she may be best known.*

Great as may be the evils of the harem and of polygamy, and opposed as both undoubtedly are to the complete civilisation and regeneration of the Mahommedan races, yet they are by no means so fatal to social happiness or to the liberty of women, or so conducive to immorality, as many European writers would lead us to believe. Unfortunately, the principle involved in the question is one of the most sacred in the Mohammedan faith, and it is one which must be touched upon, when arguing with Mussulmans, with the greatest delicacy and caution, and will probably be the last to be given up. In no capital in the world

* There is a common story current amongst Levantines, that a Turkish lady has only to place her slippers on the outside of her door to prevent her husband entering her apartment, and that she is thus able to carry on an intrigue in her own house. Like many similar calumnies against the Turks, propagated by ignorant Greek dragomans for the edification of travellers, it is based upon a fact. According to the law a man cannot see or converse with a woman who is not his wife, or who is not nearly related to him; consequently, he cannot enter the harem when his wife receives her female guests. As it is the custom in Turkey for people to leave their slippers at the door, he knows by seeing those of strange ladies that the entrance is forbidden him.

is there less immorality, less to shock the feelings, than in Constantinople: we speak of the Mussulman quarters of the city, where a bachelor is not even allowed to take a house. In the Christian quarters there is an European license. Each Turkish quarter has its own domestic police. The older and most influential men meet of an evening at some coffee-house, and discuss the passing events of the day. If any one has misconducted himself or has exposed himself to grave suspicion, he is quickly compelled to leave the place.

We open at page 208, and find Mr. Crowe, from his knowledge and experience of Turkish manners and habits, asserting that 'no labouring man—not even an artisan—can afford a wife;' and then describing the utter poverty and misery of the poorer classes in Turkish cities:—

* 'They die out on dunghills. And when a poor Turk does grow old or sicken unto death, how fearful is his fate! For him there is no hospital, for him there is no physician; no woman tends his couch, no son, no daughter pays to him the last melancholy duties. . . . They die like dogs, and even worse than dogs—uncared for and untended.'

It would be impossible to give a more untrue picture of the Turk than is conveyed in these sentences. In the first place, there is probably no country in which marriages are more general amongst persons of all classes than in Turkey. Almost the first thought of a father, in however poor and humble a condition he may be, is to marry his son; and any one who has had the opportunity of seeing much of the Turkish peasantry will know how general marriage is amongst them, the truth being that wives are usually taken at too early an age. Mr. Crowe must be ignorant of the simplest facts connected with the condition of the Turks, as well as of the very first duties inculcated by the Mussulman religion, when he declares that in Turkey neglect is shown to those who are in want and distress. In no country are there fewer poor, or is there less actual misery—in no Christian land is more true sympathy and charity shown for the suffering and the needy:—

'One of the moral benefits of temperance,' observes Sir Charles Fellows (*Travels and Researches*, p. 224), 'may be traced in the exemption of the people from abject poverty. I have seen few beggars except the blind, and few persons looking very poor. The people's wants, which are few, are generally well supplied; and in every tent there is a meal for a stranger, whatever be his condition.'

It is the absolute duty of all Mussulmans to give a large portion of their goods to the poor, to aid those who are in sickness and in distress, and to assist in burying the dead; and it is at least one of the characteristics of the believers in the Moham-medan

medan faith, in contradistinction, we fear, to many Christian people, that they perform as well as profess their duties. If Mr. Crowe had wandered during his ill-spent days in Constantinople through the vast burying-grounds that surround the city and its suburb Scutari, and had watched the deep and earnest grief of many a poor woman who pays her daily visit to her husband's grave, he might, notwithstanding his uncharitable prejudices, have doubted whether Turks "die like dogs, untended and uncared for."

We will quote no more from Mr. Crowe, although every page of his work would afford us an opportunity of contradicting some vulgar error and of exposing some popular fallacy. Let us turn to those who, far more intimately acquainted with the Turks and with their country than that gentleman, have borne an impartial and willing testimony in their favour. Sir Charles Fellows, after a prolonged journey in the least frequented parts of Asia Minor, inhabited almost exclusively by the Turkish race, with whom he unrestrainedly mixed, thus sums up the results of his experience and observations:—

'How different are now my feelings towards the Turks from those uncharitable prejudices with which I looked upon them on my first arrival at this place! To their manners, habits, and character, equally as to their costume, I am become not only reconciled, but sincerely attached; for I have found truth, honesty, and kindness, the most estimable and amiable qualities, in a people among whom I so little looked for them. . . . The feature in the character of the people which first presents itself to the stranger and sojourner among them is hospitality. They are indeed given to hospitality. It was proffered to me by all ranks—from the Pasha to the peasant in his tent among the mountains—and was tendered as a thing of course, without the idea of any return being made. No question was asked; distinction of nation or religion, of rich or poor, was not thought of; but "feed the stranger" was the universal law. Their honesty most strikes the traveller. . . . I never lost even a piece of string. On noticing this to my servant, a Greek, he excused the honesty of the Turks by saying that their religion did not allow them to steal. . . . Truth, the twin sister of honesty, is equally conspicuous in them; and here again the Greek apologises for them—"The Mahometan dares not lie; their religion forbids it." In every relation or circumstance in which I saw them, in their families and among strangers, love and kindness to one another seemed to prevail; sincerity banishes suspicion, and honesty and candour beget openness in all their dealings.'

Having thus given the character of the Mussulmans, Sir Charles Fellows compares them with the Greeks:—

'The superstition and total want of morality in the professors of the Greek Church may well deter the Turks from seeking to change their faith. The disciples of the Greek Church frequently become followers

of the Prophet, when it will promote their commercial or political success; but there is scarcely an instance of the conversion of a Turk to what is called Christianity.'—*Travels and Researches*, pp. 221-225.

The reason which Sir Charles Fellows assigns for the fact which he has remarked is undoubtedly the true one. The Turks have seen nothing of Christianity—whether as professed in the West or in the East—except in its most forbidding and most debased form. Until very recently almost their only knowledge of Europeans was obtained through a swarm of ignorant and vicious Italians and Frenchmen—who, banished or voluntary exiles from their native land, on account of some crime or political indiscretion, sought their fortunes in Turkey. They obtained, without having the smallest acquaintance with medicine, frequently through the mere commiseration of the Turks, places as doctors in the army, in the quarantine establishments, or in the suite of some Pasha. Giving way without restraint to their own evil passions, they pandered to every vice of their Turkish employers, encouraged them in drunkenness, professed a disbelief in all religion, rivalled the worst class of Christians in the East in habits of the lowest servility and meanness, and justly merited and received the contempt of every respectable man. But, unfortunately, they became the type of the European, who is consequently believed to be an habitual drunkard and an atheist, and to indulge unrestrained in every vice. This refuse of Europe thus furnished the models in too many instances for the rising generation of the Osmanlis.

The conduct, again, of the Eastern Christian is not calculated to insure for the professors of Christianity much respect from the Mussulman population. The gross superstitions of the Eastern churches, their images, their ridiculous ceremonies, are objects not only of contempt but of abhorrence to the true believer, who prides himself on the rigid purity of his faith. As Europeans are looked upon as atheists, so the eastern Christians are considered idolaters. Their want of honesty and truthfulness, their cowardice and servility, have tended to increase these feelings on the part of the Turks. These are circumstances which should never be forgotten by those who argue on matters of religion with Mohammedans. Missionaries have left them out of view, and have consequently failed in their endeavours to make converts among Mussulmans. They must begin by proving to the Turks that the Christianity they have seen is no Christianity at all. It is not by mere words but by reference to facts that this can be effected. Hitherto the Turk has usually had an example before him which is opposed to the simple assertions of his instructors.

We have reason to hope that the separate communities which
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are now being formed amongst the Armenian and Greek converts to Protestantism will go far towards furnishing the proof that is required. As yet the results have been encouraging. The new proselytes have shown an honesty, a straightforwardness, an earnestness in professing and maintaining their faith under persecution, and a simplicity and purity in their religious worship, which have already produced a most favourable impression on the Turks, who have frequently been heard to remark that if this be Christianity they can understand how nations have become prosperous and powerful by professing it. We have always argued the most important results—political as well as religious—from the great movement which has of late taken place in the Oriental Churches. We believe that its results, if they prove such as we anticipate, will be the only possible means of getting at the Mussulmans. Roman Catholicism may have, and undoubtedly has had, very great success amongst other sects, but its outward forms and its superstitions render it peculiarly repugnant to the Mohammedan. In the simpler worship and doctrines of the Protestant Church he thinks he sees a religion more approaching his own, and many of his objections against Christianity are removed. These Eastern races, surpassing all others in the ardour of their imagination and the intense warmth of their feelings, have received with eagerness and have adhered with extraordinary tenacity to a faith distinguished by the absence of all those outward displays which are best calculated to captivate the senses and mislead the understanding. Amongst such nations we need not despair of witnessing the spread of a pure and simple form of Christianity. Of what vast importance, therefore, is it to resist the attempt which Russia is now making to check the progress of Protestantism in the East, and to maintain all the abuses and superstitions of the Oriental Church! The facts brought under public notice by Lord Shaftesbury in the House of Lords on the 10th of March are not only true, but were rather understated than exaggerated, and still more important inferences might be drawn from them than his Lordship, perhaps wisely, ventured to dwell upon on such an occasion. Most cordially, also, do we agree in the testimony which Lord Shaftesbury bore to the devotedness, disinterested zeal, and well-directed exertions of the American missionaries, who have been alone instrumental in carrying on this great work, and in bringing it to its present encouraging state. Their humble labours may prove a means, un contemplated by statesmen and diplomatists, of solving the greatest political problem of modern days, and of establishing civilization and true Christianity in the East.

Mr. Smyth has seen no less of the Mussulman populations of Turkey than Sir Charles Fellows, and has even mixed with them in a more intimate manner. We have not space to quote several highly interesting and characteristic anecdotes of the honesty of the Turks from his amusing volume, which we strongly recommend to such of our readers as may wish to learn how to travel with most economy and with most profit in the East. Of his travelling companions he tells us that they

‘had served, some as officers, but mostly as privates, in various corps; and though sometimes extremely rough, were, as a body, remarkable for a propriety and kindliness of conduct superior to what we should meet in a similar group among nations occupying a higher place in European estimation. The injunction to “do unto others as you would they should do unto you” is not considered an idle form of words by the Turks, but is carried into practice. The most wealthy does not disdain to converse with the poorest; the strong man in the mob will yield to the old, or to women and children; some exhibit a respect amounting to reverence towards their parents; and the stranger amid a crowd meets with those attentions which prove that the people possess in a kindly heart and manner one of the most agreeable elements of true civilization.’—(p. 184.)

On leaving his Mohammedan friends he thus contrasts them with his new Greek acquaintances:—

“What’s in a name?” Well had Mahmoud Bey observed to me that, as regarded religion, it mattered little to Allah what we call ourselves. My good Mohammedan friends, to say nothing of their hospitality, had been so scrupulously honourable on the journey, that my share of the expenses, calculated to the utmost farthing, had amounted to an absurdly small sum. I was now to see what the nominal profession of a purer creed would do. The Greeks received me at a house in the outskirts of the town with fraternizing expressions to welcome the brother Christian. But scarcely a quarter of an hour passed before they took advantage of my haste and inability to trade elsewhere; and as their horse was provided with a *samar* or pack-saddle, cheated me outrageously in the price they gave for the saddle which I was obliged to leave behind. It was the first specimen, and far from the last, of the dirty meannesses and trickeries which, they allowed, were not practised by the Turks, because, forsooth, the Mohammedan religion strictly forbids any deviation from honesty.’—(p. 259.)

Mr. Curzon, in his recent work, remarks in a similar spirit:—

‘The progress of infidelity, which has begun at Constantinople, is the greatest temporal danger to the power of the Turkish empire. The Turk implicitly believes the tenets of his religion; he keeps its precepts and obeys its laws; he is proud of his faith, and prays in public when the hour of prayer arrives. How different, alas! is the manner in which the divine laws of Christianity are kept! The Christian

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seems ashamed of his religion: as for obeying the doctrines of the Gospel, they have no perceptible effect upon the mass of the people, among whom drunkenness, dishonesty, and immorality prevail almost unchecked, except by the fear of punishment in this world; while in Turkey (*i. e.* among the Mohammedan Turks) not one-tenth part of the crime exists which is annually committed in Christendom.'—*Armenia*, p. 97.

We could quote many other travellers equally well acquainted with the Turks who have borne similar testimony in their favour. It is not surprising, however, that accounts brought back by hasty tourists are so contradictory; for it requires a very long residence in Turkey and a very intimate knowledge of the people to arrive at any trustworthy opinion upon the condition and character of the various races forming the discordant elements that constitute the Ottoman empire. The difficulties are increased a hundredfold in the case of the Mussulmans. The languages they speak are rarely known to Europeans. They themselves, with very few exceptions, are totally unacquainted with any tongue but their own. Those who from education or from diplomatic connexion with Europe talk a little French or Italian, whilst generally about the most lax in conduct and most devoid of principle, are also those who are brought into contact with Europeans, and are hastily accepted as specimens of the whole race. They have acquired, in fact, all the vices of civilisation, and have lost all the virtues of what we call barbarism. Again, the religion of the Turks is a mystery to most travellers, who take for granted that it is a compound of intolerance, absurdity, and fraud, utterly unworthy of notice or inquiry, and without a single redeeming trait. Then the mode of life of the Turk, so different from our own,—his aversion to many of our habits and customs, and his unwillingness to mix on familiar terms with those who continually offend his notions of dignity and propriety,—are further causes which separate the traveller, and even the resident, from the Mohammedan population. The Turk, moreover, of the capital must not be confounded with the Turk of the provinces. The one has been exposed, and has yielded, to all the temptations which are offered by a swarm of needy, unprincipled adventurers from every quarter of Europe; the other, who has had no intercourse with Christians, still retains his ancient manners and his national character.

Another circumstance for which allowance must be made is that, as in many other countries, office spoils the Turk. The humble, charitable, and affable gentleman becomes too often a proud, greedy, and insolent Pasha. His true character can
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only be judged when you see him in his native town or village—living as his forefathers have done before him—still preserving his virtues and his vices; the former not diminished nor the latter increased by so-called civilisation. Mr. Layard gives the following account of the old Turkish landholder, who was somewhat of a feudal chief:—

‘It is customary to regard these old Turkish lords as inexorable tyrants—robber chiefs who lived on the plunder of travellers and of their subjects. That there were many who answered to this description cannot be denied; but they were, I believe, exceptions. Amongst them were some rich in virtues and high and noble feeling. It has been frequently my lot to find a representative of this nearly extinct class in some remote and almost unknown spot in Asia Minor or Albania. I have been received with affectionate warmth at the end of a day’s journey by a venerable Bey or Agha in his spacious mansion, now fast crumbling to ruin, but still bright with the remains of rich, yet tasteful, oriental decoration; his long beard, white as snow, falling low on his breast; his many-folded turban shadowing his benevolent yet manly countenance, and his limbs enveloped in the noble garments rejected by the new generation; his hall open to all comers, the guest neither asked from whence he came or whither he was going, dipping his hands with him in the same dish; his servants, standing with reverence before him, rather his children than his servants; his revenues spent in raising fountains on the wayside for the weary traveller, or in building caravanserais on the dreary plain; not only professing but practising all the duties and virtues enjoined by the Koran, which are Christian duties and virtues too; in his manners, his appearance, his hospitality, and his faithfulness a perfect model for a Christian gentleman. The race is fast passing away, and I feel grateful in being able to testify, with a few others, to its existence once, against prejudice, intolerance, and so called reform.’—*Nineveh and Babylon*, p. 12.

But although, as Mr. Layard states, this class is fast disappearing, the true Turkish character may still be found among the inhabitants of the little-frequented provinces of Asia Minor, and in such parts of European Turkey as have not yet been much visited by Europeans, or contaminated by Greek intrigue. Those who have seen the Turks in their genuine state know them to be, what they are described in the extracts already given, an honest, truth-telling, humane, charitable, hospitable, and tolerant race. We question whether there be any people in the world to which so many epithets could with equal justice be applied. Their honesty is beyond a doubt. Any one who has travelled much in Turkey will acknowledge that whilst wandering in districts inhabited by Turks only he has felt the greatest security, which was changed for very different feelings when he has entered a province partly inhabited by Greeks. Even at
Constantinople,

Constantinople, whilst in the Mussulman quarters perfect confidence prevails by night, although the doors of the houses and shops are almost open and unprotected, in the Christian or European quarters, notwithstanding every precaution, burglary, robbery, and murder are of constant occurrence. It would seem that these facts are already becoming known to those who have ventured amongst our present allies, the Turks. The following paragraph is from a letter which appeared in the 'Daily News' of the 18th of March, and it is amusing to observe the surprise, almost amounting to incredulity, which a common feature of the Turkish character naturally creates in the mind of one who has shared in the vulgar notions on the subject.

'But this toll reminds me of a trait so wonderful, that I am not afraid to say, "If you have ears, prepare to hear and disbelieve." To-day I hired a Bulgarian peasant, with his ox-cart, to move my luggage and that of my companion, a Hungarian, and once a soldier. Trunks, portmanteaus, carpet bags, cloaks, furs, and shawls, all lay exposed. Wishing to buy hay for our repose at night (beds are out of date here), a civil Turk, of all tongues, offered to go with me. The peasant unyoked his oxen, left them and our goods in the waggon in the street, and followed. I remonstrated: "Some one must stay." "Why?" said the surprised Turk. "To watch the goods." "Oh," said the Mussulman, "that's not necessary—they can stand there a week. Nobody will touch them, by night or day." I submitted; sat half an hour in a distant coffee-house with the civil Turk, and then went quietly to the waggon. Not a hair had been touched. Remember, soldiers from all Islam are roaming about, and then let this fact be proclaimed to Christians from the pulpits of London. It ought to rouse some of us out of a long nap.'

People talk of the Turks as essentially a cruel and a blood-thirsty race; and they have at times undoubtedly been roused to terrible deeds of violence and blood, and history has recorded the atrocities committed by the first Turkish invaders. But ordinarily they are both humane and gentle—affectionate parents, devoted and respectful children, kind masters, and attached servants. Their humanity to animals has become a proverb, and might well be imitated by Christian nations. Even capital punishment is almost virtually abolished in Turkey, as it is with the utmost difficulty that the Sultan, in whom alone (with the exception of the Viceroy of Egypt) the power of life and death is vested, can be induced to consent to the execution of a notorious malefactor. Indeed this leniency is premature, and is the cause of much evil. Yet in this country it is generally believed that the bowstring and scimitar are still the principal national institutions of Turkey—that every minister is dismissed from office by a cup of coffee, that the mufti is pounded in a mortar, and that some impaled or decapitated

decapitated wretch may be seen at every street-corner of the capital.

An unaffected hospitality is one of the most pleasing features in the character of the Turks. In every village a room is kept for the entertainment of the traveller. There he is provided with food and a coverlet for his night's rest at the expense of the inhabitants. When he rises in the morning to go his way, he will probably not even see again those who have cared for and waited upon him. To offer money in return for this hospitality would be an insult. On the high roads much frequented by European travellers these primitive customs have frequently disappeared; but they are still found unchanged in the remoter provinces. Even in Constantinople the old Turkish hospitality is not extinct, not consisting in evening routs or casual dinners, which it would appear from Mr. Crowe are the true tests of hospitality (*The Greek and the Turk*, p. 286), but in a house open at all seasons, as well to those who are in misery and want as to friends and equals—a table abundant but frugal, at which any one who enters may take his place.

The religious intolerance of the Turks is greatly exaggerated by European writers. It is a fundamental law of their creed, prescribed by the Prophet, that all Christians should on being conquered adopt the faith of Islam, or pay tribute. When the election has been made, and the subjected race have consented to the payment of the capitation-tax or Kharaj, the agreement has been faithfully kept, and they have been left in undisturbed enjoyment of their religious opinions. The Mussulman has never abandoned his own faith, and has never sought to make proselytes amongst the Christians. The Turkish authorities have ever been very cautious in receiving a convert, especially if he be an European. His motives are always suspected, and he is consequently subjected to a close examination before a competent tribunal. M. Ubicini relates the following anecdote, still current in Constantinople, although of ancient date:—

‘A stranger, one day presenting himself before the Grand Vizier, Raghib Pasha, declared that, the Prophet Mahomet having appeared to him and invited him to accept the true faith, he had come all the way from Dantzic to make his public profession, impatient to deserve the favours which belonged to Islamism. “Here is a pretty fellow!” cried the Vizier: “Mahomet appearing to an infidel, and at Dantzic, too! Why, here am I, who have lived sixty-five years in the city of the true believers, repeating for that time my prayers, according to the law, five times every day, and yet the Prophet has never conferred this honour upon me!” He then ordered that fifty sound blows of the stick should be administered on the soles of the feet of the new convert to try his faith.’

We have heard of more than one similar scheme on the part of the Turkish authorities to evade a disagreeable alternative. Four or five years ago a Christian muleteer was brought before the Pasha of Mosul for using most blasphemous language against the Prophet, and the people loudly demanded his death. When the words were repeated to the Governor, he started back with horror. 'It is impossible,' exclaimed he, 'that any man could have spoken thus without at once bringing down upon his head condign and immediate punishment from Allah himself. I cannot, therefore, believe that he uttered these words, for it would be presumptuous in me to punish that which God has not noticed.' There have been no general religious persecutions in Turkey, no inquisition, no *auto da fés*. Thousands of Jews, exposed to a cruel persecution in Spain, deprived of their property, and threatened with fearful tortures, sought refuge in Turkey, and their descendants still inhabit the principal cities and speak the Spanish tongue.* They live unmolested, and are indeed rather favoured, by the Mussulmans; their only persecutors, we blush to say, are the Christians, *especially the Greeks*. During Easter this fanatical hatred against the Jews is, as is well known, allowed full scope in Athens; whilst in Turkey the unfortunate Hebrews are only protected from the murderous and cowardly attacks of the Greeks by Turkish soldiery—another instance, no doubt, of oppression of the Christians, and of Mussulman interference with their rights and privileges. In Constantinople, in Smyrna, and other cities of the Levant, synagogues and churches of every denomination—Catholic, Greek, Armenian—may be seen side by side. On feast-days processions of priests, bearing crosses, images, and all the paraphernalia of their respective creeds, may be met in the streets of Pera. The funerals of the dead, performed according to the various rites of the Western and Oriental Churches, pass not only unimpeded, but respectfully treated, through the most crowded thoroughfares; the body exposed and dressed with flowers and tinsel finery, as amongst the Greeks, or followed by the long train of candle-bearing monks, as amongst the Latins. The Sultan himself has lately given a piece of ground for the burial of the Protestant dead. And whilst on this

* Nearly all the Jews in Turkey in Europe are of Spanish origin, and speak a corrupt Spanish. Mr. Schauffler, a learned and most devoted American missionary to the Jews of Constantinople, has translated and published, in a very beautiful form, the Old Testament in the language and character peculiar to that people. There is a curious ethnological fact connected with them, which we do not remember to have seen noticed elsewhere. Whilst the Jew in most countries is distinguished by his dark eyes, complexion, and hair, in the East he is known by his blue eyes, pale complexion, and light flaxen hair. It would seem that Providence has destined the Jews to be everywhere a separate and distinct race.

subject we cannot omit a very pleasing and characteristic anecdote of the present Sultan. When Signor Fossati, the architect employed to repair the mosque of St. Sophia, had removed the plaster placed by the Turkish conquerors over the unrivalled mosaics which adorned the dome and walls of that glorious edifice, the Sultan visited these marvellous remains of Byzantine art. After contemplating for a while, with evident emotion, the colossal but solemn forms of the Virgin and of the Greek Emperor, he turned to Signor Fossati, and said, 'It is against the precepts of our religion that such things should remain exposed on the walls of a place of worship. Cover up the pictures carefully, and so that the plaster may be removed at any future period without injury to them, for God only knows the future, and He alone can tell for whom this building may be reserved.' The commands of the Sultan were punctually obeyed.

Sultan Mahmoud, who has been represented as a bloodthirsty monster, the arch-enemy of Christianity, and the especial oppressor of Greece, regarded with singular favour his Christian subjects, and extended to them his particular protection. He was roused and exasperated when the Greeks rose and committed unheard-of atrocities upon the Mussulmans. But even this feeling of vengeance was soon checked, and, as we have already observed, he successfully restrained a natural ebullition of national feeling which threatened to vent itself in a massacre of the Christians, when the news of the disastrous event of Navarino reached the capital. He behaved with great leniency even to those who had rebelled against him. General Diebitsch had induced the Greeks of Roumelia to destroy their houses, their vineyards, and their plantations, and to take part with the invaders. Deserted on the retreat of the Russians, they were not only permitted to return to their villages, but were released for three years from the payment of all taxes. When Lord Stratford de Redcliffe (then Sir Stratford Canning), after the establishment of the kingdom of Greece—mainly the work of his hands—saw the Sultan, Mahmoud presented him with his own portrait, set in diamonds, the first time, we believe, that such a distinction was conferred upon an European; and expressed his deep regret that he had not sooner listened to advice which might have saved him from a protracted and bloody war, and the loss of a part of his empire.

Justice has not been done to the character of this very remarkable man. He had been brought up under the old system, in the secret recesses of the harem, in ignorance of all around him. Could it be expected that he should not have possessed many of the vices consequent upon such an education? It is
marvellous

marvellous that he should have attempted and accomplished what he did; but he was endowed with extraordinary qualities—indomitable energy and perseverance, a liberal mind, and an earnest desire to improve and raise his country. No sovereign, not excepting Peter the Great, had ever vaster difficulties to contend with. His people were made up of a variety of races and creeds, all hostile to each other; the capital was in the hands of a turbulent, irregular soldiery, opposed to all change, and the murderers of his two predecessors; the provinces were in open rebellion; Mohammed Ali Pasha of Egypt, Ali Pasha of Janina, and Daoud Pasha of Baghdad, declared their independence; the Greeks rose; the European powers destroyed his fleet and assisted his rebellious subjects; Russia declared war and almost reached the capital. Unsupported from without, opposed from within, having to struggle against the most deep-rooted prejudices, it is wonderful that a single man, braving every danger, should have overcome difficulties almost insurmountable, destroyed one by one his enemies, introduced reforms at variance with the very fundamental laws of the empire, religious as well as political, and laid the foundation of all those ameliorations which have been made, since his death, in the condition of the Christian populations of Turkey. His difficulties and struggles continued to the end; the last words he heard announced the success of a rebellious vassal, and he died at an early age of the effects of intemperance brought on by the struggles of a broken but an undaunted spirit. When we reflect upon all he lived to accomplish, and all the difficulties with which he had to contend, we are almost at a loss to find his parallel in history. The only advantage he owed to position was that of being the last of his race. Had he perished, the dynasty of Othman and the representatives of the Caliphs would have been extinct—his person was therefore sacred and his life secure: under such a safeguard he could venture much. His two predecessors had both fallen victims to popular outbreaks. Sultan Selim was a mild and enlightened sovereign, who was scarcely less desirous of improving his empire and of extending his protection to his subjects of all creeds than Mahmoud himself. His reforms excited the fears of the fanatical party in the state. The institution of a regular army, disciplined after the fashion of Europe, caused a rebellion amongst the Janissaries; Selim was deposed, and Mustafa, the brother of Mahmoud, was raised to the throne.

There were still some who remained faithful to the deposed Sultan. A revolt in his favour first broke out on the banks of the Danube. It was headed by one Mustafa, a standard-bearer of a corps

corps of Janissaries, who was hence called Mustafa Bairakdar. He was a tall and powerful Bulgarian Turk, of undaunted courage and endowed with all the qualities of the old Turkish race. He wore the picturesque dress at that time peculiar to the Mussulmans of the European provinces. An ample turban of many colours encircled his closely-shaven head; a jacket of velvet, profusely embroidered with gold, hung loosely over his flowing shirt; short full trousers, falling only to his knees, left bare his brawny legs. A scarlet sash of many folds encircled his waist and supported the richly-chased yataghan and the long silver-handled pistols. 'Such is the costume still sometimes seen amidst the mountains of Bulgaria. At the head of a large body of Janissaries, which had increased in numbers as he advanced towards the capital, he encamped without the gates of Constantinople. The Sultan had been led to believe that the Bairakdar had no other object but to petition the government in favour of Selim, and had treated lightly the warnings he had received. On the day that Mustafa forced the gates of the city, he had retired to a kiosk on the Bosphorus. The insurgents passed without any opposition through the streets, entered the great portals of the imperial palace, and, making their way through the outer courts and buildings, reached the brazen doors of the harem. With that deep respect for the law which is the peculiar characteristic of the true Turk, Mustafa Bairakdar stopped at the entrance to those sacred recesses of a Mohammedan dwelling, beyond which it is forbidden for a man and a stranger to advance. He struck the gate with his ponderous mace; it was opened by the head of the black eunuchs, who demanded the business of the intruder. Mustafa replied without hesitation that the deposed Sultan was his debtor, and that by the law he had a right to demand his person. The eunuch closed the gates. After a short delay they were again thrown open, and upon a white stone in front of them was extended the lifeless body of Selim; near it stood the eunuch. 'The law,' exclaimed he, 'has been respected; here is your debtor.' The feelings of vengeance which the sight of the murdered Sultan naturally excited could not be restrained. The Bairakdar at the head of the Janissaries broke into the female apartments and sought for Sultan Mustafa, who, having been informed of what was passing in the capital, had hastened to his palace, but had only reached it in time to conceal himself from the infuriated invaders. He was at length discovered beneath a pile of old carpets, and was strangled after a short but desperate resistance. Mahmoud, dreading the fate which might await him rather from his brother than from the Janissaries, had hidden himself in a cypress-tree in
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the garden. It was for some hours that he illuded the search of those who now anxiously called for him. At length he appeared before them and was declared Sultan of Turkey, the only survivor of the dynasty of Othman.

This striking narrative was related to the writer by an aged Turkish gentleman, who was himself a witness of the event he described. It has often occurred to us that it would be difficult to find a subject for the pencil of a painter more striking than the moment of the opening of the Imperial gates—the lifeless body of the murdered Sultan, the hideous eunuch standing over it, the stalwart forms, many-coloured garments, and varied arms of the astonished Janissaries, the mingled expression of dismay and vengeance of Mustafa Bairakdar, and the exquisite tracery of the brazen doors, all backed by the silver Bosphorus glittering in the sun and edged by its double border of gaudy palaces and wooded hills—that scene which no one who has gazed upon it will ever forget.

The end of Mustafa Bairakdar was not unworthy of his character and fame. He rose high in rank and in the esteem of Mahmoud, and built himself a stone house in the capital. During a period of popular tumult the Janissaries of Constantinople rose against him and besieged him in his dwelling. He bravely resisted until there were no longer hopes of deliverance, and then, setting fire to the gunpowder that remained, blew himself up with those who had fought with him.

We trust we have now shown how much the character of the Turks has been misunderstood in England. Anecdotes are frequently quoted from ancient travellers, and from works published at the end of last century or the beginning of this, in proof of the cruelties and misgovernment of the Mussulmans of Turkey. We might as well describe the manners and the state of the law in England fifty years ago as a proof of the present condition of this country. It is no uncommon thing for our friends on the other side of the water to excite our indignation or our laughter by representing our upper as well as middle classes as a boxing, bull-baiting, dog-fighting, drunken race. We are no less unjust when we confound the Turk of to-day with the Turk of fifty years ago. That they have great defects—we may call them vices—it cannot be denied, and unfortunately they are defects which incapacitate them from competing with those races with whom they are brought into contact, and from making that rapid and peculiar progress which is required by modern civilization. This it is which is leading to the inevitable extinction of the Ottoman empire. The honesty, the truthfulness, and the generosity of the Turk, are no match against the
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roguery, the duplicity, and the meanness of the Greek. His indolence and his indifference render him unequal to contend against the activity and earnestness of the Christians. His dignity, well satisfied with being a 'gentleman' in the true sense of the word, and with ruling over those whom he looks upon as an inferior race, the contempt which he naturally feels for the low vices and degraded bearing of the Christians around him, make him neglect all means of improvement and of obtaining knowledge and wealth. He is content if he can read the Koran and keep a few common accounts, and he despises the learning of the Franks, which as far as he can see has led to no other result than to make them better shopkeepers and less honest and moral than the Turks. He still dreams on in the confidence that he is of a superior race, to which Providence has granted the dominion over one of the finest portions of the globe, and over several millions of Christians, Arabs, and Kurds. It is this internal conviction that enables him still to exercise an authority over a population immensely superior numerically to the Turkish, and openly hostile to its yoke. It must be a matter of surprise to those who do not know the true character of the Turks, to see how a solitary Pasha, with his dozen personal attendants, rules over a vast province inhabited by various tribes, each impatient of his sway and eager to rise against him. To sum up in a word—the Turk still retains most of the virtues and vices of his ancient nomad state, whilst, from his nature and religion, he has been unable, and will, we fear, be for ever unable, to acquire the qualities and habits which are absolutely necessary in the present condition of the world to the prosperity and greatness of a civilized people—that is to say, of a people who live by commerce, successful competition, and peaceful industry.

Nor let us be misunderstood with regard to the Christians of the East. They have many remarkable qualities—activity, great intelligence, and the power of adapting themselves to new habits and opinions. Their almost unexampled love of education and of acquiring knowledge, their power of amassing wealth, and their aptitude for commerce, whether by sea or land, are rendering them day by day more fit to enjoy hereafter political and national freedom. We believe that a great destiny is in store for them. The best way to check and delay its accomplishment is to attempt to reach it too soon, and by acquiring a premature independence to expose themselves to the dangers of internal dissensions and of foreign intrigue, which would paralyze all their efforts and throw them back irretrievably in the scale of civilization. We now learn from a source beyond doubt, what we before stated merely upon well-grounded suspicion—that the Emperor

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of Russia dreads the progress that has been made in every direction by the Christians of Turkey—that he foretells the inevitable result—and that he is persuaded the time is come, at whatever risk to himself, to prevent it. He has himself told us that he will not suffer the establishment of any native prosperous power upon his southern frontier, whether it be in the form of a Byzantine Empire, or of an extended and powerful kingdom of Greece. He is not indisposed to see Bulgaria and the other Slavonian provinces placed on the same footing as the Danubian Principalities,—that is to say, under—we will not call it his protection and superintendence—but his direct rule. In fact, he is now going to war, by his own admission, not against the Turk but against the Christian. Let the Greeks reflect upon these facts, and see in time the danger they incur by taking any steps which may tend to strengthen their real enemy in his artful designs, and to embarrass the Turks and the European Powers in their efforts to arrest them.

In order to reconcile a large class of persons in this country to the present war, it is of the utmost importance to prove that, whatever defects and vices may pervade the present system of Turkish government, yet that still the Christians living under it may flourish, may read the Bible, may educate themselves, may acquire wealth, and may enjoy high social and political privileges. The position of the Christians of Turkey is improving from day to day, and we would ask any impartial man what would have been the condition of Greece at this moment had she been placed as a semi-independent province under the protection of the Porte, instead of being erected into an independent kingdom, saddled with an incompetent government, exposed to endless internal dissensions, weakened by the continual interference and intrigues of foreign powers, and burdened with the expenses of a court, a ministry, a diplomatic body, and other political machinery, necessities in a great and powerful state, but a mere farce and a useless though fatal drain upon its resources, in a small and struggling nation? No one acquainted with the condition of Greece will hesitate to say that, had she been under the nominal rule of a Turkish Pasha, or under a native prince, dependent upon the Porte, like Servia, she would at this moment have been ten times more wealthy, ten times more prosperous, and infinitely nearer to that destiny she aims at, if it be in store for her, of becoming the great Christian power of the East.

This is no Turkish question. There is not a man in England, we presume, who advocates the cause of the Turks because they are Turks. An endeavour has been made to mislead the country into the belief that we are going to fight
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for Islamism, to support a rotten and intolerant system, and to maintain a power which is the habitual persecutor and implacable enemy of the Christian faith. We hope we may succeed in convincing some of these persons that in fighting for the Turks we are fighting for the Christians, and that the war in which we are now most unfortunately engaged is undertaken to repress a deliberate aggression upon civilization, freedom, and religion.

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Constitution of the United States compared with our own.* By H. S. Tremenheere. London. 1854.
2. *The English in America.* By (Mr. Justice Halyburton) the Author of 'Sam Slick,' &c. 2 vols. London. 1851.
3. *Parliamentary Reform: a Letter to Richard Freedom, Esq., on the Re-distribution, Extension, and Purification of the Elective Franchise.* By a Revising Barrister (Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, Bart.) 2nd Edition. London. 1853.
4. *Minorities and Majorities, their relative Rights: a Letter to Lord John Russell, M.P., on Parliamentary Reform.* London. 1853.
5. *Electoral Facts from 1832 to 1853, impartially stated; constituting a complete Political Gazetteer.* By C. R. Dod, Esq. London. 1853.

WE are told that most of the members of the House of Commons who heard Lord John Russell's speech on the introduction of his present Reform Bill—as well as the majority of persons out of doors—appear to consider and treat the proposition as a *sham*. This may account for the cold dissatisfaction with which it was received by those with whom the very name of a *New Reform Bill* promised to be so popular, and the surprising indifference with which it has been regarded by the Conservative party both in the House and in the country. It seemed to be viewed in no more serious light than as an experiment addressed *ad captandum* to the Radicals on one side, and *in terrorem* to the Conservatives on the other, which the Ministers thought it prudent to have in hand, though with very vague intentions as to employing it. These surmises were very much confirmed by the remarkable shilli-shalliness of the Ministerial press as to its *opportunity*. One day it was questioned whether it was wise to begin a foreign war and a domestic revolution simultaneously, but the conclusion arrived at was that the attack on the Russians at Cronstadt or Sebastopol need be no impediment to

to an assault on the freemen of our towns or the freeholders of our counties. A few days after the opposite opinion prevailed, and we were advised that the Government had on their hands so much to *do*, that they could not pursue with sufficient vigour their schemes to *undo*. Then came some meetings of the friends of Reform, who thought the new scheme not worth a trial; and others—the most favourable—would only accept it as a small instalment, little better than nothing: and at the late moment that we write these lines we still are in doubt what course the Ministers mean to take.

We on our part believe that the motive and the object were more simple as well as more serious. Our conjecture is that Lord John Russell has long seen that his original Reform Bill had failed—that it had neither pacified the Democracy, nor, what he had still more relied on, secured the official domination of the Whigs, and that stronger measures, though in the same direction, would be necessary to secure these points. He has also a little personal monomania—that *he alone* has a right to be the *reformer* of the age, and that if any further reform is called for, *his* hands must prepare and *his* single voice propound it. In the last years of his own ministry, he found his followers unmanageable, and in the agony of its final months of feeble and feverish existence, he saw that both power and popularity were slipping away from him, and that he had no resource but in a new Reform Bill, of which he would be of course the leader, and eventually the chief beneficiary. The embarrassment of his government—in spite of his attempted Reform Bill in 1852—drove him to resign—not unwillingly—for he probably calculated that it was only *reculer pour mieux sauter*. He foresaw that he would be in a condition either to storm the Cabinet in a new tempest of reform, or make it the subject of a compromise with some new combination of men, in which he, whatever else might happen, should still be the grand Missionary of the measure. This has happened, and we have little doubt that he was so far consistent in his negotiation with his new colleagues, that a new Reform Bill was his *sine quâ non*, and became the fundamental basis of the Coalition.

We confess ourselves astonished at his success on this point. We had fancied that there were parties to these negotiations whom nothing could have induced to pass under the *Caudine Forks* of reform; but it may have been thus brought about. Lord John Russell, no doubt, felt that in accepting, first, secondary office, and, subsequently, the leadership of the House without office, with and *under* his oldest political antagonists, he was making a great sacrifice and entitled to an adequate consideration.

tion. That consideration probably was that he should mark his own importance and the total acquiescence of his new colleagues, by having his great object recognised and sanctioned by the solemnity of being announced in the *Speech from the Throne*—an honour with which he had not ventured to invest his own measure of 1852.

This we suspect to be something very near the secret history of the new Reform Bill, and convinces us that it is no *sham*—at least on the part of Lord John Russell, but that, on the contrary, it is a measure on which he has staked his political existence, and that any hesitation or reluctance as to its progress can only have arisen from those of his colleagues, who, though they may have acquiesced in his general views, may have discovered that it is pregnant with more difficulties and dangers of various kinds than they had at first imagined—as little acceptable to the people as it is discordant with their own former principles; and that the safest and perhaps the only possible course now left to them would be to abandon it.

This can only be a mere conjecture on our part—but neither the secret reluctance of Lord John's colleagues, if it exists, nor the postponement nor even modification of the measure itself, would make any essential and ultimate difference in the state of the case, or alleviate the alarm with which we view this revival of the whole Reform question—not as the inflammation or fever of a season—it has lost all those transient symptoms—not as a question of this session or the next—but as a cancerous disease now inoculated into the vitals of our Constitution. Whether the Ministers had originally more or less intention of forcing on the Bill, or more or less hope of carrying it, can have little importance compared with the more permanent influence which such a proposition solemnly made by a *Cabinet* that professes to be *conservative* as well as liberal, with the sanction of the *Crown*, must ultimately have, sooner or later, on what still remains of the old English Constitution.

We wish on so serious a subject to exaggerate nothing; and we will therefore not say that this is the last nor even the penultimate blow which that Constitution, mutilated as it is, may be able to bear. We do not mean to represent the operation of the Ministerial measure as inevitably sudden, though we believe it to be inevitably certain. We are well aware of the vitality that must exist in a government so old—so tried—so rooted—so successful—so honoured as ours has been. We know that in such a case forms will long survive spirit—that life will still linger under a mortal wound—that the hectic blush of decay may look like a transient bloom of health—that, after a spendthrift has been ruined, he may continue for a time deceiving himself

himself and those who have dealings with him on a hollow and factitious credit—and that, in short, a Constitution, by the illusion of departed strength, by the *prestige* of its ancient vigour, and by the force of a *post mortem* and galvanised action, may be like the hero of romance—

‘Andava combattando—ed era morto!’

This has been exemplified by the state of the country, which for the last twenty years has been sliding down the inclined plane of democracy with little other visible check or jolt than—a most unprecedented and remarkable circumstance to be sure—our having had within that period no less than *fifteen changes of Ministers*; and we think that, even as things stand, no one can reasonably expect more stability for the future; while, on the other hand, we shall show in the course of this paper that if this new Bill is to pass, some of the main causes of that very precarious stability will be utterly destroyed. In short, we have taken a slow poison; and though in the interval we may seem to talk as wisely and as calmly as Plato tells us that Socrates did on the mortuary couch, the event is equally certain, and the awful power stands at the bedside to administer fresh doses, if what we have already taken should be found insufficient.

Let us recapitulate some of the main facts of the case. The Reform Bill of 1832 was made, as its promoters admitted, extravagantly large, in order that party fanaticism should have no excuse for attempting to extend it. Lord John Russell called it a *revolution*, and so great a one that he was determined, he said, not to risk another; and he had so deeply pledged himself to this principle as to entitle him from his own partisans to the discourteous title of ‘*Finality John*’—a designation which, however, we should cite as even more honourable than the title he derives from his birth, if he had really merited it by political wisdom and personal consistency. Lord John Russell, we say, in spite of these antecedents—but under the new impressions created by the failure of his own administration, which we have before noticed—produced in 1852, in the character of First Minister of the Crown, a new Reform Bill, or, to use his own term, attempted a *new Revolution*. Three changes or modifications of the Government have since taken place, all notoriously produced by the weakness of the governing power and the growth of the democratic one in the House of Commons; and yet *He*, who had been himself driven by the caprices of that unmanageable body from the station of Prime Minister into Opposition, and from Opposition to the Foreign Office, and, finally, to leave the Foreign Office for no office at all, but that of leading old enemies against old friends—and all this within two years—*He*, we say,

Finality John, now proposes another and worse revolution, of which the obvious and indeed the almost avowed result must be to render *any* administration still more precarious, and the democracy still more unmanageable.

We are, therefore, not surprised that an impression should have prevailed that a course so inconsistent, and so absurd, was never expected nor intended to succeed; but we are satisfied, as we have just stated, that this impression was erroneous, and that the measure was proposed in the most sincere of all tempers—party zeal and individual *amour-propre*! How else could it have received the solemn sanction of a *recommendation from the Throne*—which, on such an occasion, is not a *proposition*, but a *pledge*—a *confession* on the part of the Sovereign that her power, which is hardly sufficient to keep a ministry together for twelve months, is *too great*, and that the already irresistible force of her electoral subjects requires a large addition.

But we have other evidence of the seriousness of this proposition earlier, and in *these times* more authoritative, than the speech from the Throne. We have lately heard much of the divulcation of Cabinet secrets, but nothing we think more curious than as to this new Reform Bill, which contains, besides the old obvious and hackneyed encroachments on the Constitution, with which the former one had rendered us but too familiar, some provisions of so novel and, as they seem to us, so absurd a nature as would have astonished the world if it had not been prepared for them by certain publications, which, if not originally suggested by the resolutions of the Cabinet, must inevitably have been borrowed and adopted by it. We must leave the common sense and intelligence of mankind the choice of the alternative whether the Cabinet prompted those publications, or whether it drew its inspiration of public policy and public duties from such sources. However that may be, the fact is certain that an article in the 'Edinburgh Review' of two years ago and another in that for last October, and the pamphlet by a 'Revising Barrister,' since avowed in a second edition by Sir Eardley Wilmot, first opened to the wondering eyes of the public the very minute and accurate details of some of the most extravagant innovations which we have since found in the Ministerial Reform Bill—*election by minorities—saving banks' franchise—members for the Inns of Court and London University—placemen not vacating*—nay, the names of places to be disfranchised, and the very scale and lines that were to govern disfranchisement were all distinctly suggested. We do not mention this as a complaint that Ministers should pay attention to the suggestions of their supporters in private or in the press—nothing more natural; we are only surprised to find that our colleagues, gentlemen of the pen, have become

become the advisers of Cabinet measures and the harbingers of the embryo intentions of the Crown. Sir Eardley Wilmot is, as far as we know, a respectable gentleman, though we should regret to find verified a rumour that has reached us that his Ministerial pamphlet has been rewarded with a County Judgeship. We have heard that the author of the article in the 'Edinburgh Review' is also personally as respectable as he is as an essayist; but somehow we do not think it was quite seemly to put these gentlemen forward as the first heralds and organs of the determination of her Majesty the Queen some months before it was communicated to Parliament. But even upon that anomaly we lay little stress, and we notice it only as an additional proof that this Reform Bill is a serious and premeditated design. Its absurd details should not induce us to divert our alarm from its formidable object. It is like what we sometimes read of in the Italian carnivals, where the foulest murder is perpetrated under the masquerade of a jack-pudding.

That ultimate object is to carry out through our whole representative system the *numerical principle*—the power of mere NUMBERS, and especially of AGGREGATE NUMBERS—in short, *physical force*. This was for the first time in the legislative history of Governments attempted in the original Reform Bill, but rather covertly and with some appearance of bashfulness, as if the naked proposition was too indecent to be exhibited. In the present Bill it is more shamelessly avowed, and the slight adjuncts which are hung round it to divert the eye remind us of the female figure in the Great Exhibition, of which the nudity was rather marked than tempered by the adventitious addition of a bracelet round the wrist and a fetter round the ankle. Of no more value for either decency or substantial importance are the pretences of the *educational franchises*, the *protection of minorities*, the *votes for taxes*, and other similar delusions, which are to be attached to the *wrists* and *ankles* of the colossus of *Universal Suffrage*, of which, and of nothing else, this Bill is really the model and the mould.

This scarcely veiled principle of Representation by numbers is, in our view, the whole Bill, and it is to it that we think it our duty to endeavour to direct the attention of the country by a closer analysis of that principle than we have before had either the opportunity or the necessity of attempting; and we cannot but hope, that late as it may seem, we may still make some impression on the public mind by a more practical elucidation of the case than we have yet seen.

The *verbal* import of the word 'Representation' has been, in our opinion, very mischievously confounded with its real, and,
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in this country, constitutional *essence*. Undoubtedly the abstract principle of *representation* assumes *numbers* as the fundamental basis of political as they are of physical power, and if a Constitution were a mere arithmetical question, any *thousand* men would have a claim to ten times the political weight of any *hundred*; and the logical result of that unlimited principle would be *Universal Suffrage*. But the danger of such an extension, and its incompatibility with the safety of individual persons, the security of private property, or the steady administration of civil government, are so axiomatically obvious, that no country, not even the most democratic republics, have ever ventured on a practical adoption of the unrestricted principle.

If any one should at first sight, and it could only be at first sight, object that the recent experiment in France, and the longer one in the United States of America, are exceptions to this statement, we reply that these are, in fact, no exceptions, but on the contrary pregnant instances of the justice of our opinion. The French republic of 1848 attempted a Government on the basis of *universal suffrage*; but it and all its provisions were summarily swept away within two years by a military usurpation, which Universal Suffrage was also *pro hac vice* called in to cover with its delusive authority, and to constitute an absolute despotism, in which neither universal nor indeed any suffrage but the *sic jubeo* of one man is of the slightest weight or importance. France has now for a second time accomplished that sagacious prophecy of Burke's, that her attempts at a republic would end 'in the most complete arbitrary power that has ever appeared on earth.' Whether it will ever happen that universal suffrage shall be really and *bonâ fide* admitted to any effective share in the government of that country is more than we can guess; but we may safely say that there is no rational man in France who wishes that it should. Certain it is that all numerical influence is now extinguished, and that the two great trials thus made of it in 1848 and 1851 have ended not merely in failure but disgrace—the first producing an insupportable *anarchy*, and the second a *despotism*, which will, we venture to prophesy, at no distant period be found equally intolerable.

The example of the United States is more specious; but it is very far from being anything like a case in point, and indeed on the contrary exhibits, when well considered, the most striking illustration, both in principle and in practice, against a merely *numerical* representation. As this is the only precedent which we have ever seen or heard produced in favour of the numerical principle, and as the supposed success of the American experiment

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is frequently and confidently urged against us, we think it our duty to enter into it with a detail which would otherwise seem supererogatory.

Several of the checks which the *natural* condition of the States and the deliberate provisions of their constitutions have interposed against the direct power of *numbers* are obvious; but they, as well as some others less notorious, have been brought together and stated with great clearness and force in the very able and *timely* work of Mr. Tremenheere, which we earnestly recommend to the special attention of our readers as well for its interesting exposition of the political and social condition of America as for its more general views of the theory and practice of constitutional government, which are applicable to all countries, and particularly to ourselves in our present very precarious circumstances. Mr. Tremenheere's work is the result not merely of his own personal observations in the States, but of an able examination and digest of the opinions of the greatest American writers, Adams, Jay, Hamilton, and above all, Mr. Justice Story and Chancellor Kent, whose legal authority is not only supreme in America, but of as much and merited weight in our English courts as any text-books of our own. From them we shall see three most important points:—*First*, The natural causes that tended to limit the numerical principle within innocuous bounds. *Secondly*, The political pains taken by the framers of the Constitutions both federal and separate to check it still further. *Thirdly*, The incompatibility of that principle with the very existence of even the Republican Constitution, on which, as is its nature, it is gradually—and as these great jurists think fatally—encroaching. Each of these heads will be found to contain matter well deserving our attention in the present crisis of our constitution.

I. The American Union was, we may say, born a Republic, and inured from its cradle to the direct action of popular government. Even before their independence the royal authority over the internal affairs of the colonies was but a name, and the population was such, both in composition and numbers, as to preclude any undue influence from the masses—in fact there were no *masses* to dread—there was no populace—no idle hands itching for other people's property, and the western expanse was—we will not rate it so low as a safety valve, but—a broad and boundless channel for the overflowings of every species of enterprise and ambition; and we see in Mr. Justice Haliburton's work—which we can also recommend to any one desirous of understanding the elements of American Society—how exceedingly slight were the social, and, above all, the *legal* and *constitutional* changes that ensued

ensued on their passing from their colonial to their independent state.

II. The able and judicious framers of the American constitution, while proclaiming as its basis the *sovereignty of the people*, were not blind to the practical danger of the unlimited principle, and they therefore preserved not only all of the antagonistic elements which they found in the original *provinces*, but they endeavoured to consolidate them with new guarantees and preservatives against what they well knew was the greatest, if not the only, constitutional danger—the excess of *merely popular* influences. There was a struggle of many years, while the federal Constitution was in progress, between three conflicting principles—the absolute right of the sovereign people—the restrictions with which the most judicious and influential statesmen wished to bridle that impetuous power—and an immense diversity of local and personal interests and opinions. It was at last, as Judge Story says—

‘a system of compromise and conciliation, in which the strictness of abstract theory was made to yield to a just consideration for particular interests and even prejudices; and some irregularity of benefit was submitted to for the common good.’—*Apud Tremenheere*, p. 39.

The first check on the omnipotence of Numbers is the independent authority of the President. Once elected, he, and with him the ministers and all the subordinate public servants, whom he chooses and displaces at his own absolute will and pleasure, are wholly independent of Congress, and of course of any elective power. He has an original veto upon all legislation, with a provision in certain cases, that if after such a negative the law should be again proposed by a majority of two-thirds of the legislature the veto is annulled. There have been frequent instances of the exercise of the Presidential veto, but no instance is stated in the works before us of the veto having been overruled—but if it were to be so, it would not displace either the President or his ministers, and they would continue to administer the government, as has already twice happened, though notoriously in a minority of both Houses of Congress. Here is a check on numerical legislation with which we presume none of our reformers would think of investing an English ministry. But there occurred in the formation of the American system an earlier, an easier, and yet still more important check, namely, the maintaining the territorial divisions of the old colonies in their new character of *States*. This decision slightly, if at all questioned at the time, and little noticed since, was, both directly and in its consequences, a most powerful exception and antidote to the numerical principle. Delaware, with an extent of about 2000 square

square miles, and a population of perhaps 100,000, is as much a sovereign State, and as such of equal authority in the Union, as its gigantic neighbour, New York, of near 50,000 square miles, and perhaps 3,000,000 of population. From this datum followed others of more practical importance. Each State is governed in all its internal interest by its own separate and independent constitution and jurisdiction. These constitutions exhibited a great *variety* of modes for the election of its legislators, its officers and magistrates; and it is hardly necessary to add that when their representatives arrive at the federal Congress at Washington, they bring with them a great variety of antagonist interests, and will be considerably influenced by the peculiarity that exists in the constitutional principles and practice of each individual State; and finally, when arrayed in Congress, though each State sends members to the *House of Representatives* proportionable to its *population*, they have all an *equal* representation in the *Senate*—Delaware with its population of 100,000, and New York with its 3,000,000, have each two senators. This direct repudiation of the numerical principle, first in the President's independence, and again in the legislative power of the Senate, is of the greatest importance, and in the case of the Senate at least of the greatest advantage.

'It has been demonstrated,' says Judge Story, 'that the Senate *in its actual organization* is a most important and valuable part of the system, and the *real balance-wheel* which adjusts and regulates its movements.'—p. 74.

We wish we could say as much for the practical and permanent power of our House of Lords; and we almost equally wish that we could believe that the 'balance-wheel' of the American constitution may be maintained in its undisturbed operation. We shall see presently that, whatever may be our wishes, there is more ground for fear than hope. But even as the case thus stands, we think that those of our reformers who press the American extension of suffrage upon us, should, in common fairness, tell us how they would supply the two counteracting powers which we have just shown to exist in the American case, and without which we do not believe that the American constitution would have survived General Washington.

But even in the election for Representatives the numerical power is by no means so extensive as it is represented. To the assertion that every individual has a right to vote, the American commentators, in common with both the principles and practices of all other representative governments, show that it is not an inherent *natural* right, but a civil privilege conferred by society, modified in a variety of instances by age, by different capacities, and

and by that grand distinction which everywhere has denied the right to *at least one-half* of the human race, who must be contented to be constructively represented—even though Lord John Russell were to erect the ward of Billingsgate into a separate borough.

‘The truth seems to be,’ says Judge Story, ‘that the right of voting, like many other rights, is one which, whether it has a fixed foundation in natural law or not, has always been treated in the practice of nations as a strictly civil right, derived from and regulated by each society, according to its own circumstances and interests. * * * * If, therefore, any society shall deem the common good and interests of the whole society best promoted, under the particular circumstances in which it is placed, by a restriction of the right of suffrage, it is not easy to state any solid ground of objection to its exercise of such an authority.’—p. 89.

As a corollary to those principles, he adds an important matter of fact:—

‘That no two of the States have fixed the qualification of voters upon the same uniform basis. From this,’ he adds, ‘it will be seen how little even in the most free of Republican Governments any abstract right of suffrage or any original indefeasible privilege has been recognized in practice.’—p. 90.

The fact itself is thus stated and illustrated by Mr. Tremaine:—

‘At the time of the framing of the Constitution of the United States the differences in the manner in which the franchise was settled in the different States was remarkable. In Virginia the exclusive right to vote was in the freeholders; in Rhode Island and Connecticut in the freemen; in Massachusetts in persons possessing a given amount of personal property; in other states in persons paying taxes or having a fixed residence. The question was much debated by the Convention which drew up the Constitution, whether it would not be more fair and equal, and more likely to ensure a direct and immediate representation of the popular opinion, if a uniform qualification for voting were adopted for the House of Representatives. It was, however, unanimously decided otherwise; and upon grounds precisely similar to those which are held to justify and recommend *the very great diversity of qualifications for the elective franchise that has so long existed in this country.*’—p. 92.

Perhaps we may be interrupted here by an objection, that we are not menaced by anything like a *uniform franchise*; that, on the contrary, the proposed Reform Bill would extend even extravagantly the diversity of the right. We shall show, when we arrive at the consideration of the bill itself, that this is a mere delusion, that the intended diversities, extravagant and even absurd as they may be, all tend to the one general principle of the

the extension of the numerical power, and that these diversities are mere cloaks, and very thin ones, to cover that greater design. And here again the American precedent detects and exposes the fallacy and danger of the attempt, and this brings us to the third head of this portion of our discussion.

III. We have seen the pains taken by the framers of the American Constitutions, to adopt where they existed, and to create where they did not, all the checks within their reach to the numerical principle—of the encroaching activity of which they were sagaciously jealous, and which has exhibited itself more strongly and rapidly than, we believe, even they expected. We copy Mr. Tremenhoe's extract from the Commentaries of Chancellor Kent—a name not second in American, and we may say European authority to those of Blackstone and of Story:—

'The progress and impulse of popular opinion is rapidly destroying every Constitutional check, every conservative element, intended by the sages who framed the earliest American Constitutions as safeguards against the abuses of popular suffrage.'

'Thus in Massachusetts, by the Constitution of 1780, a defined portion of real or personal property was requisite in an elector; that qualification was dispensed with by the amended Constitution of 1821.'

'By the practice under the Charters of Rhode Island and Connecticut, a property qualification was requisite to constitute freemen and voters. This test is continued in Rhode Island, but done away in Connecticut by their Constitution of 1818.'

'The New York Constitution of 1777 required the electors of the Senate to be freeholders, and of the Assembly to be either freeholders or to have a rented tenement of the yearly value of forty shillings. The amended Constitution of 1821 reduced this qualification down to payment of a tax, or performance of militia duty, or assessment and work on the highways. But the Constitution as again amended in 1826, swept away all these impediments to universal suffrage.'

*'In Maryland, by their Constitution of 1776, electors were to be freeholders, or possessing property to the amount of 30*l.*; but by legislative amendments in 1801 and 1809 (and amendments are allowed to be made in that State by an ordinary statute, if confirmed by the next succeeding legislature) all property qualification was disregarded.'*

'The Constitution of Virginia in 1776 required the electors to be freeholders, but the Constitution of 1830 reduced down the property qualification to that of being the owner of a leasehold estate or a householder.'—p. 113.

And in 1851, this 'once aristocratic State of Virginia' abolished all qualification, and adopted the ultra-democratic form of Constitution by a vote (under the former right of suffrage) of 75,748 to 11,060 against it.—(p. 114.)

'In Mississippi, by the Constitution of 1817, electors were to have been

been enrolled in the militia, or paid taxes; but those impediments to universal suffrage were removed by the new Constitution of 1833.

'So the freehold qualification, requisite in certain cases by the Constitution of *Tennessee* of 1796, is entirely discontinued by the Constitution of 1835.

'All the State Constitutions formed since 1800 have omitted to require any property qualifications in an elector, except what may be implied in the requisition of having paid a State or county tax, and even that is not in the Constitutions more recently formed or amended, except in the *Rhode Island* Constitution of 1843. * * * *

'Such a rapid course of destruction of the former Constitutional checks is matter for grave reflection; and to counteract the dangerous tendency of such combined forces as universal suffrage, frequent elections, all officers for short periods, all offices elective, and an unchecked press, and to prevent them from racking and destroying our political machines, the People must have a larger share than usual of that wisdom which is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated"' [James, iii. 17].—p. 114.

Such a pure, calm, and manageable wisdom no people ever will or ever can possess; and accordingly, even in the nine years that have elapsed since Judge Kent published his Commentaries, the evil has rapidly advanced. Of the thirty-one States, and the six Territories (candidate States), eight only, and these the older states, 'retain the semblance of a qualification of the suffrage;' but it is only a semblance; and the whole case is thus summed up:—

'This almost entire destruction, in so short a period, of all those "constitutional checks and conservative elements," in the franchise of the individual States, which had been regarded by the framers of the Constitution as essential to genuine liberty, has entirely altered the basis on which those able men placed the Constitution, and on which they relied for its continuing to be what their prudence and wisdom left it.'—p. 117.

Such are the direct results of democratic encroachment, but the collateral consequences, though not so visible, are not less important. The Senate—a few years since the *balance-wheel* of the State—is already deranged.

'In determining that the Senate of the United States should be elected by the State legislatures, they expected that those legislatures would be composed, first, of a Senate returned by a class of electors representing the more stable elements of the community; and, secondly, of a House of Representatives resting on similar elements, namely, on the electoral qualifications of property, residence, and the payment of taxes.

'The process of change in this short space of time has swept away these expectations; and the Senate of the United States is now elected by State legislatures, based on a franchise unrestricted by any of the
above

above qualifications, except in the very few instances above noticed ; and the members of the House of Representatives of the United States are returned by direct election, by voters having, in twenty of the States, no property qualification at all, and in nine next to none, the remaining two only having retained any valid qualification.'—p. 117.

But this, bad as it is in a constitutional view, is still worse as to the internal administration of justice. We suppose that we need not insist to any man in England, except Lord John Russell, on the expediency—until these late days, we should have said necessity—of keeping the law and the Judges as clear as the nature of our social institutions would permit, apart from political influences ; but see how the democratical encroachments have affected the judicial authority in America :—

'The above great change is far from being the only proof of the progress of ultra-democratical opinions which the legislation of that country has afforded of late years. Among the most remarkable has been the adoption, in more than two-thirds of the States, of the practice of electing the Judges by popular vote and for short periods only ; thus striking at the root of their independence, and violating a principle which has ever been held to be among the first elements of freedom, and of protection to life and property.'—*Tremenheere*, p. 119.

From all this we deduce, and think we have proved, two important points—first, that the American Constitution never meant to give that preponderance to the numerical principle that has been vulgarly attributed to it ; and, secondly, that any opening, however small, however guarded, to numerical preponderance is certain to enlarge itself—like a *rat-hole in a Dutch dyke*—to so irresistible and irremediable an extent, as to spread devastation over all the interests that the dyke had formerly protected.

Most earnestly requesting our readers to ponder on and calmly estimate the opening, the progress, the present state, and the probable results of the great American experiment, and to decide in their unbiassed judgment whether it is not rather an awful warning than a seductive precedent, we conclude by a single observation, perhaps the most important of all—namely, that supposing the American precedent were ever so perfect and successful in all its points, what guide would it be to a country that *professes* to maintain an hereditary monarchy and an hereditary House of Lords ? To those who are not prepared for *that*, of what use to their argument would be the most perfect success of the American system ? Let us, therefore, now return to our own constitutional questions.

Representation was from the earliest times an important ingredient in all European governments, and traces of it existed

existed in the most despotic countries of the continent, even before the American and French revolutions had given a new impetus to the popular principle; but in England alone it had maintained its vitality and constitutional importance. This is attributable no doubt, in a main degree, to our insular position, that relieved us from the necessity of standing armies and fortresses, and of such a concentration of powers and such unity and celerity of action in the hands of the monarch as are hardly reconcileable with the delays and other still more serious difficulties that must arise from the counterbalance and probably the counteraction of an independent and deliberative assembly. But the circumstances which rendered it impossible to our monarchs either to destroy our parliamentary system, or to reduce it, as in France, to merely judicial and remonstrative functions, would not have prevented its destroying itself if the antagonism of its *component* parts had not been, by a fortunate combination of design, accident, and the amalgamating power of time and experience, brought into a working state of harmony and co-operation.

The mode in which this result was accomplished was anomalous, it must be admitted, but rational and effective. Ever since the Revolution of 1688, it is not to be questioned that the real power of Government was—not legally nor avowedly, but practically—exercised, we will not say *by* but *in* the House of Commons. The theory was that the counteraction of three equal forces might in politics, as in the physical problem, keep the central body in equilibrio. That was a fallacy. Power, like a house, divided against itself cannot stand. There must be unity somewhere. That unity was in the House of Commons. The King and the Lords were independent only in theory—neither, nor even both, could resist a strong and fixed determination of the House of Commons. A House of Commons might indeed be, and not unfrequently has been, dissolved on some special points of difference with the Crown, and the succeeding House has sometimes adopted and ratified the views of the Crown; but still the *ultima ratio* was in the House of Commons. How then was it that this all-powerful body was kept in such general harmony with what were theoretically called the antagonist branches of the Constitution? Such a sober and steady result was contrary to what might be *à priori* expected from the very nature of a popular assembly.

The first moderating cause was the fact that the House of Commons itself was, as we shall see presently, in a very mitigated degree the representative of the numerical principle. The constituencies in themselves comprised a great variety of counteracting classes—freeholders in both counties and towns—in

in some boroughs, copyholders—leaseholders—corporators of various denominations, aldermen, common councilmen, jurats, burgesses, portmen, freemen by inheritance, by servitude, and by purchase—householders—burgage tenants—scot-and-lot men—and in some very few instances *potwallers* and inhabitants, with little other qualification than mere residence within the district. This variety of constituent classes—which grew to be more numerous and more distinctive as the House of Commons advanced in weight and importance—seems to have been designed—some of them, such as the burgage tenures and the corporations, avowedly were—to divide, and thereby check the impetus of the masses of population—and this diversity Mr. Justice Story cites with approbation as the example by which the constitutions of the several American States maintained similar varieties as conducive to ‘a mixed system, embracing and representing and combining distinct interests, classes, and opinions.’

‘In England,’ adds the enlightened commentator, ‘the House of Commons as a representative body is founded on no uniform principle either of numbers, classes, or places, such diversities being important checks upon undue legislation, as facilitating the representation of different interests and opinions, and securing a well-balanced and intelligent representation of all the various classes of society.’—*Com.*, § 585.

But even these local and personal diversities would have not been enough, if the House of Commons, however otherwise well constituted, had been exclusively the organ of popular interests and feelings: for its inevitable antagonism with the Lords and the Crown would not have been sufficiently provided against.

That conciliatory result was only to be obtained by, as it were, calling into council the Crown and the Lords, whose opinions should be conveyed to the House of Commons and infused into its discussions by the means of constituencies, more or less sympathising with the royal and aristocratical influences. *There* was the true balance of power—the real amalgam that brought and kept the three otherwise conflicting authorities together. The final decision of the Lower House no doubt settled all questions, but not without a previous conciliatory discussion, and generally mutual concessions, in which the Crown and the Lords had their reasonable weight, and which discussions and concessions in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred either rendered an open negative unnecessary, or showed that it would be unavailing, and thus prevented a direct collision between the powers of the State.

This compromise—anomaly, if you will—is the true secret not merely of the success but of the very existence of our mixed constitution, of which it is really the *mixing* process, for without it

it the constitutional elements would be not *mixed* but *repulsive*. It is that harmony and *concent* of powers which Shakspeare, the great master of all arts, describes in the character of that wise statesman—the Duke of Exeter, uncle of Henry V. :—

‘ For government, though *high, and low, and lower,*
Put into parts, doth keep in *one concent* ;
Congruing to a full and natural close,
Like music.’*

This passage, which condenses the spirit of any practical representative government, so much resembles one in Plato, and another in Cicero’s Republic, preserved by St. Augustine (since found in Cardinal Mai’s MS. of the ‘*Republic*’), that Shakspeare’s commentators are at a loss to know how his ‘small Latin and no Greek’ should have got at Plato and St. Augustine. He probably found the doctrine in his own sagacity, and decorated it by his own fancy. The sagacity and wisdom of Mr. Burke summed up the whole case in the following remarkable paragraph :—

‘ Mr. Fox and the “friends of the people” well know that the House of Lords is, by itself, the feeblest part of the Constitution ; they know that the House of Lords is supported only by its connexions with the Crown and with the House of Commons ; and that without this double connexion the Lords *could not exist a single year*. They know that all these parts of our Constitution, whilst they are *balanced* as opposing interests, are also *connected* as friends ; otherwise nothing but confusion could be the result of such a complex constitution. It is natural therefore that they who wish the common destruction of the whole, and of all its parts, should contend for their total separation. But as the House of Commons is that *LINK* which connects both the other parts of the constitution (the Crown and the Lords) *with the mass of the people*, it is to that link (as it is natural enough) that their incessant attacks are directed ;—that *artificial* representation of the people, being once discredited and overturned, all goes to pieces, and nothing but a plain French democracy or arbitrary monarchy can possibly exist.’—*Observations on the Conduct of the Minority*, vol. vii. p. 257.

What wisdom ! what truth ! the eye of a master engineer looking into all the hidden springs and motives of the great political machine ! This harmony—*concent* of powers—was, as Mr. Burke saw, attained in our constitution by what were called the close boroughs, and it was to the loss of this beneficial influence that the Duke of Wellington alluded in his celebrated question—‘ How is the King’s Government to be carried on ? ’ We shall see as we proceed, that this question has become so pressing, and is rapidly growing so much more urgent, that the

* Henry V., i. 2.

very authors of the Reform Bill are devising means to remedy the mischief which they were thus warned against doing.

And let it not be thought that this collateral interference of the Crown and the Lords was any real encroachment on the power of the Commons. In fact it had existed from the earliest parliamentary times, and was, as we have before said, a *sine quâ non* to the existence of the constitutional balance: the '*burgage tenure*' boroughs, for instance, a large class—not fewer, we believe, than five and twenty, and the closest—were exercising—on the day that the Reform Bill abolished them—the *same* purpose for which they were originally created six centuries ago—that of representing the local and personal interests of the great landed proprietor (of old, the feudal Baron), at whose will they held ancient tenements situated within the precincts and protection of the ancient *burgh* or castle. In a still more extensive and important class of boroughs, the small Corporations, the franchise was limited for the protection of the middle and upper ranks of a concentrated population against the power of numbers; and they too, from the earliest times, were sensitive of and responsive to the influences of adjacent property.

But independently of such considerations (important as they are both in fact and in principle), it cannot be said that the influence of the Crown and the Lords *within* the Lower House was any encroachment on the power of the Commons—quite the reverse. According to the strict legal and constitutional theory, the Commons were but *one-third* of the legislative power, and were liable to be overborne by the union of the other two, and even nullified by the opposition of one: but when the Crown and Peers were admitted to mingle their influence, through the medium of Commoners adopting their opinions, they were no longer constitutional *antagonists*, but voluntary auxiliaries and *contributors* to the power of the Commons—giving up a harsh theoretic claim, the frequent exercise of which would have been dangerous if not impossible, for a lighter but constant influence—never strong enough to overbear or even to impede the action of the greater body, but only to infuse a spirit of accommodation and compromise—the only spirit in which human affairs, public or private, can be permanently and successfully managed. It was the *oil of the wheel*, invisible from without, but counteracting continually the destructive heat that would have been otherwise inevitable; and thus securing the smooth, equable, constant, and successful action of the whole machine.

Such had been the working state of our Constitution, which, with all its anomalies and irregularities, had not only blessed us with as large a share of internal prosperity and of external glory

as any country ever enjoyed, but had commanded the respect and even emulative envy of every foreign people on whom any idea of rational and regulated liberty had dawned. And we think we may conclude, without fear of contradiction, that the secret of that unparalleled success was not in the theoretic balance of three independent powers (which really never existed), but in the occult union and amalgamation of these elements in that *officina imperii*, in the House of Commons. The Reform Bill of 1831, under the delusion, or we rather believe, the pretence of restoring what never had existed, first introduced the direct numerical principle, and adopting the arbitrary population line of 4000, condemned those boroughs whose inhabitants should be under that number, to lose one member, and those under 2000 to total disfranchisement. We have no desire to revive heats and animosities that accompanied that most unfortunate, and by the not tardy avowal of its own framers, unsuccessful measure; but as the same principle and the same practices are reproduced in the New Bill with which we are menaced—prepared too and presented by the *same hand*—it is absolutely necessary to recall them to, we trust, the sober and more deliberate consideration and as we expect condemnation of the Country:

When the number 4000 was first announced in 1831, no one could conjecture why that number had been selected more than what numerically seemed more obvious—5000, or 10,000—or what magic there was in that number of 4000, or its *half*, that arbitrarily made them the

'certi denique fines

Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.'

It was evident enough, from the *prima facies* of the Bill, that the secret object of its framers was to make the disfranchisement fall as heavily as possible on the Tory boroughs, and as lightly as possible on those possessed by the Whigs; but the motive of this particular line of demarcation was not detected till it was found that in the Population Returns of 1821, on which the scale professed to be founded, Lord Fitzwilliam's borough of *Malton* was returned at '*four thousand and—five!*' We need not remind our readers of the weight and importance of Lord Fitzwilliam to the Whig party; and as soon as it was discovered that Malton—'*fortunate Malton,*' as it was termed by acclamation—had a population of '*four thousand and—five,*' the enigma was solved, and no doubt existed as to the motive that determined the 4000 line. But, though Malton was probably the first and ruling object, a more detailed examination soon proved that the lines of 4000 and 2000 accommodated themselves very aptly to several other cases of favouritism; and even where they did

did not at first sight seem to do so, they were ingeniously twisted and stretched to accomplish the double purpose of Tory disfranchisement and Whig immunity. A large volume would not suffice to explain and expose all these manœuvres; but a few leading cases (most of which also figure in the New Reform Bill) will serve as guides and warnings as to the delusive and hypocritical pretences on which these reforms are proposed and perpetrated.

The population returns of 1821, which the Government professed to take as their basis in 1831, happened to be made on no uniform principle of *local denomination*. In fact, the parliamentary franchise was so little connected with extent or population, that, except in counties, it formed no territorial division of the country. The consequence was that the Returns were made with considerable local diversities. Sometimes the population of the *actual town*, when it happened to be defined, was given. Sometimes adjoining *districts*, greater or less, were added. Sometimes, when an ill-defined town stood in a large parish, the whole *parish* was given without distinguishing the town. Sometimes, when the town stood in *two parishes*, the population of both were given; sometimes that of the *predominant parish* only. All this diversity was of no importance to the object of ascertaining the population of the county; but it was a very different case when it came to be employed as a scale for the partition of rights and franchises amongst contiguous localities. By a dextrous handling of these diversities, which, in truth, were mere clerical discrepancies (which the slightest inquiries would have explained and reconciled), the Ministry were enabled by a secret legerdemain to perform some most extraordinary, but to themselves most important jobs, and to exercise proscription against their opponents, and favouritism towards their friends and supporters.

The first town on the list of proscription, Schedule A, happened to be APPLEBY—the *County-town* of, and *only borough* in, the county of Westmoreland—circumstances which, if there had been any doubt about its bonâ-fide place in the scale of population, should have entitled it to special consideration. But no special consideration was necessary, for its right was clear—but it was supposed to be, or likely to be, under Tory influence, and therefore *coûte qui coûte* it must be disfranchised. Appleby stood in two contiguous parishes, called *St. Michael's* and *St. Lawrence's*, both under one corporate government, and having been perambulated time out of mind as one borough—these parishes contained respectively 1341 and 1275 inhabitants; together 2616—it therefore passed the 2000 line, and was entitled to stand in

Schedule B, retaining one member. How was this to be prevented? The remedy was not very rational, but it was easy and bold—the Ministers cut the Gordian knot, by asserting, without any shadow of proof or reason, that one only of the two parishes, St. Michael's, constituted the whole borough, and as that had only a population of 1341, Appleby was totally disfranchised, and placed at the head of Schedule A. This decision, contrary to common sense, to all evidence, and to general notoriety, was monstrous; but it was nevertheless confirmed by a large majority; who however were soon stultified by a ministerial confession that they were wrong in point of *fact*, and that the borough did actually extend into both the parishes; but, having predetermined that Appleby should be disfranchised, they contrived, by inventing an *imaginary* boundary excluding the larger portion of both parishes, to still keep it in Schedule A.

There was hardly one of the disfranchised Tory boroughs which was not thus moulded and *manipulated*, so as to attain the ministerial purpose; and very few indeed, if they had been dealt with in the same way that the Whig boroughs in the same circumstances were treated, would not have equally preserved their franchise. We solicit our readers' attention to this *Appleby* case—not merely because it was a County-town and the only borough in the county, but because it was the *first case* discussed, and is therefore not, by us, invidiously selected—for it was no worse than many others; but because also it affords a curious illustration of the mode in which Ministers played at fast and loose with their own precedents—for it presented two important precedents. It was disfranchised in the *first Bill* as belonging to one parish only, and when that *fact*, though voted by a large ministerial majority, was eventually admitted by the Ministers to be *false and untenable*, it was disfranchised in the *second Bill*, because, though it stood in two parishes, neither were to be taken into account.

Now let us see how these precedents were subsequently applied to Whig boroughs.

And first as to 'fortunate Malton.' We have seen under what suspicious circumstances MALTON found itself within the *asylum* line; but, going a step farther, we find that it was *screwed* into that asylum by the very process that had been denied to Appleby. Malton, like Appleby, stood in two parishes—*St. Michael's* and *St. Leonard's*—there was really no other difference between the cases than that the second parish was called at Appleby, *St. Lawrence*, and at Malton, *St. Leonard's*. But by lopping off *St. Lawrence's* parish from Appleby, it was totally disfranchised, and by including *St. Leonard's* in Malton—'fortunate

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tunate Malton'—it preserved its entire franchise. With what results Mr. Dod's 'Electoral Facts,' a work now it seems of ministerial authority*—shall tell us:—

MALTON.—'Influence—almost wholly in the hands of Earl Fitzwilliam—there has been no contest for nearly half a century.'—Dod, loco. Do we blame this junction of parishes at Malton? not at all—but, it being right *there*, what can be said for the adoption of the direct contrary proceeding at Appleby? A similar case soon followed with similar motives and results.

HORSHAM is a small rural town, little better than a village, but it returned two members, one always, and two generally, at the nomination of the *Duke of Norfolk*. We need not dwell on the weight and influence of that Duke with the Ministers, nor on the motives that existed for maintaining and if possible increasing his Grace's influence. Here is the description of the place given officially by the Government Commissioners, and laid before Parliament by the Ministers themselves:—

'The town is small and inconsiderable—irregularly and poorly built, many of the houses being of timber, and rarely exceeding a single story in height; it is neither lighted nor watched, and very indifferently paved.'—*Boundary Report*, vol. v. p. 71.

The population of this poor place was only 1887; but it happens to stand in the midst of a very large parish, eight miles long and four wide; and so, by reckoning-in the whole parish, and confounding it with the borough, the population was run up to 6000; and thus this poorly-built village retained its ancient privilege of returning two members, while the County-town of Appleby was reduced, by the exclusion of its parishes, to total disfranchisement.

A similar but more complicated *tour de force* was performed on MORPETH, a corporate borough surrounded by an admittedly-distinct rural district, called the *township*. The population of the borough being under 2000, it should have been disfranchised altogether. This would no doubt have been extremely disagreeable to Lord Carlisle, then a member of the *Reform Cabinet*, who had always nominated to one of the seats. This inconvenience, however, was obviated by doing what was rejected at Appleby, and, by reckoning the *township* into the borough, it was raised to the combined total of 3415, so as to retain one member. This would have left the *Cabinet Minister*—Lord John Russell's colleague—no worse off than he was before; but a still better result was discovered. Morpeth, like Horsham, was in the centre of a large parish; it was obviously just as easy to throw in the parish

* Sir E. Wilmot's pamphlet takes it as the base of all his calculations and suggestions.

as the *township*—‘in for a penny in for a pound’—and accordingly the Reform Ministry amended their *first* proposition by adding not only the *township* of Morpeth, but *seven other townships, parish and all*, to the borough, and *both* the members were preserved—and with what effect Mr. Dod shall again testify:—

MORPETH.—‘INFLUENCE was formerly divided between Mr. Ord, of Whitfield Hall, and the Earl of Carlisle; but since the Reform Act wholly in the hands of the Earl.’—*Dod, loco.*

To be sure this was *making things pleasant*, and it must have been an agreeable surprise to the noble Minister to find that his friend and colleague’s bill, which professed to destroy nominations, had, on the contrary, secured him *two* instead of *one*.

Another case requires special notice in contrast to the second Appleby precedent. We have said that in order to insure its disfranchisement the Ministers, by a new legerdemain, gave it an *imaginary* boundary. This was done by drawing through the very body of the town *four straight lines* which they said comprised the sites of all the ancient burgage tenures, and they thus excluded not only the adjacent *parishes* but considerable portions of the actual *town*—a boundary not merely imaginary but absolutely unheard of and absurd, and never in any other case so much as attempted, though equally applicable to all the other burgage-tenure boroughs in the kingdom.

Now mark what happened in an analogous case! MIDHURST is a small town, hardly more than a village, and, like Appleby, was a burgage franchise; but at Appleby the burgages were scattered through the town. At Midhurst they were fewer, and collected within a very small but strictly defined space; and if any imaginary line had been drawn round them, as was round those at Appleby, Midhurst had not a pretence to escape utter disfranchisement. Nothing of the kind was done. But even with the addition (denied to Appleby) of the circumjacent *parish*, Midhurst could be carried no higher than 1335, and so in the first *five* editions of the Reform Bill Midhurst stood in Schedule A, like Appleby, totally disfranchised. But as the discussions proceeded, the Ministers found that the inconsistency and errors of their original data were indefensible, and they produced a new one, compounded (by the ingenuity of one Lieutenant Drummond) of several statistical elements into a scheme much celebrated at the time, but for nothing more than its elaborate unintelligibility. By this scheme, however, Midhurst was carried up a little higher than the Drummond line, whatever that was, and in the *sixth* edition of the Reform Bill Midhurst was safely housed in Schedule B, with the retention of one member.

Now

Now comes perhaps the most curious of all those curious circumstances. *Cui bono*, for whose benefit?

The small portion of the parish—a very few acres, 30 or 40 we believe—that included the burgage tenures, and of course the borough, had been no doubt originally a dependence on the old castle of Cowdray, belonging to the ancient family of Browne Lords Montecute; but it had in process of time been detached from Cowdray and had become the property of Lord Carrington. His influence was destroyed by the disfranchisement of the burgage tenures, and the votes being thrown into the 10*l*. householders of the extensive parish, the nomination borough was, of course, and in accordance with the spirit of the Reform Bill, annihilated! Not so fast! It turned out fortunately, almost miraculously, that the ancient Cowdray property (*all except the burgages*) had passed into the possession of Mr. Poyntz, a gentleman of large fortune and great respectability, who happened to be a staunch Whig, and more lucky still, *uncle to Lord Althorpe*, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, luckiest of all, was, in conjunction with Lord John Russell, charged with the conduct through the House of the Bill for the destruction of nomination-boroughs—and the ultimate result was, that in right of this Cowdray property Mr. Poyntz found him by the sixth and *final* edition of his *nephew's* Reform Bill created the patron of a new nomination borough as close as Old Sarum; the first member for which in the Reformed Parliament was Captain (now Lord) Spencer, the brother of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, both Mr. Poyntz's nephews; and for the three next *Reformed* Parliaments the member was Mr. Poyntz himself—who we well remember at the time appeared as much surprised as any one at this sudden accession of patronage, and very candidly exclaimed, 'Only see! *they have made me*—staunch reformer as I was—a *boroughmonger* in my old age.'

There was, we believe, hardly one—perhaps *not* one—of the 120 boroughs practised upon by the original bill, concerning which we could not produce circumstances as little creditable to the framers of that Bill as the few that we have thus exhibited as *specimens*; and in the selection of these specimens we have been guided, as we shall now proceed to show, not by the flagrancy of the particular cases—not merely to make a *show-up* of the old Reform Bill (though that would be a not unimportant historical object), but for the more practical and, as we hope, the more useful purpose, of exposing the new one. We know that the latter is in the same hands that manufactured the former, and the examination that we have made of it satisfies us that its provisions are liable if not to similar suspicions of favouritism—the
times

times are too sharp and keen for such petty frauds—but, in a constitutional point of view, to still more serious objections.

We confess that we cannot look back at the impudent partiality and gross injustice of those old Schedules without indignation—but as Conservatives we never opposed nor regretted that portion of the result which preserved those Whig influences, which were as precious in a constitutional view as those of the *Tories*; and it is to the fortunate but dishonest preservation of the Whig boroughs we have alluded to, and of several Tory boroughs *whose cases could not be separated from them*, that we attribute a great share of whatever degree of stability our government has since exhibited. These nomination boroughs, though so rashly diminished in number, and so unjustifiably garbled as to their limits, do still afford some auxiliary help to the Crown and the Peers, without which Lord John Russell's first Revolution would have already, we are satisfied, made a more rapid movement and taken a much deeper colour.

They are now, however, to undergo a new proscription—the great majority of them are not merely to be destroyed, but, what is worse, their weight is to be thrown bodily into the opposite scale—that is, distributed on the mere principle of *numbers*. Instead of *Calne*, we are to have *Chelsea*, and for *Knaresborough*, *Kensington*. We will not venture to prophesy what new parliamentary phenomena are likely to be produced by *Cheyne Walk* and *Blackland's Lane*, or by the *Gore* and the *Gravel Pits*—the chief features of this new borough; but we are pretty certain that they will not exceed, in personal character, public services, and historical illustration, the members for *Calne* and *Knaresborough*, which they are thus destined to replace.

On this topic—no inconsiderable one in a comparison of representative systems—we should do injustice to our argument and our opinions if we did not at once declare that we believe that, in the composition of the old House of Commons, the members for nomination seats were *as a class*—next to the County representatives—the most respectable for station, character, and real independence of any in the House. We remember Sir Francis Burdett once confessing, even while voting for the Reform Bill, that, 'after all, he never had been his own master, except while he sat for a close borough.' We could exemplify this view by a long list of illustrious instances, but we shall confine ourselves to the cases of the boroughs we have already mentioned, which will suffice to show the principles on which such men as Lords Lonsdale, Carlisle, and Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, executed the great trust that had devolved upon them. The weakness with which they

they may be reproached, was lending themselves to the first Reform Bill, but we honour them for the use they had always made of the great and useful power which these nomination boroughs placed in their hands.

We begin by observing the singular coincidence that the first two boroughs that we have been comparing (both *annihilated* in the first Bill)—APPLEBY and MIDHURST—should have had the honour of opening parliament and public life to *William Pitt* and *Charles Fox*. If we have, or hope to have, new Pitts and Foxes, we know not where their young and untried abilities are likely to find an opportunity of making them known—not certainly in *Blackland's Lane* or *Kensington Gravel Pits*. MIDHURST also first introduced *Lord Plunket* to the Imperial Parliament. When *Mr. Burke* was driven from the representation of Bristol for the early expression of those great principles which have immortalised his name, MALTON was indeed 'fortunate' in affording him for the rest of his public life a station equally independent of the influences of the Court and the caprices of the people. So also MALTON had the honour of first introducing *Mr. Grattan* to the Imperial Parliament, at a season when he undoubtedly could not have been chosen by any popular constituency. MORPETH first brought forward *Mr. Huskisson*—as well as the late and the present *Lords Carlisle*, men of taste, talents, and character which have illustrated their titles, and the present *Earl Granville*. KNARESBOROUGH returned, for no less than *six parliaments*, two as accomplished men as ever adorned the House of Commons, *Mr. Hare* and *Lord John Townshend*: and, later, one of the ablest men that ever adorned either House—*Henry Brougham*. And CALNE could boast for near *fifty years* of such names as *Dunning*, *Barré*, *Baring*, *Jekyll*, *Henry Petty*, *Speaker Abercrombie*, and—at the moment of its semi-disfranchisement—for up to the time of the old Reform Bill it returned two members—*Mr. Macaulay*. In the debate of the 16th December, 1831, *Mr. Macaulay* took the course—strange in a man of his information, stranger still in a man in his peculiar position—of vituperating the nomination system, which he represented as useless even for the purpose of bringing forward eminent abilities; and he enumerated four or five celebrated statesmen who had been chosen by popular constituencies. To this *Mr. Croker* replied at the time *ad hominem* and *in locum*:—

'It was true that the eminent men in question were chosen for popular places. But how did they become known to the electors in those popular places? Did they not all *first sit for nomination boroughs*; and was it not by the talents which they displayed while they sat for those nomination boroughs that they recommended themselves

selves to the electors of popular places? Let him ask the learned gentleman which of the names he had arrayed would have been heard of had there been no nomination boroughs? In his (Mr. Croker's) opinion, one of the greatest merits of the nomination boroughs was, that they afforded a preliminary trial, a sort of political apprenticeship, which enabled the electors of large and popular places to ascertain the qualifications of individuals with whom they would otherwise have been wholly unacquainted.

'He (Mr. Croker) had said that this answer was in the mouths of all who were familiar with the political history of the country; but he would add that it ought especially to have been present to the mind of the learned gentleman himself. Did not the learned gentleman owe the honour of an invitation to become the representative of the town of Leeds, *should the Bill pass*, to his representing a nomination borough? (*Would to God that so much of the Bill might pass*—separated from the dangers and difficulties attendant upon the rest of its provisions—as *would enable the learned gentleman to represent the town of Leeds!**) How did the learned gentleman become known in Leeds? How had he an opportunity of showing his great talents? By sitting for one of those nomination boroughs which he now so loudly condemned. Let him not blush at following the traces of those eminent men whose names he had mentioned. If he must blush, let it be at the momentary ingratitude which had induced him to stigmatise with such offensive epithets the very system to which he was indebted for the high station which he himself held in public opinion.'—*Hansard, loco.*

Our readers will have observed that in this latter recapitulation we have taken no notice of HORSHAM, so conspicuous in the contrast between its treatment and that of twenty or thirty Tory boroughs, which would have been preserved on an honest application of the same principles—but we have only postponed it because it has a very particular bearing on the new Bill. Horsham ought to have been in the first Schedule A. It was subsequently jobbed into Schedule B, where it still remains—one, we believe, of the most

* It is worth notice, perhaps, in reference to this passage, that Mr. Croker, who was so strenuous an opponent of the *wholesale* Reform Bill, was the first and the last of his party to advocate such a *timely and moderate concession* as might safely avert the greater dangers. In 1820 he drew up, at Lord Liverpool's request, a paper of reasons why the franchise of the two then delinquent boroughs of Grampound and Peirhyn should be transferred to Manchester and Birmingham, and of the two next that might be convicted to Leeds and Sheffield; and he supported this proposition on two grounds—first, that 'being borough franchises they would be more naturally and constitutionally transferred to towns than merged in the counties;' secondly, 'that if we neglected to draw off the accumulating discontent by the natural sluices that so luckily presented themselves, we were in danger of a deluge that would sweep all away.' And again in February, 1830, he declined to vote with his party for the transfer of East Retford to the county, and wrote to Sir Robert Peel earnestly pressing the transfer of both Retford and Grampound to Manchester, Birmingham, &c., concluding with this warning, that the anti-Reformers 'will not be able to prevent a torrent if they refuse to pacify us by the concession of two drops.'

insignificant

insignificant places in the list; but by the new Bill we are astonished to find that, while Calne and Knaresborough are to be totally disfranchised, Horsham is to be released from the purgatory of Schedule B, and restored to its full representation. We do not suspect that this strange result is produced by any *additional* foul play in the new schedules—we rather suppose it to be an accidental but absurd consequence of the *fictitious boundary* assigned to Horsham in the first Bill, by throwing in the large *parish*, eight miles long and four wide, of which the borough was really so insignificant a portion; and, now, proceeding on that fictitious basis, Horsham is passed off as a large substantial town with 6000 inhabitants, 1000 houses, and 350 electors. So that Calne and Knaresborough are to be wholly disfranchised, and such *Cities* and *County-towns* as *Lichfield*, *Chichester*, *Dorchester*, *Guildford*, *Hertford*, *Peterborough*, and twenty-six other considerable *towns*—*bonâ-fide* towns—are to be reduced to Schedule B, while this poor village of Horsham, which has not even a nucleus sufficient to admit of municipal government, is to return two members.

Thus this *Horsham* case becomes of most serious importance; and it is evident that the basis that produces such an absurd, and, to fifty considerable towns so unjust, a distribution of the franchise, cannot be blindly acquiesced in—the boundaries, if the Bill be persisted in, must be revised and rectified by some approximation to sense and truth; and the cathedral and corporate cities of Lichfield and Chichester cannot be mutilated of *one* member in order that the rural hamlets for eight miles round the poor village of Horsham should be favoured with two.

This case of Horsham and many others of the old Act, some of which are adopted in the new Act, suggest another important constitutional question—are we to have, as of old, representation connected with bodies of men collected and associated by local ties and interests, as in Counties, Cities, and Boroughs? or are we, under the delusive name of towns and *boroughs*, to have *electoral districts* of a scattered population, with no other bond of union or community of interest, or measure of electoral capacity, than the mere *numbers* which may be found within what the Government may please to constitute an electoral district, and call by the old but now fraudulent title of a *borough*?

A second question, of equal importance, and which is the basis of Sir Eardley Wilmot's plan, and of course of the Government Bill, is whether—throwing over all considerations of ancient rights, prescriptive interests, real importance, and concentration of intelligence—representation is to be ambulatory, and to move every ten years with the varying tide of mere population? In short,

short, are Chelsea and Kensington, Bradford and Birkenhead, and Burnley and Staleybridge, and in process of time *every other* district in which the Minister of the day may find, or *by arbitrary limits* create, a population of 10,000 souls, to extinguish the franchises of no less than *seventy* existing boroughs that happen to have a less population? Will even the present House of Commons venture on such a sweeping and disorganising approach to the omnipotence of numerical force?

The first Reform Bill was originally based on mere proportions of population; but when it was discovered that that test would not thoroughly accomplish the secret wishes of its authors, other ingredients were introduced by the Drummond and some similar juggles, and so mixed and combined, often unintelligibly, as to produce the desired result. So, in the present schedules, Lord John proposes a junction of two elements, *either* of which would have been intelligible, and at all events liable to no legerdemain—the number of existing electors or the amount of the population. He totally disfranchises all who have not 300 electors AND 5000 inhabitants, and takes one member from those that have not 500 electors AND 10,000 inhabitants. Now, if change were necessary, we think assuredly that the best test of the respectability of a place was the number of electors of the class to which the former Reform Bill delegated the representation of the empire; but by the combination with the two arbitrary lines of electors AND population the Ministers are enabled to arrive at the following strange results. Of the 19 towns totally disfranchised, 6 have populations over 5000, and 5 have more than 300 electors—so that, if either test had been adopted, those respective numbers of boroughs would have escaped; and, what is additionally curious, if Lord John had adhered to his former asylum line, only 2 of the 19 would have lost even one member, and none have been totally disfranchised. The new Schedule B presents still stranger anomalies. Of the 33 boroughs mutilated, no fewer than 15 have above 500 electors—most competent and respectable constituencies we should have thought; but because they have not a population of 10,000 (of which in such a case a majority must rather be populace), these respectable towns are to be thus degraded.

In fact, the whole of that schedule offers the predominance of the numerical principle on which the other—we might almost call it pretended—gradation of *electoral* respectability has little perceptible effect—or indeed none, and might, in fact as in fairness, have been wholly omitted. This will be explained by the following summary of the *ten* cases next *below* and the *ten* cases next *above* the line of demarcation. The ten cases above the
line,

line, and therefore preserved in their *full franchise*, contain 3404 electors; the ten below, and therefore disfranchised, contain more than double the number—7228: thus by this popular reform 7228 electors are sacrificed to 3404; and, what is still more monstrous, this mutilated Schedule B happens to contain *four* Cathedral Cities and no less than *ten* County-towns—besides such places as Stamford, Tamworth, Tiverton, Weymouth, and Windsor, each of which contains more than 9000 inhabitants. Even the nerves of Sir Eardley Wilmot himself, though tried by seven years' employment under the old Reform Bill, and strengthened by Ministerial confidence and favour, failed him at the aspect of surrendering *four* County-towns to Chelsea and Staleybridge; and he accordingly would have spared Dorchester, Guildford, Hertford, and Huntingdon; but Lord John, who deserves—preferably to the old Demetrius—the appellative of *Poliorcetes*, has with a bolder hand swept them all away. We know very well that Lord John is valorous after a certain Bobadil fashion; but we cannot but think that, in consequence of the exigencies of his Radical allies, very much helped by two defeats by the Chartists of the family interests in *Tavistock*, so elaborately guarded against in the first Bill, he has become personally very indifferent to what he should propose.

We should not trouble ourselves, and still less our readers, with these details, if they did not so strongly show that the great object of the Bill is to transfer all political power not merely to numerical majorities, but to *selected* numerical majorities; and that the checks and limits, here and there apparently applied, are in truth but cloaks to the ultimate design. We will frankly confess that we think it would be less dangerous to see the whole country—counties, cities, and all—carved out into electoral squares, and represented by an avowed and recognised principle of representation proportionate to numbers, than to be at the mercy of such arbitrary if not fraudulent divisions and distribution of the franchise as every clause of this Bill seems to us to make with as little decency as necessity—for certainly in all our reading or experience we do not recollect any measure so entirely uncalled for by the public, and so wholly at variance with the professed principles of its propounders, or so irreconcilable with either the theory or practice of our constitutional policy.

But if these disfranchising enactments are thus both unjust and insidious, the enfranchisement clauses are still worse—they are really insulting to good faith and common sense.

In the first place, there was no call, no pretence for this disfranchisement of *fifty* boroughs, but just to create a fund of 66 seats, by which the Ministry should be able to purchase favour,

not

not only in certain large populations, but with the whole Radical party, who, affecting to be much displeased at some provisions of the Bill, very justly consider the movement as a great increase of their absolute strength at the moment, and a pledge to the future concession of *all* their expectations.

Our first attention is naturally directed to the proposed new boroughs, some of which seem derisory in their details, though all are formidable in the principles they involve.

We entreat our readers not to lose sight of the main fact in this portion of the case—that the *disposable seats* are only obtained by the *arbitrary disfranchisement* of—*inter alia*—no less than *ten County towns* and *Cathedral Cities* which have returned members from the most remote parliamentary times, and which have not been so much as charged with any misconduct whatsoever in the exercise of their ancient trust. If the Ministers had had ten *forfeited seats* to dispose of, we should still quarrel with the distribution that they have made; but the question is much more serious—whether the franchises of Chichester and Poole, which have been enjoyed for upwards of *five centuries*, are to be wantonly confiscated and thrown into a raffle between Chelsea and Staleybridge? What pretence can there be for reckoning Chelsea and Kensington as a *town*? What community of interests and feelings can there be between these districts? Have they any more unity of feeling than Brompton and Barnet? Nay, have they not already shown symptoms of mutual jealousy and complaint? But if such an agglomeration of suburban residences is a principle, why is not Hammersmith included, as Sir Eardley Wilmot proposed? and why not Clapham—Battersea—Fulham—Walham Green—Shepherd's Bush—Bayswater—Pancras—Highgate—Hampstead—and all the other continuous environs of the metropolis? But all in good time—*l'appétit vient en mangeant*—and *Durham, Lincoln, Hereford, and Salisbury* may in Lord John's next Bill be all swallowed up in some new metropolitan combination. Why not? Chelsea alone has a greater numerical population than those four cathedral cities all together. Where is all this to stop, if these constitutional landmarks, *as old as England itself*, are to be levelled by the usurping deluge of *numbers*?

The two new boroughs proposed for Cheshire, or rather indeed for Lancashire, to which they more properly belong, are specimens of the same handling. Of *Birkenhead*, 'a chapelry near Liverpool,' which in 1841 contained 8222 inhabitants, the Population Returns of that year say:—

'The great increase of population in Birkenhead is attributed to its proximity to the town of Liverpool.'

The

The last Returns (1851) carry it up to 24,284, and add this note:—

‘The population of the chapelry of Birkenhead has increased in a three-fold degree since 1841, arising from extensive improvements and *building speculations*, which, combined with the facilities of steam communication on the Mersey, have caused it to become the residence of a portion of the mercantile community of Liverpool.’

A description not very promising for the construction of a borough, and which would rather point to its political annexation to its natural parent Liverpool; and the rather as we find by another clause of the Bill that Liverpool is to be endowed with a *third* member.

Staleybridge is a town adjoining the borough of Ashton, created by the first Reform Bill; and it will be seen in the Boundary Reports of that day that the Commissioners thought that it should have been included in Ashton, but the *Staleybridge* people declined the honour; they have now, it seems, thought better of it, and *Windsor* must lose a member because *Staleybridge* has changed its mind. The last of these new boroughs is *Burnley*, of which all we know is, first, that in Lord John’s bill of 1852 *Burnley* was wholly disregarded, while a smaller place in the same immediate neighbourhood, called *Colne*, was to be admitted to a share of the representation of the borough of Clitheroe. Observe these shiftings and changes within a few months in the same localities—*Colne* was to be enfranchised yesterday—*Burnley* is substituted to-day. What to-morrow? But, secondly, all these places are in the same favoured district of Lancashire which, after having obtained 13 new seats by the first Reform Bill, is also to receive 11 more by the new one; and with how little success as to satisfying the appetite of the people, we may judge by the assembling the celebrated ‘*Wages Parliament*’—still, we believe, sitting—and all the other symptoms of disorder and disorganisation which that county at this moment unhappily exhibits.

We next come to a distribution of new seats, which proves beyond doubt that the great disfranchisement was made to furnish means for increasing the numerical power, even in cases where no one expected and no one desired it. Who ever complained that *Counties* had only *two* members? though since the extension of the numerical principle they might justly have done so; but the County members and their constituencies were equally satisfied—*stare super vias antiquas*—and even received with no great favour the provisions of the last Reform Bill for doubling the representation of certain counties by dividing them into two portions. But this has been followed up in the new Bill by a more insidious and much more dangerous scheme.

scheme. The County constituencies are known to be the *stronghold of the Conservative* party; and yet Lord John proposes to add about forty members to the County representation: how generous, how elevated above all party feeling, must the Ministry appear who volunteer—nobody asking for or dreaming of—a large and unimportant accession to the Conservative influence! If any Tory was deluded by such a fraud, we can only exclaim—

‘ Oh miseri, quæ tanta insania, cives?

Creditis avectos hostes? aut ulla putatis

Dona carere dolis Danaum? *Sic notus Ulysses?*’

Did they not know *Lord John Russell*? This liberal and impartial proposition was only the precursor of another more liberal and impartial. The proposition is made to a Parliament in which the Conservatives—though decidedly the strongest individual party—are notoriously in the minority, and therefore Lord John announced, with peculiar grace and characteristic sincerity, that the rights of a *minority* should, for the first time in the representative systems or even theories of mankind, be represented. Alas! *sic notus Ulysses*. A very slight consideration detected that the boon was like Sinon’s horse, and meant to ensure the speedier destruction of the very interests it pretended to protect. We do not recollect in the annals of political deception so bold a stroke as this. The plausible scheme was, that *Minorities* were to be represented, and this was to be thus effected. Certain constituencies were to have *three* members, but each man only *two* votes; so that, supposing a majority of even two to one, it would carry but two seats, and the third party would secure the third candidate. Mighty fine! but mark what the practical result would be. In the Counties, *ex hypothesi*, as well as, generally speaking, in fact, the Tories had been in the habit of carrying *all the members*; the *minorities*, therefore, in the counties were Whigs or Radicals, but, by this new sleight of hand, which is to secure one member to the Minority, it turns out—we say again *ex hypothesi* (for there will be insulated exceptions)—the Whigs would obtain *thirty-six* members. On the other hand, with that kind of fairness which marks all Lord John Russell’s proceedings, he could not refuse to extend the same privilege to the *towns* in which, *ex eadem hypothesi*, his own party was supposed to be predominant, and which he also proposes to increase to three members, one of which should accrue to the Tory minority. Admirable impartiality! But when this equitable scheme comes to be sifted, it turns out that this tripartite representation is extended but to *eight* towns. So that the Ministers, by this device, would gain at one stroke *thirty-six*

six county members, and lose but *eight* borough members; balance in their favour twenty-eight! So impudent a pretence of impartiality, so flagrant an abuse of a pretended principle, never was, we believe, before heard of. It is worse than the school-boy cheat of 'heads, I win; tails, you lose.'

If the principle—objectionable as at best, we think, it would be—were to be extended to *all* the constituencies of the kingdom, it might have some plausibility; but when it is to act on only selected cases, and that the result of the selected cases is—under the pretence of protecting one interest—really to transfer *at once* twenty-eight seats from *that very interest* to its antagonists, we are really astonished at the boldness of such a proposition.

This application of a principle so startling in itself to the purposes of such flagrant partiality and usurpation, is, as it seems, too strong for any nerves but those of the Government; and, accordingly, of the many writers who have shown some favour to the principle of protecting minorities, there is *not one*, as far as we remember, who ventures to recommend the special proposition.

The motives of most of the advocates of*the cause of the Minorities are just enough—that by the abolition of the small boroughs, and the extension of the general franchise, so great a preponderance has been given to the masses, that the very existence of society seems to require that the force of these masses should be broken and mitigated. Quite true, no doubt; but their remedies would only inflame the disease. What can be said for the political logic and consistency of men who—having created the evil by the disfranchisement of 80 boroughs in 1832, and being now ready to sacrifice 50 more—can find no more rational corrective than that, contrary to the universal practice and common sense of mankind, *both* majorities and minorities should be represented? *In terms it is an Irish bull*, and in practice would be speedily swept away by the power, as well as the right, of the insulted and exasperated Majorities. In what imaginable state of society can you preserve the influence of both majorities and minorities?

The various details suggested by these theorists also are as contradictory and as visionary as their main project.

The plan, so partially adopted in the Government bill, of giving each elector of certain selected localities a number of votes smaller than the number of candidates, was first suggested by Lord Grey in the debates on the Irish Municipal Bill in 1836, namely, that in electing town councillors, &c., each man should vote for only *one-half*, or at most *five-eighths*, of the numbers to be elected. This proposition was plausible, and perhaps

might be advantageous in such cases, viz., of bodies of two or three dozen municipals elected for *administrative* functions within respective districts—but is obviously ill suited to parliamentary representation, and wholly inapplicable where there shall not be at least three choices. There was no such case (except only London) in our old parliamentary system: there are but seven under the existing Reform Bill: and when the new bill proposes to bring this scheme into play, it is forced to create—as we have seen—57 more of these triple representations on which it is to operate. It is evident that if it is ever to be *honestly* tried, all the constituencies in the empire must be remodelled into groups, none having fewer than three members.

With the solution of that theorem we need not, we suppose, at present trouble ourselves; but we must notice two other modes proposed for solving this *minority* problem. The first is that of Mr. Garth Marshall of Leeds, who proposes what he calls the *cumulative* vote, that is, that every elector should have as many votes as there are vacancies, but should bestow all if he pleases on any one candidate. Mr. Marshall professes to be an ardent reformer, and it is evident he is one of those who cordially concurred in the disfranchisement of the old boroughs, on account of the anomalies which they exhibited to the *strict principles* of representation. Yet observe the main feature of his own proposal—which is, that an elector intrusted by the Constitution with the power of electing three members should be not only at liberty but encouraged to abuse that power by accumulating all those votes upon one. We presume Mr. Marshall, from his connexion with Leeds, may be a man of business, and we therefore venture to ask him what he would think of a trustee or assignee who, having received 6s. 8d. in the pound to be distributed to each of three creditors, should execute this duty by giving the whole sum, twenty shillings in the pound, to one, and leaving the others to shift as they might.

But passing over this abuse of the electoral principle, as gross as anything that can be reproached to Calne or Knaresborough, we confess our inability to see how this scheme would break the power of majorities; for, supposing that each elector was a Cerberus with three *voices*, he would still be but *one* Cerberus; and presuming that he would employ his three voices cumulatively (as is Mr. Marshall's hypothesis), how would the case differ from his having but one?—the numbers would be tripled, but the voters and the results must be the same. To be sure there might be three times the latitude for jobbing, for combination, for conspiracy, for bribery, for all sorts of tricks and frauds; but the final result, as regards the honest protection of minorities, would not—that we can see—be essentially different.

Another

Another scheme admits the absurdity of the *cumulative* vote, and proposes what is distinguished as the *single* vote—that, instead of as many votes as candidates, each elector should have but *one*. This looks more consistent with natural justice, and would certainly be simpler in all its operations. Every elector would vote for the man who came nearest to his own ideas; and, except in those cases created by the last Reform Bill where there is but one member, the minority would be pretty sure of being represented: and if (as we presume the advocates of the single vote would require) these single representations should be done away, it seems the most plausible of any, but yet, quite as impracticable as the others. For at the very root of *all* these plans for the protection of minorities there is this *inherent* inconvenience, anomaly, or, perhaps we might say, danger, that in many cases the majority and minority, even though very unequal in numbers, might be *equally* represented, and that the political weight of the individual place might be thus neutralized, and the general administration of the country brought into such a balance of small majorities and large minorities, as could only be adjusted by *blows*.

This would be peculiarly felt in the *single-vote* scheme, and above all in the places returning three members—for in any such place the majority of the electors, to secure the return of one favourite candidate, must give him a majority of votes—say, for instance, 451 out of 900 electors, while two others of opposite politics might divide the minority between them—249 and 200; and so the constituency might be represented *two to one* against the wishes, and indeed the votes, of the majority. In short, we cannot but conclude that all these schemes are fitter for Laputa than for England, and we should not have thought them worth even the notice we have taken of them if they were not the reluctant confessions of the Government and its advocates of the danger of the numerical preponderance which their own innovations have so greatly inflamed—of the necessity that they feel of inventing some counteracting agency—and of the futility and conflicting absurdities of the expedients hitherto proposed for attaining it. One thing, however, we think that we may safely conclude—that the gross injustice of the application of the minority principle to fifty county seats, and half a dozen boroughs only, cannot be persisted in; and that we shall not have—under the pretence of checking numerical preponderance—so heavy an addition *smuggled* into the already overloaded scale.

For the next class of enfranchisements, called the *Educational*, we are really unable to arrive at any satisfactory motive; they appear so supererogatory—so uncalled for—so little likely to pro-

duce any popular effect, and so sure to produce a ludicrous and eventually an inconvenient one, that we know not to what to attribute them. We at first thought—and we are still not sure that we were wrong—that the appetite for the destruction of the small-town constituencies was so great that, rather than not disfranchise them, the Ministers were willing to make, as the phrase is, *ducks and drakes* of the acquired seats: but, on further consideration, we suspect that this may have been a compromise and concession to that coxcombical portion of their supporters who, while unscrupulously helping to extend on every side the brute power of numbers, are glad to interject a few specious and hypocritical commonplaces on the claims of ‘intelligence,’ ‘education,’ and ‘literature,’ just as solemnly as if it were not notorious that every successive advance of the numerical power must, more than proportionably, diminish the weight of literature, education, and intelligence in the representative assembly.

Whatever the motive may be—and we confess that we do not much rely on conjectural reasons for proceedings so apparently unreasonable—the facts themselves are extremely curious, and not a little amusing. Lord John announces that his system of disfranchisement has furnished him with 66 seats to dispose of. Sixty-six seats! *Io triumphe!* What an opening for the *educated* and *intellectual* classes of the *three kingdoms*—what a mine of erudition for the reformed council of the nation! What an ample counterbalance will be provided to the honourable, though perhaps not highly intellectual, members for Kensington and Staleybridge! But, as we proceed in the items, we are somewhat disappointed at finding that this intellectual addition consists—out of 66 seats which have been, as it seemed, *going a begging*—of an allotment of *two* to the Inns of Court and *one* to the London University! ‘O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!’ We cannot in fairness reckon the two *odd* men added to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, who themselves desired no such addition, and on whom they are *forced* only to deteriorate the rank and value of those really intellectual eminences by the proposed rule that is to saddle them with a third-rate representative, the choice of the *minority*. Sir Eardley Wilmot is, as far as we know, the proposer of this educational addition—his distribution, however, was more liberal, and as a special curiosity is worth exhibiting to the admiration of our readers:—

' TABLE NO. X.

' *The additional Educational Members.*

Oxford University, additional member	1
Cambridge University, additional member	1
London University, 2 members	2
Edinburgh University, 2 members	2
Glasgow University, 2 members	2
<i>The Physicians of the United Kingdom, 2 members</i>	2
<i>The Surgeons and Apothecaries of the United Kingdom</i>	2
<i>The Bar of the United Kingdom, 1 member</i>	1
<i>The Attorneys, Solicitors, Proctors, and Writers to the</i> <i>Signet of the United Kingdom</i>	1

Educational members 14'

—p. 68.

Sir Eardley Wilmot's legal practice must, we think, have apprised him that, before a commissioner of lunacy, two or three instances of decided insanity will convict the patient, even if he appeared rational in ordinary matters. If the same rule were to be applied to Sir Eardley's pandect of reform, we cannot but think that the four last items of this *table* would raise some doubts as to the political sanity of the proposer. The whole *Bar*—all the attorneys, solicitors, proctors, and writers to the signet—all the physicians—all the surgeons and apothecaries of *England, Scotland, and Ireland*—to form each ONE Constituency! We hardly know whether the ridicule or the mischief of this scheme predominates,—but we need only deal with the latter, for the Government, afraid of such a schedule's being laughed out of the House—*solvuntur risu tabulæ*—have here abandoned their guide, slipped out of the ridicule, and only adopted the mischief. We are *not*, at present, to have national and provincial synods of doctors and apothecaries, nor electoral convocations of writers and attorneys, nor the interminable comicalities that would arise when the revising barrister should have to decide on the distinctive qualifications of the various practitioners; but the *Bar* question is more serious. What is the *Bar* that is to constitute the new borough? The terms of the 25th section of the Act would include, and are apparently meant to do so, all the *Judges*—those of the superior courts of Law and Chancery as well as all the inferior Judges—in bankruptcy, insolvency, county and other local courts, recorders, revising barristers, stipendiary and police magistrates, &c.,—a body daily increasing in numbers, in administrative power, and local authority, and whom it has always been hitherto, on general grounds, thought wise to disconnect as much as practicable from political influences, but
who

who are now to be, *nolentes volentes*, forced into the vortex of politics. 'Tis true that at present all those Judges may vote, and frequently—particularly the inferior ones—do so; but that occasional, unobtrusive right, exercised in a *private capacity*, and arising out of some *private qualification*, is a very different thing from a vote imposed by law, in right of the *legal*, and consequently of the judicial character, and bringing the voter into direct conflict with all his colleagues of all the Benches, and all his brethren of all the Inns of Court. It is one thing to see a Sir William or Sir Thomas going down to York or Winchester to vote as one of many thousand freeholders in the county of his patrimonial property, and another to see *my Lord Chief Justice* or *my Lord Chief Baron* coming, *as such*, to a hustings in *Lincoln's Inn Hall*, and mixing in the parties and the passions to which the relative positions and close professional connexions of both candidates and electors could not fail to give additional heat, if not acrimony.

So far as to Judges: as to the Bar at large, this franchise would be of wider and, even individually, of hardly less injurious effect. At present, or at least till late times, the politics of individual barristers were seldom conspicuous. The limited number of eminent lawyers who aspired to public office found, or were provided with, seats in nomination boroughs, without passing through the embarrassing ordeal of popular canvass, or being subjected to the trammels of popular pledges; and they were in fact, as a class, as independent as any in the House. A great number—the majority, we believe, of the puisne Judges—never were in Parliament at all; and we think it may be safely said that, up to the Reformed Parliament, the *Bar* (whatever might be the personal partialities or the *private* rights and qualifications of individuals) was more free from strong party bias than could *à priori* have been expected. The curtailment of the nomination boroughs, and the system which has grown out of it of not *finding* seats for law officers, but being forced to make law officers of those who could find seats for themselves, have given a great stimulus to the political propensities of the *Bar*, and have, of course, carried a rapidly increasing number of political partisans to judicial stations of all degrees—an evil which, if not wholly to be avoided, is always to be deplored, but to which this new legal franchise would give universal and inevitable effect—for the *whole Bar* will be now forced to adopt a party and take a part. A barrister will be no longer free to wait for years—perhaps for his whole life—without committing himself as a Whig or a Tory; he will be driven, possibly before he has had a brief, to give a vote; and the candidate for legal office will no longer pursue it in the higher arena of
Westminster

Westminster Hall, but in the subaltern canvass of the *Blackacre* district extending from Gray's Inn Lane to Paper Buildings. We need not expatiate on the great and injurious change that this would immediately operate on the profession itself, and eventually on the whole judicial economy of the empire. And for what?—to throw away two surplus and superfluous seats on that peculiar class which is already universally thought to possess a more than proportionate share of parliamentary influence.

We say nothing of the neglect in the Government scheme of the Irish and Scotch Bars. It would be—if the Ministers had any faith in their own project—offensive and unjust to them—but we have no disposition to urge the Government to a consistency in its faults or follies. We are for the same reason silent as to the University of Dublin, which we have no doubt congratulates itself on being despised or forgotten. That we may not be suspected of treating the London University in the same way, we will just say that we shall be curious to hear, if ever the Bill should come to a real examination in Committee, how far the numbers, literary distinctions, and general educational importance of that institution entitle it to an equality with the University of Dublin, and a preference to that of Edinburgh.

Besides these clauses creating educational *seats*, there follows another important one for educational *votes*, which we shall presently notice under that head.

We have thus tediously, we fear, though we confess very imperfectly, examined the distribution of *seats*. We now proceed to the creation of new *votes*, which are as absurd, as contradictory, and for any useful purpose as illusory as all the rest.

The first is the most surprising—that every person *enjoying a yearly salary of 100*l.*, public or private, should be entitled to a vote.* ‘This franchise will bring in,’ said Lord John, ‘a very intelligent body of men;’ and the reports add that this announcement was received with *cheers*. The *proposition* and the *cheers* may be very justifiable; but at least they are somewhat surprising from the Whigs—the same party that carried Mr. Dunning’s celebrated resolution that ‘*the power of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished*’—a vote equally factious and absurd, for its very success proved its falsity; but it was long a Whig shibboleth—the leading theme of Whig oratory, and the favourite test of Whig principles. As a consequence of this vote Mr. Fox introduced, by the hands of Mr. Crewe, a bill—long trumpeted as a great effort of Whig patriotism—for depriving all officers in the Customs, Excise, and Post-office of their elective franchise. These Whig triumphs—the first false in fact, the last unjust in principle—we are not

sorry

sorry to see condemned, however tardily, by themselves—but we cannot suffer it to be done under false pretences. The repeal of these Whig dogmas cannot have been designed for the single object of adding ‘an intelligent class of men’ to the constituencies, because it is accompanied by a large addition of those who must be the least intelligent classes, by lowering the county franchise from 50*l.* to 20*l.* and even to 10*l.*, and the town qualification from 10*l.* to 6*l.*, and the repeal of the *rate-paying* clauses. We have no doubt that it is a double-faced measure. To the democratic portion of Lord John Russell’s followers it has been represented as a large extension of the suffrage; and to those of any Conservative feelings as an accession to the power of the Crown: both views we think are illusory; first, a great proportion of those enjoying salaries of 100*l.* a-year will probably possess some household franchise; and as to the second, if the rest of the bill, or anything like it, is carried, such checks as these would be mere cobwebs which might perhaps facilitate the jobbing of borough interests, but would give no real strength to the Crown in its antagonism with the democracy. It may be worth notice as an additional objection that the making a *private* salary, paid yearly, half-yearly, or *quarterly*, a ground of political franchise, is a novelty which seems contrary to public policy, open to all the worst species of corruption, and likely, where it does not end in corruption, to create oppression and ill blood amongst the parties to whom it may apply.

The next franchise is proposed to be derived by the receipt of 10*l.* a-year from the public funds, or Bank or East India stock;—this we believe to be still more illusory than the former, for how many *men* are there likely to be worth 10*l.* a-year dividends who will not have some household franchise? And what sort of claim to a voice in the government of the country can 10*l.* a-year confer—equivalent to about 7*d.* a-day and 300*l.* capital? Without discussing the principle of making money-value a political test, we may venture to say that, if money-value is taken as a principle, it should at least amount to something that shall denote respectability and independence.

Next comes the grand discovery of two or three years ago, that the Savings-banks might be made a source of political regeneration. We have always been warm advocates for the Savings-banks, and we would make every reasonable effort to extend their popularity and real utility, but not by claptraps of electoral franchises and political power. It is very wise and right to induce poor men to economise their savings; but we believe that a vote once in seven years would be a visionary inducement, unless accompanied by not only a hope, but some practical experience,

experience, that the voter would receive the old *quid pro quo*. Mr. Bright's complaint at the Manchester meeting that, if a man who had banked up the prescribed 50*l.* should draw out 3*l.* to apprentice his child, he should lose his vote, was a shallow objection in the case, for wherever you draw a line you must abide by it, and whether it be 10*l.* or 30*l.* or 50*l.*, if you fall short of the privileged limit, you must needs forfeit the privilege. The real objection is to any such narrow and fugacious grounds for rights that are public, and ought to be permanent. Lord John was eloquent we think two years ago on the elevating effect on the working-man of the prospect of obtaining a vote by economising his earnings; we much doubt, as we just said, the effect of such a long-sighted ambition for so dubious and distant an object; but if such a feeling does exist, and that Lord John really then thought or now expects that the elective franchise should be so strong an inducement to industry and economy, why did he propose to reduce the 10*l.* franchise to 5*l.*, and so destroy the stimulus in the great masses that inhabit houses between 10*l.* and 5*l.*? and why does he *now* draw his line at 6*l.* and diminish *pro tanto* the poor man's ambition to improve his every-day comfort and permanent respectability by a *better house*, equally accompanied by the incentive, which Lord John Russell considers so powerful, the lottery of a septennial suffrage? But above all, and this we think will conclusively expose the futility, not to say fraud, of this theory—why does this same Bill that values so highly the incentive influence of the elective franchise, why, we ask, does it in the next page remove all the existing *rate-paying* clauses? If the incentive be so powerful, is there any more legitimate, more respectable, more effective way in which it could show itself, than in making a man stand in his own neighbourhood as one who is solvent, and able to pay his taxes and his rates? That feeling ought to be, and would be, the first pride, as it is the first duty, of an independent man; but *that* natural and honest stimulus Lord John removes, while he relies on its efficacy for a remote and speculative object. In truth this whole scheme of Savings-bank voting seems to us a mere *ad captandum* declamation which cannot stand investigation. The plan if carried would not fulfil its purpose, and the purpose itself is not worth fulfilling: while on the other hand the repeal of the *rate-paying* clauses cannot fail to have a large and injurious effect on the respectability of the lower classes of electors. It is a mere sop to Cerberus, which will only make him more greedy.

Sir Eardley Wilmot closes what he chooses to call his educational views by proposing a wide enfranchisement of what the French more intelligibly call *capacities*:—

‘ In

‘In addition to the above, I would so far confer educational franchise that I would admit *every officiating clergyman of every denomination*, every practising barrister, physician, and surgeon, all officers on full-pay, half-pay, or on the retired list in the army, navy, or East India Company’s service, all fellows and graduates of royal and learned societies, and also every certified schoolmaster.’—p. 44.

To all this we reply that the Constitution of England never recognised any doctrine so vague and disputable as that of *capacities*. Its first principle was *property*—not merely as property, but as the safest and most comprehensive test, under which all the various classes of *capacities* would find themselves eventually included and represented; and accordingly it gave no political power unconnected with some determined locality, some definite duties, some fixed, tangible, and measurable rights. Some at least of the classes above enumerated would make excellent electors, and most of them, we dare say, are already so, under distinct qualifications: if we *professed* to be framing a new theory of constitution, these capacities might be very properly recognised as likely to form a kind of aristocratic nucleus in a popular body. But we are not dealing with such theorems, and the only immediate importance of Sir Eardley’s ‘educational’ scheme is that the Government, not venturing upon this new aristocracy and hierarchy, have contented themselves with introducing the *point of the wedge*, and have adopted only the ‘*Graduates of all the universities*’—omitting, *for the present*, ‘clergymen of all denominations, schoolmasters,’ and the like, who might have embarrassed their first steps in this ‘capacity’ line, but who are sure to follow in good time if the ‘*Graduates of all universities*’ are to be admitted to equal rights with Freeholders and Householdholders.

There is another franchise proposed, also, we presume, as a conservative one, which is, in every view, worse than delusive—we mean the payment of 40s. a year in the Income or Assessed taxes. The sum is petty, but the principle is a very large one. In the earlier days of reform the fashionable theory was that taxation and representation should be commensurate, but it soon went out of favour, even with the reforming theorists who broached it, because they saw that, though it tended at first sight to universal suffrage, since every man who eats or drinks is indirectly, even if not directly taxed, its practical application would involve details as to the nature and proportion of the requisite contribution, unfavourable to the mere democratic influence, which was from the beginning, and will be to the end, their ultimate and indeed only object. The Ministerial proposition is the first direct attempt at inoculating our system with this mere money-voting, and is, though so petty in itself, such a wanton

wanton innovation as to require a word of protest. Whatever theorists might allege in favour of the abstract principle, or practical men might expect from such a wide and proportionate application of it as should be of some substantial influence on either taxation or elections, nothing rational can be said for rating a vote at 40s.—not even a voluntary 40s., but a compulsory one, which must be paid whether it confer the vote or not. The *sum* we suppose was chosen from some confusion in the projector's head between a 40s. freehold and a 40s. tax, but he forgot first that the 40s. freehold is but the sign of a territorial interest as old as parliaments, and that secondly, small as the sums are, there is an essential difference between *plus* and *minus*—between 40s. which you have the advantage of receiving, and 40s. which you are forced to pay. These are trifles, which we only mention because, unintelligible as they seem to us, there may lurk under them some *arrière pensée* that we do not detect; but there is a more practical and important observation to be made, which is the permanency which it supposes in the Income-tax, as well as the Assessed taxes. We cannot forget how odious the 'inquisitorial Income-tax' had been to the Whigs—nor the pledges of the Peelites that it was to last but for three years, just to get us out of a special crisis—nor the joint proposition of the Whigs and Peelites just now made, of taking a proposed addition to it for only six months. These grave, and to the payers of the income-tax very disagreeable inconsistencies, Lord John Russell, having no better excuse, endeavoured to meet with what his followers seem to have taken as a capital joke:—

'Those who pay income-tax will receive votes for the present; and when they lose their votes, they will have the compensation of getting rid of the tax.' (*Cheers and laughter.*)

Are these fit grounds, and is this a proper spirit, for the framing and discussing a great constitutional compact?

To all this must be added an arithmetical difficulty, which would be serious if anything in the proposition were serious. What do 40s. mean? When the bill was introduced, a 40s. tax represented about 70*l.* income—before the bill is read a second time, the tax is doubled, and 40s. represents only an income of 35*l.* Perhaps Lord John's answer may be as facetious as his former, and be received with equal 'cheers and laughter'—viz. that *there are no incomes subject to so low a tax as 40s.* So it seems—but then what becomes of the franchise? and why not have at once said that any one paying any income tax should be placed on the register? The same observations apply in principle to the increase or diminution (shall we ever see any such

such diminution?) of the Assessed taxes. But, after all, what is the value, the meaning of such a rate of franchise? and may we not once more protest against such uncertain and fugitive, as well as insufficient tests of constitutional rights?

The last of the anomalies of Lord John Russell's proposition that we have to notice is of a piece with the repeal of Mr. Crewe's bill—the proposition that Ministers are no longer to vacate their seats on the acceptance of office from the Crown—a measure the most Whiggish that had passed since the Revolution, and the most prominent and decidedly popular exposition of the old Whig jealousy of the power of the Crown. This inconsistency Lord John endeavours to excuse, by, as his speech is reported, essentially misstating the case for the purpose of borrowing a kind of countenance from what he calls the Tory doctrines of 150 years ago; but he cannot conceal the fact that the existing practice was the proposition of the Whigs, which he now finds it convenient to throw overboard, as he has done the Whig enactments against Popery—Mr. Dunning's Whig denunciation of the overgrown power of the Crown—and Mr. Crewe's Whig disenfranchisement Bill. It is not for us to complain of Lord John Russell's apostasy from the principles of Whigs; on the contrary, we congratulate ourselves at finding him forced to make this tardy and awkward, but complete confirmation of the objection of the Duke of Wellington and of all the Tory statesmen (and of ourselves, if we may be permitted to allude to our humble labours), that the old monarchical government could not be carried on under the first Reform Bill. It is a precious admission from the godfather of that Reform Bill that it cannot work the Constitution that it affected to restore; he finds it too strong for him, and—

‘Half a patriot, half a coward grown,
He flies from petty tyrants to the throne’—

that is, he flies from the constituencies he has created to the uncontrolled power of the Crown. *Habemus confitentem reum.* The consequence was foretold to Lord John and his colleagues—they denied it; and now we find him, in a Bill that professes to enlarge the constituencies and to increase their power and independence, depriving them of one of their most important constitutional privileges.

We admit to Lord John that this question, like almost every other detail of our Constitution, has been essentially changed and dangerously deteriorated by his Reform Bill, but we are not at all disposed to adopt his remedy—which indeed, so far from being a remedy, is, either through insidious design or a marvellous blindness, an aggravation of the evil.

Lord

Lord John Russell's proposal shelters itself under the ancient dogma—never quite true, but now a notorious fallacy—that ministers are the spontaneous and *mero motu* choice of the Crown. It has never been so since the Revolution, nor indeed since the Restoration—though, up to the Reform Bill, the monarchical power tacitly exerted in the House of Commons, and often backed by the constituencies, had, if not an absolute choice, yet a great weight, and generally a predominant authority in the choice of the ministry: *that*, Lord John admits, is gone, but he does not tell us (though it was no doubt the thing uppermost in his thoughts) whither that power has been transferred: to be sure he need not have told us—everybody sees it; it has passed—not partially—not influentially—but directly and exclusively—to the majority of the reformed House of Commons. Can that fact be questioned? The Sovereign, no doubt, still possesses, from the traditional respect of her subjects and the dutiful courtesy of the heads of parties whom the House of Commons have *hitherto* presented to her as Ministers, some voice in the preference of individual persons and in the distribution of particular employments; but as to the *Ministry as a body*, or as to the general tenour of their policy, she has less choice than any of the leaders of parties or factions—even very small ones—in the House of Commons.

What, then, is this proposition of Lord John Russell for the alleged protection of the old constitutional right of the *Crown* in the choice of its ministers, but the real annihilation of the last shred of its independent power—the appeal to the people? An incapable, an obnoxious, an offensive Minister may be forced on the Closet—the Closet cannot resist—but a Constituency may; and, by its actual opposition to the re-election, or (which is more common) by the apprehension of that opposition, the Closet escapes the intrusion of the obnoxious personage. *Nous aurons changé tout cela*, and the check which Lord John Russell proposes to remove is, therefore, not on the patronage of the Crown, but on the power of the House of Commons, which has become the real dispenser of that patronage. We see, or fancy we see, not only in the retrospective history of all popular assemblies, but by what is passing under our own eyes, the power of the House of Commons approaching to an absorption of all the other elements of the Constitution—we find its committees busied, day after day, with details which ought to belong to ministerial responsibility—we see them invested with some of the executive and many of the administrative functions of the Government. No one questions that the majorities of the House of Commons have, ever since
the

the Revolution at least, made and unmade ministers and ministries; but neither can it be denied that the influences of the Crown and the Lords were, prior to the Reform Bill, powerful ingredients in those majorities, and moderated and counteracted those impulses, caprices, passions, or factions, inseparable from popular assemblies, whom all experience shows to be at once insatiable of power, and incapable of giving it the unity and stability necessary to the good government of a state. The application of these facts and arguments we leave to the judgment of every man who observes the practical working of our present system; and we think that most people will be of opinion that—in the true spirit of the Constitution—the celebrated *Dunning Declaration* ought to have been directed, even at that early day, and would be infinitely more opportune and more necessary in ours, against the power of the *House of Commons* rather than that of the *Crown*. It is therefore that (in addition to our alarm at the general spirit of innovation now afloat) we should be reluctant to give up the appeal to the constituencies, now imposed on candidate placemen, which, slight as it may seem, has already, we believe, been found, and is likely every day to become more so, a *protection* to the Crown and to its Ministers against personal pretensions and the dictation of parties, which, without this check, it might be difficult to resist.

We have now gone through the chief features and objects of this extraordinary bill, both in its principle and its details. Our objections to the principle appear to us so strong and so decisive that no modification of its details could either have attenuated, nor—we, at first sight, thought—increased them. Our readers will have seen that this last impression was erroneous. *Every one* of the details is elaborately calculated to help the main mischief—every pretence at conservatism turns out to contain an additional germ of destruction—every seeming deference to property, to intelligence, to education, to moral sentiment, resolves itself into a fresh accession to the power of *aggregated numbers*. Where a decent consideration of existing interests or ancient rights was professed, the result is found to be innovation and spoliation. In short, the whole appears to us the most extraordinary and laborious combination of mischief and absurdity—of audacious inconsistency, and gigantic injustice, that we have ever seen or read of; and if it, or anything like it, is to pass, the Revolution, already we fear but too certain, will become not merely inevitable, but *rapid* in its consummation, beyond either the hopes of its advocates or the alarm of its opponents.

But though we see too much reason to fear that the democratical spirit of this bill—*recommended as it is from THE THRONE,*
and

and produced by MINISTERS, some of whom at least were never, till now, suspected of democratic tendencies, will eventually prevail, we cannot persuade ourselves that it can be carried in its present form—nay we cannot believe that the Government will even attempt it—they will manage to find some cause or expedient for postponing it to a more inflammable season. But should they persist in the attempt, we hope to see a great rally made against the second reading of the bill, of *all* who (under whatever other shades of political opinions) are attached to the old Constitution, and adverse to a democratic Republic. If that should fail, which—if the bill be adequately examined and discussed—we hardly think possible under present circumstances, it is open in committee to such an exposure of its nonsense and its deceptions, as may—not improve it, that is hopeless—but encourage the HOUSE OF LORDS and awaken even in the CROWN, or in some of the MINISTRY (who cannot, we would fain persuade ourselves, have seen the full scope of the measure)—a sense of the great and *wanton* danger of such a tremendous experiment, so uncalled for by the public voice, and so little congenial to public feeling, that it has been approved in no quarter—has been treated by those whom it was intended to cajole either with contempt or dissatisfaction, and has filled everybody else, that it has been our chance to meet, with disgust and alarm—tempered—we are sorry to add—by the very feeble and dangerous consolation of persuading themselves, ‘*that it is too monstrous to pass.*’

NOTE TO NUMBER CLXXX.

In a note to an article on Bohemia, which appeared in the Quarterly Review, vol. xc. p. 427, it was asserted that the Rev. W. B. Clarke, of Sydney, had arrogated to himself credit, with reference to the discovery of Australian gold, which properly belonged to Sir Roderick Murchison, who, from a comparison between the geological structure of the Ural Mountains and the Australian Cordillera, predicted in 1845 the results which were subsequently verified. It has since transpired that the eminent traveller Count Strzelecki, in 1839, and Mr. Clarke, in 1841, detected a rock to be auriferous, but neither of them printed a syllable upon the subject, and the Count, at the request, it appears, of the Colonial authorities, never even mentioned the circumstance in England. While therefore it is as undoubted as ever that the conclusions of our distinguished English geologist were formed independently, and were the first published, we must yet admit that our charge against Mr. Clarke was unfounded, and we must express our regret that we should have given needless pain to an accomplished man who has since thrown so much light upon the structure of Australia. At the same time we must draw a wide distinction between the merit of a large scientific induction and the circumstance of recognising a piece of auriferous rock.

NOTE TO NUMBER CLXXXVII.

In the article upon Gray in our last number a passage is quoted at p. 7 from a letter written by Walpole from Eton, in which, after mentioning that an old schoolfellow, Asheton, is to preach on Sunday morning, he adds, 'The last time I saw him he was standing up funking over against a *conduit* to be catechised.' The Provost of Eton has done us the favour to point out that '*conduit*'—the word given in all the editions of Walpole—is a misprint for '*conduct*.' The explanation subjoined by Dr. Hawtrey of the true reading will be a necessary adjunct to every future edition of the Letters. 'The curates of Eton College are called *Conducts*, and in Walpole's time, and for many years after, the Fellows, whose office it was to catechise the King's Scholars in Lent, relieved themselves of that duty, and transferred it to the *Conducts*. The office has been for the last twelve years very properly assigned to the Head Master.'

ERRATA IN NUMBER CLXXXVII.

- Page 36, l. last, for *uncles* read *brothers*.
 „ 219, l. 18, for *five* read *four*.
 „ 235, l. 33, for 1796 read 1795.

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END OF THE NINETY-FOURTH VOLUME.

ERRATA IN THE ARTICLE ON THE REFORM BILL
IN No. CLXXXVIII.

P. 560, line 5 from the top, for '*an honour*' read '*in terms of decision and even dictation.*'

P. 581, line 17 from top, for '*uncle*' read '*cousin and father-in-law.*'

P. 585, line 19 from top, for '*to return two members*' read '*to retain its underserved franchise.*'

P. 585, line 29, for '*two*' read '*an equal share.*'

P. 594, line 10 from the bottom, dele the sentence beginning '*We cannot*' and ending '*minority.*'

These inaccuracies, it will be seen, are of no importance whatsoever to the argument, but it is as well that they should be corrected; and we may add that they are the only ones we have discovered on a revision of that Article.

